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OF THE

MEXICAN WAR,

CONTAINING

Doniphans' Expedition.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO. A DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS AT THAT TIME. A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DONIPHAN. TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES AND PORTRAITS OF THE HEROES OF THAT STRUGGLE.

Illustrated With Fine Engravings.

By ISAAC GEORGE,

Member of Doniphan's Expedition, Co., B, First Regiment of Missouri Cavalry.

Written from dictation by J. D. BERRY. A. M.

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Publisher's Notes.

The author of this work is a well known and highly respected citizen of Latrobe, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. He is a retired farmer, having formerly owned and occupied a valuable tract of land near Beatty, some three miles from Latrobe, but which he sold some time ago and purchased a fine residence in Latrobe.

The allotted life of man is "three score years and ten," or seventy years, but the writer of this work has passed that period and has arrived at the ripe old age of eighty-one years, and although he is an octogenarian, his eye is still bright, his mind clear, while his step yet retains much of the elasticity of youth, in fact, the burden of eighty-one years rests lightly upon his shoulders, and is a better man physically, than many who are but half his age. The excellent health and digestion he enjoys is largely attributable to a temperate life, having never contracted bad habits of any kind. He has lived a life of peace with his fellow men, and having wrought faithfully during his earlier and later manhood, he can now, in the sunset of life, enjoy the reward of his labors.

Mr. George, in common with others who reach

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old age, can distinctly remember the incidents of the distant past. It seems that memory, in the minds of the aged, is inclined to search its storehouse for the records of the long ago, which it brings forth for inspection, and often things that have been forgotten are brought to mind, and like gazing upon the exhibition of a moving picture, we seem to again live in the past.

To some it is almost impossible to realize what it is to live for eighty years. We read in history of the election of James K. Polk, as tenth President of the United States, and of his inauguration on the 4th of March, 1845, which was fifty-eight years ago. We also read of the Mexican War, which occurred during President Polk's administration, and it seems a long distance back in the past, yet distant though it be, the author of this book was twenty-three years of age when President Polk was inaugurated, and in the flush of his young manhood he took part in the war which followed, serving in the "Army of the West," as a member of the Missouri Volunteers, under Col. A. W. Doniphan, whose expedition into the enemy's country forms the title, and supplies the incidents for this work.

In the work of the historian, time is only given to a brief allusion to men and incidents, that in themselves would form a relation of fact that would prove stranger than fiction, and worthy men, who were the heroes of noble deeds in the long ago, are forgotten, and the purpose of the author in this work is to recall the trials and struggles of himself and comrades which occurred a half century ago, under the command of one of the brightest minds this country ever produced, and one who was the peer of the noblest of her sons.

As we contemplate the task of gathering to-

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gether the data furnished us by the author in order to incorporate it into a readable volume, it seems to us that we are forming a link that will connect the distant past with the immediate present, a link that will span the abyss of over half a century, and while we could, perhaps, make the work more interesting to some by drawing upon our imagination, we shall defer to the wishes of the author and state only what are facts, and use as terse language for the purpose as we can command. By doing this we hope to make this work one of value, as well as a work of interest. The sources of information from which we derive material for this work are authentic, and before we shall draw from them, they will be carefully scanned by the author and by him endorsed, and as he was not only present, but an active participant in many of the incidents recorded, he is amply qualified to pass judgement upon the truth, or untruth of other writers on this subject.

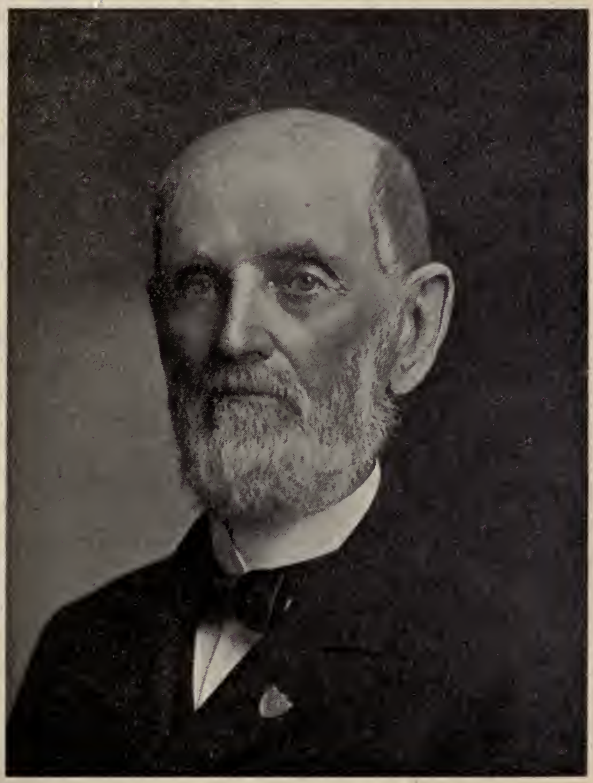
Some weeks ago we were in the city of Washington, and upon our return we left the nation's capital in the early morning. As we rapidly sped away the city seemed to sink from sight amid the shadows, while the great marble shaft, erected to the memory of the "Father of His Country," seemed to loom up in greater proportions as we receded farther and farther, and as we were now turning our attention to the scenes and incidents of the struggles of our country during President Polk's administration, the name, character and personality of "Doniphan," and the brave and noble men under him, as well as other noble heroes who took part in that war, seem to rise in the distance above the shadows of the past, and assume proportions that challenge the respect and admiration of the world. Col. Doniphan was a hero and

commanded a band of heroes who wrote their names in crimson-colored indellible characters upon the history of their country, and now, as we can better appreciate the results of their noble work in the value of the territory acquired, we can the better appreciate their efforts when that territory was a comparitive wilderness, and to each of the very few surviving members of Doniphan's band of heroes, and other heroes of that war, we can cheerfully accord the honor and reverence which is their due.

In writing and compiling this work we will depart from the usual custom of entering into details, and select such incidents as we deem worthy, a kind of selecting the grain from the chaff, making each incident complete by itself. We hope by this method to make the story one of interest, and at the same time the reader will be able to form an intelligent idea of the sufferings and trials of Doniphan and his men during their wonderful march, a march of a single regiment of undisciplined troops, through five populous states of the Mexican Republic—almost annihilating a powerful army—and finally returning home, after having covered nearly six-thousand miles, crowned with the trophies of victory.

Life of the Author.

Adam George the progenitor of the Unity township Georges, came out of Germany, and first settled in York county, Pa., and afterwards about the time of the opening of the land office (1769) came into Westmoreland and located upon the place known in frontier times as "George's Station" which is now owned and occupied by Peter George and which is but a short distance from the present "George Station" on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The name of Adam George appears in the list of signers to the petitions of 1774 to Governor Penn for military protection from the Indians. In the Revolution he was a soldier under the immediate command of Washington; he also served on the frontier, and although he escaped serious personal injury yet it seemed as by miracle. He died at an advanced age, and was buried on his own farm. One of his sons, Conrad George, was in the Fort at Hannastown when the village was burned. John, the second son grew up with great hunting proclivities, and spent much of his early manhood in the chase on the Alleghenies. He married in Somerset county, Miss Eleanor Campbell, about the year 1800. They lived together until the death of Mrs.



ISAAC GEORGE.

George in 1860, a period of sixty years, and had a family of six sons and seven daughters all of whom, except one daughter, grew to maturity. After his marriage, he lived in Mercer county until the spring of 1811, when he settled on the farm later occupied by his son Isaac, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, situate in Unity township, near Beatty Station. He died Sept. 4th, 1863, and was buried in Unity Church cemetery.

Isaac, the eleventh child of John, was born October 4th, 1822, in Unity township on the farm which he owned, until December 6, 1902. He grew up on his father's farm until he reached the age of eighteen, when he went out from the home roof to learn his trade. After serving an apprenticeship of three years at the carpenter trade, he went to May's Lick' Ky., where he worked at his trade for one year; thence to Lexington, Mo., where he continued to work at his trade with good success. At this time occurred the war with Mexico, and under a call for volunters, Mr. George enlisted in the company of Captain Walton, (Company B.), in the regiment which, under the command of Col. Doniphan made that famous march which has immortalized all those who participated in it.

This regiment was raised in Western Missouri near the border of Kansas. They assembled at Fort Leavenworth and began their celebrated march across the plains to the confines of Mexico on the 26th, of June, 1846. The regiment was called the First Regiment of Missouri Mounted Riflemen; Its colonel was A. W. Doniphan, and it was attached to the division of Gen. Stephen W. Kearney. The march of this regiment called "Doniphan's March," or "Doniphan's Expedition," is one of the most memorable in modern warfare, and the boldness of its conception, and the success in which it

terminated, brought forth the commendation of all military men and the plaudits of the people throughout the Union. The march will be celebrated to all time, in the military history of the nation.

After a march of one thousand miles across the plains through a hostile region the regiment took Santa Fe, on the 18th of August, 1846, fought the battle of Brazito, which secured El Paso, crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico proper, marched on toward Chihuahua, which, after the brilliant battle and victory of Sacramento, they captured,Feb. 28th, 1847. From there the command was ordered by Gen. Taylor to report to Gen. Brook at New Orleans, they being allowed to put in the rest of their time in marching homeward, an honor conferred upon them in recognition of their distinguished services to the country, which the general commanding regarded to be so effectual as to be thus publicly acknowledged.

From Camargo, on the Rio Grande, ten men from each company volunteered to take the horses of the regiment overland by way of Texas to their homes. Returning home by way of New Orleans, he, with about one-half of his comrades, landed in Lexington, Mo., July 1st, 1847, having been honorably discharged. His parents being now advanced in age, he visited them, and out of a sense of duty to them took charge of their affairs. He bought their farm and continued to own and reside upon it until about one year ago. In addition to farming he has been rather extensively engaged in the lumber manufacture and for years has carried on sawmilling, profitably.

On the 26th, of Dec., 1853, Mr. George married Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Hon. Samuel Nixon, of Fayette county, a man of honorable

standing who served three terms in the Legislature of the state, and ten years as Associate Judge of Fayette county. Mrs. George, a woman of energy and piety, has contributed not a little to her husband's success. They have raised a family of two sons and three daughters.

While in Kentucky, Mr. George united with the Disciple church. His wife was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. After their marriage they attended the Presbyterian church of Unity, with which they also united with their children. Mr. George is a man of quiet manners, of consistent morals, and of liberality. He makes himself useful in church work when he is called upon to lend a helping hand. He is exact, and scrupulously honest in his dealings, has keen discernment and quiet energy. No man in his neighborhood has had better success in any calling, than Mr. George has had in his. The fruits of his diligence, tact, and christian uprightness, which he now enjoys, are a liberal and increasing worldly portion, the esteem of his neighbors, and a virtuous and intelligent family.

(From the history of Westmoreland County, by G. Dallas Albert.)

Author's Preface.

As many of my friends who read this book, will think it strange that a native of Westmoreland county, Penn'a., should figure as a member of the Missouri Volunteers, I wish to say, by way of explanation, that I was born near Latrobe, in 1822. I learned the carpenter trade in Uniontown, Fayette county, and in 1844 I went to Lexington, Lafayette county, Missouri, where I followed my trade up to the time of my enlistment, on the sixth day of June, 1846, at which time I became a member of Company B., First Missouri Cavalry, Captain William Walton, in the regiment commanded by Colonel Doniphan, and a part of "The Army of the West," under General Kearney. After being mustered out of service I returned to my home, near Latrobe, Westmoreland county, this state, where I have since resided.

During my service in the war of which "Doniphan's expedition" was a part, I kept a diary, which together with my recollection of the incidents of that wonderful trip furnished the data for this work. It has long been my desire to group all the facts connected therewith into a volume, in order that the present generation could learn of

the struggles and trials of the upholders of the stars and stripes at that time, but it is only recently that I have been able to begin the accomplishment of my desires, and in this work which I am attempting, I can only briefly allude to many things that, in themselves, would require a volume to properly describe.

To my remaining comrades of the "Mexican War." I send an affectionate greeting. According to the laws of nature we have nearly crossed the Great Plains of life, and are now resting in the shadows of the trees which fringe the river of the Jordan of Death, where we await the command of the great General-in-chief to cross to the other side. To some of us the march through life has been over rugged mountains and on thorny paths, while to others the way has been more pleasant, and to all of us, we trust, the hope of one day meeting together after we have reported at headquarters across the river, is a pleasant one, and while time may have dimmed the glories won a half-century ago, so far as earth and earthly things are concerned, we trust that as each old veteran is summoned into the presence of the King of Kings, he may hear the welcome plaudit, "well done."

Respectfully, THE AUTHOR.

Origin of the Mexican War.

In the beginning of this work we deem it pertinent to briefly allude to the cause of the war between the United States and Mexico, as we remember it.

It might be said that the annexation of Texas, as an integral part of the Union, was the prime cause, although the relation between the two countries at that time were not as friendly as might have been, and when Texas became a state it at once caused a rupture. Although the independence of Texas had been recognized by the United States, England, France, and other powers, Mexico still claimed the state as part of its territory, and soon after Congress, in March, 1845, had adopted the joint resolution for the admission of Texas into the Union, General Almonte, the Mexican Minister at Washington, demanded his passports, which act was soon followed by a proclamation by General Herrera, then President of Mexico, declaring the rights of that country and his determination to defend them.

An immediate cause of the war might be attributed to the action of President Polk in sending General Zachary Taylor, with a force of fifteen-

hundred men, to occupy a strip of disputed territory between the Rio Grande and Nueces rivers. This force was called the "Army of Occupation," and its purpose was the defense of Texas. General Taylor occupied this territory from September, 1845, until the spring of 1846, when he received orders to advance toward the mouth of the Rio Grande, opposite the city of Matamoras. The cause of this order was the fact that Mexican troops were being assembled near there with the evident intention of invading Texas.

General Taylor reached the point to which he had been directed where he erected a fort naming it in honor of Major Brown. General Taylor had left his stores at Point Isabel in the care of Major Monroe with four hundred and fifty men, and while erecting Fort Brown a considerable body of Mexicans got between him and the camp at Point Isabel. Taylor, leaving a regiment of infantry and two companies of artillery to defend the fort, marchd to the relief of Point Isabel. While there the Mexicans attacked Fort Brown, but were repulsed. General Taylor then marched to the relief of the fort and meeting the Mexicans, six thousand strong at Palo Alto, a battle was fought, and although General Taylor had but two thousand men, in a hot fight of five hours the Mexicans were routed with a loss of six-hundred men, while the Americans lost fifty-three. The next day, May 9th, the march was resumed toward Fort Brown when the Mexicans were discovered strongly posted in a ravine called Resaca de la Palma. A short and bloody conflict ensued in which the Americans were again victorious. The Americans lost one-hundred and ten men while the Mexican loss was over a thousand, together with a General and one-hundred men who were made prisoners, eight

pieces of cannon and a number of military stores.

In the meantime a knowledge of the critical situation of the "Army of Occupation" had aroused the whole country, and prior to the news of the battles to which we have referred, Congress, on May 11, 1846, declared that, by the act of the Republic of Mexico, "a state of war existed," and the President was authorized to raise 50,000 men, and ten million dollars were appropriated for carrying on the contest. General Scott and the Secretary of War quickly planned a campaign greater in some respects than any that had been recorded in history. It embraced the operation of a fleet to sweep around Cape Horn to attack the Pacific coast of Mexico, a division known as "The Army of the West" was designed to invade New Mexico and co-operate with the fleet. The "Army of the Center" was to invade Old Mexico from the north, and as Mexico had made a formal declaration of war May 23, hostilities between the two nations became active.

The "Army of the West" was given into the command of General (then Colonel) Stephen W. Kearney, with orders to proceed against New Mexico and California. He left Fort Leavenworth in June, and after a wonderful march of nearly a thousand miles over the Great Plains, and amid the Rocky mountain ranges, he reached Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, on August 18. He took possession of the city, and then started toward California but was met by a messenger from Lieutenant-Colonel Freemont, with the information that California was subjugated. General Kearney sent the main body of his troops back to Santa Fe, and with one-hundred men pushed on and joined Commodore Stockton and Colonel Freemont who had captured Los Angeles on August

17. In the meantime, while General Kearney was on his way to California, Colonel Doniphan, with one thousand Missouri volunteers, had been detailed to subjugate the Navajo Indians and compel a treaty of peace. He succeeded on November 22, after which he marched toward the city of Chihuahua, which place he reached after a couple of battles, and of which he took possession. This city had a population of forty-thousand. Doniphan and his command rested here for some six weeks, after which he marched to Saltillo and camped on the battle ground of Buena Vista, and joined General Wool. He then returned to New Orleans, having made a march of over five-thousand miles amid dangers and perils that would daunt the stoutest heart, and it was the incidents in that connection which form the theme of this work, known as "Doniphan's Expedition."

Doniphan's Life.

We are indebted largely to a sketch of the life and character of Col. Alexander W. Doniphan, written by D. G. Allen, Esq., of Missouri, for the information relative to the life of this great soldier and statesman, who was born in Mason county, Kentucky, July 9th, 1808.

John Doniphan, his father, was a native of Virginia but had gone to Kentucky prior to 1779 and remained there a year or more. While there he was engaged in teaching school, and he was the first man "who taught the young idea how to shoot" on the "Dark and Bloody Ground." Returning to Virginia prior to the seige of Yorktown, he entered the Continental army and remained in it until the conclusion of the revolutionary struggle. Marrying Anne Smith, he returned to Kentucky in 1790, and made his home in Mason county. Miss Smith was a lady of extraordinary mental powers and brilliant wit. She was an aunt, I may add, to the late Gov. William Smith of Virginia.

Joseph Doniphan was for a great many years prior to his death, the intimate friend of the famous Simon Kenton. It will be seen, therefore, that the subject of this sketch was born during the genera-



COL. A. W. DONIPHAN.

tion immediately succeeding the conclusion of the struggle for independence by the colonies and the wresting of the soil of Kentucky from the savages. He was born amid the odors of the forest. The first tales poured into his ears when he was old enough to be intelligent, were those of stern conflict for liberty and civilization. The first names by him lisped were those of Washington, Wayne, Marion, Lighthorse Harry Lee, and the whole immortal host of the Revolution. He was born when American manhood was at its acme, and the same profound feeling of patriotism thrilled every bosom from the Atlantic coast to the deepest recesses of the Western wilderness.

Joseph Doniphan died in the year 1813, and his son was left to the watchful care of his mother. She was adequate to the rearing of the young eagle. At the age of eight years she placed him under the instruction of Richard Keene, of Augusta, Kentucky, a learned though eccentric Irishman, who was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Keene was of that very considerable body of educated Irishmen—ardent followers of Robert Emmet—who found their safety in emigration to America at the conclusion of the Irish Rebellion in 1798. Ardent, enthusiastic, boiling with courage, entertaining the most romantic ideas of freedom, they were a dynamical process in the history of every young mind brought in contact with them. An examination into the history of our country will develop the fact that these young Irish teachers were an intellectual power and blessing all over the then settled portion of the United States. Col. Doniphan never ceased the expression of his gratitude to Mr. Keene.

One who was familiar with the absolute ease and accuracy with which Col. Doniphan wreaked

his thoughts upon expression would be astonished at the declaration that he ever lacked for words. He said, however, that in his youth his vocabulary was limited and his expressions clumsy and difficult. Mr. Keene assured him that only through acquaintance with the great poets could exact, powerful, brilliant expressions be acquired. Through knowledge, said he, of the poets could alone come the precise meaning of words, the perfect pronounciation of them, the melody of speech, and the majestic declamation of the orator. By Mr. Keene's advice he carefully studied the poets, and results in the pupil went very far to prove correct the theory of the master.

At the age of fourteen years, he was entered a student of Augusta college, in Bracken county, Kentucky. He graduated there at the early age of eighteen years, with great distinction, particularly in the classics. While at Augusta College, he had the benefit of the training and molding influences of several very able instructors.

In his youth the predilection of Col. Doniphan was for the law for a life-profession, and this was largely through the influence of his mother, who was a woman of great and far-reaching mind. Upon quitting college, therefore, for the purpose of legal study, he entered the law office of Hon. Martin P. Marshall, of Augusta, Kentucky. In the opinion of the pupil, his legal preceptor was one of the most learned and able of all the members of the famous Marshall family. In the course of study recommended by Mr. Marshall and required by him of his pupil is to be discovered the first instance, it is alleged, in this country, of the strictly historical method in the study of the law. First of all he required his pupil to read and carefully study portions of the classical authors of the English

language. In this occupation he expended six months. It was, as Mr. Marshall phrased it, to fructify and chasten the pupil's imagination and give him wings for more arduous flights. Secondly, he required him to read the histories of England and America and cognate works so that he might see, historically, the evolution of our system of law. And, thirdly, he required of him a most careful study of those text-books of the law which were then considered necessary in order to admission to practice. These studies consumed near three years and were under the eye of and with recitations to the preceptor. The progress of the pupil was great; and when the preceptor is learned and skilled and the pupil brilliant, we must measure progress in study by genius and not by time.

In 1833 he removed to Liberty, Missouri, where he made his home for the succeeding thirty years.

For the little town of Liberty, almost a hamlet then, a fortunate circumstance occurred. In 1827 the post of Fort Leavenworth was established. At that post there always had been a greater accumulation of troops than at any other in the Union. Liberty was the nearest town to it. To relieve the tedium of station life there resorted to Liberty for many years the choice and prime young officers of the army—the Rileys, the Kearneys, the Sydney Johnstons—who were from time to time stationed at that post. The wives and daughters of officers went there for shopping purposes. The sons of officers were often sent to Liberty for academic education. The officers of the Fort and their wives and daughters were almost as much a part of the social life of the town, as freely united in public amusements, balls, parties and the like, as its inhabitants themselves. From the union of

local intellect with the brilliance of the army the society of Liberty became exceptionally charming and elegant.

Into such society and into the midst of such people Col. Doniphan went from Lexington in 1833. He was young, ambitious, highly cultured, and his mind expanded with ease to meet the magnitude of each new occasion. The faculty of ready, powerful and tempestuous speech, the flashes of brilliant thought, had come to him. Already the people of the state had recognized in him the orator.

From 1830 to 1860 he continued in the active practice of his profession. His fame was greatest as a criminal lawyer, and during that period there was no criminal case of magnitude in northwest Missouri in which he was not retained for the defense. He never prosecuted. The reputation of a great advocate usually absorbs that of the counsellor. And this was to a greater degree, perhaps, sixty years ago than now, because then the jury was more often demanded. He was employed to make the great, the decisive, argument on the side by which he was retained. No client would think for a moment of excusing him from speaking. He was employed and paid to speak—he must speak. A silent Doniphan in a cause, would have meant defeat anticipated. As a natural result of this, the work and labor of the cause, the preparation of the pleadings, the gathering of the testimony, the interrogation of the witnesses, etc., devolved on his associate counsel. Occasionally, in examining witnesses, he would interject some far reaching question. In the councils of war which precede great trials, his view of the line of defence or attack was always adopted. He saw by a flash of intuition the strong points.

Not one of his oratorical efforts as a criminal or civil lawyer has been preserved. Opinion, therefore, of their power and splendor can only be formed from old tradition. All traditions and opinions concur as to their brevity, wonderful compression, vast force and dazzeling brilliance. Two of his orations in criminal defences, may be recalled and one opinion given in each. They are that of Thomas Turnham, indicted in Clay Circuit Court, Missouri, for the murder of Hayes and tried in November, 1844, which resulted in his conviction of manslaughter in the fourth degree, with a fine of $100; and that of John H. Harper, indicted in the Jackson Circuit Court for the murder of Meredith, and tried in Platte Circuit Court, Missouri, in November, 1847, (whither the case had been taken by change of venue), which resulted in Harper's acquittal. There can hardly be a doubt that Turnham's case was one of murder. After great pressure, he was admitted to bail and his bond fixed at $8,000, an enormous amount in those days. Col. Doniphan was constantly afraid that his client would disappear. The prisoner's father, the late Maj. Joel Turnham, of Clay county, was a stern old-fashioned man, "more an antique Roman than a Dane," plainly educated, well advised, however, as to all current events, of strong, penetrating sense, familiar with the great speakers of Missouri and Kentucky, possessed with a will and courage of adamant; but none the less, not at all conscious of the fact that his was the only name in the state which could be found among the paladins of Richard Coeur de Leon when he charged the Paynim hosts on the plains of Palestine. Everything melted away before Col. Doniphan's oratory. At the conclusion of the speech Maj. Turnham was asked what he thought of Doniphan's

speech, and his answer was: "Sir, Aleck Doniphan spoke only forty minutes, but he said everything."

The case of Harper more easily admitted of defense. Meredith had—

Loved not wisely, but too well.

Harper believed, whether with or without good reasons, that Meredith had invaded the sanctity of his home. Such a circumstance in the hands of a genius like Col. Doniphan's was sufficient to enable him to stir to the uttermost all the passions and to "call spirits from the vasty deep." The occasion was great. He had only returned a few months before from his wonderful Mexican campaign, and the whole country was full of his glory. Everybody—lawyers and all,—had gathered in Platte City,—where the case was tried,—to hear him, and expectation of his eloquence was on tiptoe. By universal agreement he even surpassed expectations. James N. Burnes, of St. Joseph, heard it, and declared that it determined him to become a lawyer. He, also, declared that he never heard or read any speech in defense of a criminal which equalled Col. Doniphan's in that case.

On December 21st, 1837, Col. Doniphan was married to Miss Elizabeth Jane Thornton, of Clay County. It was a perfect union of heart and intellect. She was a highly intellectual, cultivated woman, and her grace in manner and charm in conversation made her the delight of society. Save when public duty of business imperatively demanded it, he and she were constantly united. At home or abroad they were together. He knew and loved no place like home, neither the mystery of lodges nor the joviality of clubs had any power to draw him thence. Heaven withdrew her from him in 1873, but it was decreed that he

should remain a pilgrim many years thereafter before he felt the stroke of the invisible spector.

Of his marriage there were born only two children—both sons. They were youths of rare intellectual promise, and their father might well hope to prolong his life and fame in those of his children. One of them died from accidental poison, at Liberty in 1853, and the other beneath the angry waves of a West Virginia brook in 1858. From blows so severe as these, it can be well understood why the life of Col. Doniphan, during more than thirty years before its close, was void of ambition.

Of the Mormon war in 1838, Col. Doniphan was present, in command of a brigade of state militia, at the surrender of Joe Smith, the so-called prophet, at Far West in Caldwell county, and afterwards defended him in the criminal proceedings which were instituted against him and other Mormons.

In 1846 the war with Mexico began. In May of that year, Governor Edwards requested Col. Doniphan to assist him in raising troops, in the western counties of the state of Missouri for the volunteer service. He acceded to the request. The enthusiasm of the people was extremely high, and in a week or so, the eight companies of men had volunteered, which upon organization at Fort Leavenworth, formed the famous 1st Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers. Col. Doniphan volunteered as a private in the company from Clay county, and was afterwards elected colonel of the regiment almost by acclamation. There never was in the service of the United States a regiment of finer material. It was composed of individuals from the best families in the state, and they were young men in the prime of life, equal physically and mentally, to every duty of the soldier. They

were, mainly, the sons of pioneers of Missouri, and had the courage and manliness, and possessed the endurance and virtues of their fathers. This regiment formed a portion of the column known as the Army of the West, commanded by that chivalric soldier, Gen. Stephen W. Kearney. All of the troops of the column rendezvoused at Fort Leavenworth. The volunteers having undergone a few weeks of drilling, the Army of the West commenced its march to Santa Fe on June 26, 1846.

It would be impossible to express in words the feelings, apprehensions and hopes of the people and of those volunteers when Gen. Kearney's army moved to the conquest of northern Mexico. The knowledge then, of the American people, of Mexico, was very limited. The people of Missouri knew more than any others, for their traders, at least, during over twenty years previously, had laboriously tracked and retracked the dangerous trail from Independence to Santa Fe, and thence to Chihuahua. The geographies of that day—old Onley and Mitchell—showed little beyond outlines delineating Mexico and the countries west of Missouri. They indicated, however, very clearly, the Great American Desert, extending long and wide between Missouri and Mexico. The regions between our states and Mexico were Indian country, and dangerous, and those beyond were Indian and Mexican, and still more dangerous. The volunteers must have felt that every mile of their march would reveal surprises and wonders. And we may liken their expectations of encountering the marvelous to that of Sir Francis Drake, when three hundred years ago, he weighed his anchors and turned the prow of his ship toward the South Sea.

On August 18, 1846, Gen. Kearney's army entered Santa Fe without firing a gun. In November, 1846, Col. Doniphan, with his regiment was ordered into the country of the Navajo Indians, on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, to overawe or chastise them. He completed this movement with great celerity. His soldiers toiled in snow 3 feet deep on the crest and eastern slope of the mountains. Having accomplished the object of the expedition, concluding a satisfactory treaty with the Indians, he returned to the Rio del Norte, and, on the banks of that stream, collected and refreshed his men, preparatory to effecting what was then intended to be a junction with Gen. Wool.. He was then reinforced by two batteries of light artillery. In December, 1846, he turned the faces of his little column to the south and put it in motion toward Chihuahua. In quick succession following his brilliant and decisive victories at Bracito and Sacramento, the capture of Chihuahua, the plunge of his little army into the unknown country between Chihuahua and Saltillo, and its emergence in triumph at the latter city.

After his arrival at Saltillo, inasmuch as the period of enlistment of his men would soon expire, his regiment was ordered home. Its march therefore was continued to Matamoras, where it took shipment to New Orleans. The men of the regiment having been discharged at New Orleans, arrived at home about July 1st, 1847. The march of this regiment from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe, Chihuahua, Saltillo, and Matamoras—a distance of nearly 3,600 miles—is called Doniphan's Expedition.

In January, 1861, he was appointed a member of the peace conference, which assembled at Washington with a view to prevention of civil war.

During his absence in attendance on that body, he was elected a member of the state convention called by the legislature, January 21st, 1861. In the convention he maintained the position of a conservative union man, and did not let himself lose sight of the supremacy of the constitution or the reserved rights of the states. In 1863,—during the heat of the civil war,—he removed from Liberty to St. Louis. Family reasons compelling, in 1868, he removed from St. Louis to Richmond, Mo., and resided at the latter place until his death.

The oratory of Col. Doniphan at the bar constitutes only a part of the basis of his fame as an orator. From his immigration to Missouri until the close of 1860, in every canvass he responded to the wishes of the political party to which he was attached, and on the hustings in various parts of the state; he advocated and defended his party's principles in addresses of surprising logic and flaming eloquence. Enormous crowds met him wherever he spoke, and the people were never weary of listening to his accents. And this was not all. His addresses on various public occasions, educational social and patriotic, from his arrival in the state until 1872, were numerous. And yet of all his magnificent orations, so far as known, but two remain complete, and they were delivered on occasions social or festive. In so far as the record of time—the gravings of history and legislative proceedings—extend, his name is secure. But what of the power and magnificence of his oratory? It rests only in tradition.

It must always be a matter of regret that not only in equal degree are the efforts of genius transmitted to after times. The mighty historians and poets are secure in their immortality. Homer, Virgil, Milton, Thucydides, Tacitus, Gibbon, will

always be read. The great Greek historian, in 60 pages of moderate size, sketched the Athenian expedition against Syracuse, the embarkation, the passage of the sea, debarkation, the beleaguering of the city, the assault, the repulse, the retreat, the overthrow and capture, with an amazing clearness and power which have made his place in the temple of fame as stable as the world itself. The sculptor secure in his marble, may reasonably hope that the visions of loveliness or majesty, born of the brain, may transmit his name some thousands of years. Even the painter is assured that the divine conceptions which he has limned may be admired and judged by the eye—and his name repeated—for a few centuries after he has passed away.

In the absence of mental efforts preserved—which can be studied and meditated—in order to a proper measurement of the intellect of Alexander W. Doniphan. and due appreciation of his genius some one is needed who was familiar with him in his prime, that is to say from 1835 to 1855, and who was himself of matured mind during that period.

Great men only appear after long intervals. Eight centuries prior to the Saviour of men, the mightiest poet of the antique world sang the tale of Troy; more than seven centuries elapsed before the Mantuan bard sang of Aeneas; and sixteen centuries more rolled away before time was prepared for Shakespeare. Three hundred years intervened between the great Macedonian conqueror and imperial Caesar; and eighteen hundred between Caesar and Napoleon. Between Thucydides and Tacitus are near five hundred, and between Tacitus and Gibbon, near seventeen hundred years. From Demonthenes to Cicero were three hundred years, and from Cicero to the majestic

line of Chatham, Sheridan, Burke, Fox, Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Doniphan were eighteen hundred years.

The genius of Col. Doniphan can only be estimated, in all its height, depth, breadth and splendor, by one who had known him in his prime, and under all circumstances and conditions. He must have known him in the field of Sacramento, when, six hundred miles in the enemy's country, he led his little army of Missourians to the assault of works manned by four times their number; when, in the defense of some prisoner, charged with the greatest offense known to the law, in order to succeed, he called into action all of his intellectual powers, and thundered and lightninged in adressing the jury; when, before a great audience of his fellow-citizens, assembled to hear him on some momentous occasion, he brought into play the whole range of his stores of thought, sentiment, eloquence and wit, transported his auditors from grave to gay, from tears to mirth, with a certain divine ease and rapidity, and molded their opinions and hearts to his will with a thoroughness only possible to the greatest orator; and when, the cares of the forum and politics laid aside, at his own or a friend's fireside, or, beneath the spreading branches of some monarch of the forest, he relaxed his gigantic intellect to the needs and uses of social converse, and charmed all listeners with a flow of wisdom, humor, anecdote—strong, yet airy and graceful—so rich, so varied, so flashing, that it would have made the literary fortune of a dozen writers.

It is and has been the clear opinion of all who have known him well, that, in all the qualities of the loftiest intellect,—breadth of vision, foresight which could farthest in advance discern matters that

would come to pass, intuitive percention, rapidly of determination, sharp analysis, precision of judgment, corroding logic, subtilty of thought, richness and variety of fancy, aptness of illustration, powerful and unfailing memory, compression of words, ease in mental action, and intense, nervous, crystalline and electrical language,—indeed in all the elements of genius,—he has never had a superior in America. The opinion is accentuated by that of a man well able to judge and whose opportunities to form a safe judgment, were better than those of any man living or dead. Gen. Atchison was a man of education, of strong, judicial intellect, trained thought, had been senator from Missouri from 1843 to 1855, and his observation of and experience among men had been of the largest. A few years prior to his and Col. Doniphan's death, he said: "I was familiar with the city of Washington in my early manhood. I knew all the great men of our country in earlier days—Clay, Webster, Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Clayton, Crittenden and others. I have presided in the United States Senate when Clay, Webster, and Calhoun sat before me. I knew Aleck Doniphan familiarly, intimately, since 1830, and I tell you sir, when he was in his prime, I heard him climb higher than any of them."

His personal appearance was truly imposing and magnificent. His was the grandest type of manly beauty. A stranger would not have failed to instantly note his presence in any assemblage. In height, he was six feet and four inches. His frame was proportioned to his height, and was full without the appearance of obesity. His face approached the Grecian ideal very closely, the essential variance being the nose, which was aquiline without severity. His forehead was high, full and

square; his eyes of the brightest hazel; and his lips symmetrical and smiling. When young, his complexion was extremely fair and delicate, and his hair sandy.

At the peace conference in 1861, when introduced to Mr. Lincoln, the latter said to him: "And this is the Col. Doniphan who made the wild march against the Comanches and Mexicans. You are the only man I ever met who, in appearance, came up to my previous expectations."

Col. Doniphan died at Richmond, Missouri, August 8th, 1887, and was buried at Liberty, Missouri, with his wife and sons.

He united with the Christian Church in 1859, and died in its faith.

Doniphan's Great March.

Before beginning a brief outline of the wonderful march made by Colonel Doniphan and his men, we beg leave to remind the reader that we are telling of the happenings of more than half a century ago. At that time the old flint-lock weapons were in use. At that period there were no telegraphs over which to flash the news, and the only means of communication was by couriers and the mails, and as the iron horse was not available travel was necessarily slow.

There is No Comparison.

Nowhere does history record a comparison with the march of Doniphan. The expedition of Cyrus against his brother, Artaxerxes, and the retreat of the ten-thousand Greeks, conducted by Xenophon and Cherisopus, forms the only account in history that is nearly a parallel. In fifteen months Cyrus and Xenophon conducted that expedition about 3,450 miles, with the loss of several thousand men, and finally returned to Greece with naught save their lives and arms; but in thirteen months Doniphan and his men marched 5,550 miles, and returned decorated with the trophies of war, and meeting the hearty approval of their countrymen.

Doniphan and his men scaled the granite heights of the Cordilleras, amid fathoms of accumulated and eternal snows, in the depths of winter, and after a campaign of three months and seven-hundred and fifty miles against the Navajo Indians, they began their grand march upon Chihuahua, and both the capital and the state, with two-hundred thousands inhabitants, became a conquest to less than a thousand brave Americans.

The March to Santa Fe.

In May, 1846, Governor Edwards, of Missouri, requested Col. Doniphan, to assist in raising troops in the western part of the state to engage in the war with Mexico. He assented and in a short time eight companies of men had volunteered, and organized at Fort Leavenworth, forming the First Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers. Col. Doniphan volunteered in a company from Clay county, as a private, but was afterwards elected Colonel of the regiment. The author of this work was a member of Company B., from Layfayette county, Capt. William Walton.

A writer of recent date in speaking of this regiment, says: "There never was in the service of the United States a regiment of finer material. It was composed of the best families of the state, and they were young men in the prime of life, equal, physically and mentally, to every duty of the soldier." This regiment formed a portion of the column known as the "Army of the West," commanded by General Stephen W. Kearney. All the troops of the column rendezvoused at Fort Leavenworth, and after the volunteers had undergone a few weeks drilling, the Army of the West commenced its march to Santa Fe, June 26, 1846.

The march of the "Army of the West," as it entered upon the great prairies, presented a scene of the most intense and thrilling interest. Such a scene was indeed worthy of the pencil of the ablest artist, or the most graphic pen of the historian. The boundless plains, lying in ridges of wavy green and not unlike the ocean, seemed to unite with the heavens in the distant horizon. As far as vision could penetrate, the long files of cavalry, the gay fluttering of banners, and the canvas-covered wagons of the merchant's train glistening like banks of snow in the distance, might be seen winding their tortuous way over the undulating surface of the prairies. In thus witnessing the march of an army over the regions of uncultivated nature, which had hitherto been the hunting ground of the wild savage, and where the eagle and the stars and stripes never before greeted the breezes, the heart could but swell with sentiments of honest pride, mingled with the most lively emotions. For the first time since the creation, the starred and striped banner of a free people was being born over almost one-thousand miles of trackless waste, and the principles of republicanism and civil liberty were about to be proclaimed to a nation fast sinking in slavery's arms; and fast closing her eyes upon the last expiring lights of religion, science and liberty.

There were many obstacles which impeded the progress of the army. There was no road not even a path leading from Fort Leavenworth into the regular Santa Fe trail. The army therefore steered its course southwesterly with the view of intersecting the main Santa Fe trail, at or near the Narrows, sixty-five miles west of Independence. In accomplishing this, many deep ravines, and creeks with high and rugged banks, were to be encountered. The banks had to be dug down, the

asperites leveled, bridges built, and roads constructed before the wagons could pass. All this required time and labor. The heat was often excessive; the grass was tall and rank, and the earth in many places so soft that the heavily loaded wagons would sink almost up to the axle upon the level prairie,— The men were frequently compelled to dismount and drag them from the mire with their hands. The mules and other animals being mostly unused to the harness, often became refractory and balky. Numbers of wagons daily broke down. Time was required to make repairs. Hence the march was of necessity, both slow and tedious.

It may be proper here to observe, that for the sake of convenience in procuring supplies of fuel and water, which could only be obtained at certain points, in crossing the Great Plains, Col. Kearney very prudently adopted the plan of conducting the march by separate detachments. These detachments (for convenience in traveling) generally consisted in a squadron of two or three companies, or of an entire battalion. The companies of volunteers were generally composed of 114 men each, including commissioned officers. Thus the march was chiefly conducted to the border of New Mexico, or the boundry line which separates between Mexico and the United States.

Col. Doniphan and Maj. Gilpin, with the second battalion, and Col Kearney, with the battalion of artillery, the corps of field and topographical engineers, and a small squadron of volunteers and dragoons, followed closely in the rear.

At the outset of the expedition many laughable scenes took place. The horses were generally dild,fiery, and ungovernable; wholly unused to military trappings and equipments. Amid the fluttering of banners, the sounding of bugles, the rat-

tling of artillery, the clattering of sabres, and cooking utensils, some of the horses took fright and scampered, pellmell, with rider and arms, over the wide prairie. Riders, arms and accoutrements, saddles, saddle-bags, tin-cups and coffee-pots, were sometimes left far behind in the chase. No very serious or fatal accident, however, occurred from this cause. All was right again as soon as the affrighted animals were recovered.

The Personnel of the Army..

The "Army of the West," was, perhaps, composed of as fine material as any other body of troops then in the field. The volunteer corps consisted almost entirely of the young men of the country; generally of the very first families of the State. All parties were united in one common cause for the vindication of the national honor. Every calling and profession contributed its share. There might be seen under arms, in the ranks, the lawyer, the doctor, the professor, the student, the legislator, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisans of every description, all united as a band of brothers to defend the rights and the honor of their country; to redress her wrongs and avenge her insults. This blooming host of young life, the elite of Missouri, was full of ardor, full of spirit, full of generous enthusiasm, burning for the battle field, and panting for the reward of honorable victory. They were prompted to this gallant discharge of duty, and prepared to breast every storm of adversity, by the remembrance of the dear pledges of affection they left behind them.

At last the Santa Fe trail was reached, and at the break of day, July 2nd, reveille was sounded and the army was on the march ere the first beams of the morning sun had kissed the glittering dew drops from the prarie grass, bearing aloft their streaming flags floating to the breezes, with their "broad stripes and their bright stars." As the troops moved off majestically over the green prarie, they presented a martial and animating sight. The long lines stretched over miles of level plain, or wound serpentinely over the beautifully undulating hills, with guns and sabres glittering in the sheen of the rising sun, while the great American eagle seemed to spread his broad pinions, and to the westward bear the principles of liberty.

A Strange Story.

The following interesting phenomenon was related to the author by one who declared he was an eye witness of the fact, and that twenty-eight others would testify to the truth of his declaration. "Early in the spring of 1846, before it was known, or even conjectured, that a state of war would be declared to exist between this Government and Mexico, twenty-nine traders, on their way from Santa Fe to Independence, beheld, just after a storm, and a little before sun-set, a perfectly distinct image of the "bird of liberty," the American eagle, on the disc of the sun. When they beheld the interesting sight, they simultaneously, and almost involuntarily exclaimed that in less than twelve months the eagle of liberty would spread his broad pinions over the plains of the west, and that the flag of our country would wave over the cities of New Mexico and Chihuahua." The prediction was literally and strikingly verified, although the story is, doubtless,

more beautiful, than true. Quite as much credit is due to it, as to the wonderful story about the chariots of fire, which the Romans are said to have seen in the heavens after the assassination of Caesar by Brutus and Cassius of the Roman senate.

On the plains the horses were the object of the most special attention. Whoever was so unfortunate as to lose his charger, was necessitated to continue the march on foot, or drive a wagon, both were unpleasant to the volunteer soilder, to say nothing of the chagrin of losing his place in his company as a cavalier. The horses were therefore secured with all possible care at night, to guard against escape. Great prudence was also necessary in riding cautiously, and grazing carefully, to prevent the stock from failing on the road. Chasing deer, antelope, and buffalo on the plain will ruin a horse and speedily unfit him for military service. When a soldier, by ill luck happened to lose his horse, he would purchase another at almost any cost, if there chanced to be a surplus one in camp. His situation enabled him fully to appreciate the force of the expression which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of King Richard, *"A Kingdom for a horse!"* No wonder then that Alexander wept when Bucephalus died.

Our march continued with but little worthy of note until on July 29th, at which time we met Fitzpatrick, a mountaineer, on express from Fort Bent to Col. Kearney, with the following information from Santa Fe; "That Governor Armijo had called the chief men of counsel together to deliberate on the best means of defending the city of Santa Fe; that hostile preparations were rapidly going on in all parts of New Mexico, and Col. Kearney's movements were to be vigorously opposed." Three Mexicans were taken prisoners near Fort Bent, sup-

posed to be spies, with blank letters upon their person addressed to Col. Kearney. This piece of ingenuity was resorted to, no doubt to avoid detection by American residents and traders at Bent's Fort. These Mexicans were conducted, by order of Col. Kearney, through our camp and shown our artillery, then peaceably allowed to retire to Santa Fe, and report what they had seen.

The future was pregnant with consequences of the greatest moment. An uncertain destiny awaited us. Some anticipated victory; others apprehended disaster. Twenty days were to determine our fate. We were already encamped in the enemy's territory. Were we to be defeated and completely overthrown, or were we to enter triumphantly into the capital and plant the flag of our country on its adobe walls? These were questions in the minds of all, which time alone could solve.

THE AMERICAN SAHARA.

We finally reached the vicinity of Fort Bent, and after a rest of three days, on August 2nd, we resumed our march following the course of the river some twenty-four miles, at which point we pitched our tents on a perfectly bare sand-beach, with scarcely a spear of grass or a shrub for our famishing animals. The gale from the inhospitable desert on the south, over which we were to resume our march the next day, furiously drove the sand, like pelting hail, upon us. After spending a comfortless night, on the morning of the 3rd, we struck off at right angles with the river. The army was now upon the Great American Desert. The wind and driven sand continued to annoy both man and beast. The parched earth appeared as though it had not been refreshed by a shower since the day of Noah's

flood. The wagons moved heavily, the wheels uniformly sinking over the felloes in the sand or pulverized earth. A toilsome march of twenty-five miles brought us to our camp, on a bare sand bank, totally destitute of green grass or other vegetation for our animals. The water was scarce, muddy, bitter, filthy, and just such as Horace in his Brundusium letter pronounced *"vilissima rerum."*

The American desert, is, perhaps, not less sterile, sandy, parched and destitute of water and every green herb and living thing than the African Sahara. In the course of a long day's march we could scarcely find a pool of water to quench the thirst, a patch of grass to prevent our animals perishing, or an oasis to relieve the weary mind. Dreary, sultry, desolate, boundless solitude reigned as far as the eye could reach, and seemed to bound the distant horizon. We suffered much with the heat, and thirst, and the driven sand—which filled our eyes, and nostrils, and mouths, almost to suffocation. Many of our animals perished on the desert. A Mexican hare, or an antelope, skimming over the ground with the utmost velocity, was the only living creature seen upon the plain. The Roman army under Metellus, on its march through the desert of Africa, never encountered more serious opposition from the elements than did our army in its passage over this American Sahara.

The march was continued on the 4th with little or no alteration. The wind still drove the sand furiously in our faces; the heat was oppressive; and the sand was deep and heavy. After a progress of twenty-seven miles we again encamped on the vile, filthy Timpa, the water of which was still bitter and nauseating. Our animals perished daily.

Vigorously pushing forward on the 5th, having made twenty-eight miles during the day, we passed

out of the desert, crossed the river Purgatoire, and encamped on its southern bank. This lovely, clear, cool, rippling mountain stream was not less grateful to our army, after four day's unparalleled marching on the desert, than was that stream to the Israelitish army, which gushed from the rock when struck by the rod of the prophet. The lofty Cimarron and Spanish peaks were distinctly visible to the south, and west, towering in awful grandeur far above the clouds, their summits capped with eternal snow.

Wise Use of Prisoners.

We marched on, crossing the Cimarron Ridge of mountains, which difficult task caused great fatigue, and finally encamped, August 16, on the Pecos, near San Jose. That night a number of Mexican soldiers were captured. On the morning of the 17th, these prisoners were, by order of Gen. Kearney, conducted through our camps and shown our cannon. They were then suffered to depart, and tell their own people what they had seen. To color and exaggerate accounts is a truly Mexican characteristic. They therefore returned to their comrades in arms, representing our number as 5,000, and declaring that we had so many pieces of cannon that they could not count them. This highly colored account of our strength, no doubt spread dismay through their ranks, and increased the desertions from Armijo's standard, which were already going on to an extent well calculated to alarm him.

Mexico as it Was.

Fifty years ago Gold was the god of the Mexicans. They had no motives but those of profit;

no springs of action but those of self love; no desires but those of gain; and no restraints but those of force. The eternal jingle of cash was music to their ears. Virtue, honesty, honor, piety, religion, patriotism, generosity, and reputation, were to them pompous and unmeaning terms; and he whose conduct was shaped by principles of fair dealing, was regarded as incomparably stupid. Vice, fraud, deceit, treachery, theft, plunder, murder and assassination, stalked abroad in open daylight, and set order, law and justice at defiance. The virtue of females was bought and sold. Such was the moral and social system in Mexico, a half-century ago.

Capture of Santa Fe.

When Gov. Don Manuel Armijo learned more certainly that we were approaching Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico and seat of his official residence, he assembled by proclamation, seven thousand troops, two thousand of whom were well armed, and the rest more indifferently armed, and marched them out to meet us at the Canon, or Pass of the Galisteo, about fifteen miles from Santa Fe, intending there to give us battle. He had written a note to Gen. Kearney the day previous, stating that he would meet him somewhere that day, or the day following. The letter was very politely dictated, and so ambiguous in its expression that it was impossible to know whether it was the Governor's intention to meet Gen. Kearney in council or in conflict. The General, however, hastened on, and arrived at the Canon about noon on the 18th, with his whole army in battle array. Here, again, no enemy appeared to dispute our passage. The Mexicans had dispersed and fled to the mountains. This Canon is nothing more than a deep fissure, or chasm, through the ridge of the mountains which divides the waters of the Pecos from those of the Rio del Norte. Here the Mexicans had commenced fortifying against our approach, by chopping away

the timber so their artillery could play to better advantage upon our lines, and throwing up temporary breast-works; but they lacked either courage or unanimity to defend a position apparently so well chosen.

It is stated upon good authority tha Gov. Armijo, Gen. Salezar, and other generals in the Mexican army, disputed for the supreme command, and that the common people being peaceably disposed towards the Americans, readily seized upon the dissensions of their leaders as a pretext for abandoning the army. Thus Gov. Armijo was left without soldiers to defend the Pass. However this may be, one thing is certain, that an army of nearly seven thousand Mexicans, with six pieces of artillery, and vastly the advantage of the ground, permitted General Kearney, with his less than two thousand Americans, to pass through the narrow defile and march right on to the capital of the state.

Thus on August 18th, 1846, after a weary march of nearly one-thousand miles, in less than fifty days, General Kearney, with his whole command, entered Santa Fe, the capital of the province of New Mexico, and took peaceable posession of the country, in the name of the United States, without the loss of a single man or the shedding of one drop of blood.

GEN. KEARNEY'S ADDRESS.

On the morning of August 19th, General Kearney assembled the citizens of the town, near the goverment building, and through an interpreter addressed them as follows:

"New Mexicans, we have come amongst you to take possession of New Mexico, which we do in the name of the government of the United States.

We have come with peaceable intentions and kind feeling toward you all. We come as friends, to better your condition and make you part of the Republic of the United States. We do not mean to murder you or rob you of your property. Your families shall be free from molestation; your women secure from violence. My soldiers will take nothing from you but what they pay you for. In taking possession of New Mexico we do not mean to take away your religion from you. Religion and government have no connection in our country. There all religions are equal; one has no preference over another; the Catholic and Protestant are esteemed alike.

"Every man has a right to serve God according to his heart. When a man dies he must render to his God an account of his acts here on earth, whether they be good or bad. In our government all men are equal. We esteem the most peaceable man. I advise you to attend to your domestic pursuits—cultivate industry—be peaceable and obedient to the laws. Do not resort to violent means, to correct abuse. I do hereby proclaim that- being in possession of Santa Fe, I am therefore virtually in possession of all New Mexico. Armijo is no longer your governor. His power is departed. But he will return to be as one of you. When he shall return you are not to molest him. You are no longer Mexican subjects: you are now become American citizens, subject only to the laws of the United States. A change of government has taken place in New Mexico, and you no longer owe allegiance to the Mexican government. I do hereby proclaim my intention to establish in this Department a civil government, on a republican basis, similar to those of our own States. It is my intention ,also, to continue in office those by whom you have been

governed, except the governor, and such other persons as I shall appoint to office by virtue of the authority vested in me. I am your governor,—henceforward look to me for protection."

The general next proceeded to inquire if they were willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States' government, to which having given their consent, he administered to the Governor ad interim, the Secretary of the State, the Prefecto, the Alcalde and other officers of State, the following oath: "Do you swear in good faith that under all circumstances you will bear allegiance to the laws and government of the United States, and that through good and evil you will demean yourselves as obedient and faithful citizens of the same, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen." Here shouts and huzzas were raised by the Mexicans for Governor Kearney. A very aged Mexican embraced him and wept.

Gen. Kearney having administered a similar oath to various delegations from the different Pueblos who came to offer submission, tranquility and universal satisfaction, seemed to prevail. He next ordered a flag-staff, one hundred feet high, to be erected in the public square, from the top of which the American flag streamed over the capital.

The Effects of Kind Treatment.

The beneficial effect of kind treatment and honesty was readily seen on our march. When we came to Mexican ranchos or farm houses, we found abundance of grass and thousands of horned cattle, and plenty of sheep and goats scattered upon the

hills and mountains. These flocks had each of them its respective shepherd. We did not molest them. We took nothing, not even a melon, an ear of corn, a chicken, a goat, or a sheep, from these poor people, for which we did not pay the money. This generous and christian conduct on the part of the American army completely secured the good will and friendship of the Mexicans; for they supposed, and were even taught by rulers and others, to believe that they would be robbed, plundered, and murdered; and the whole country ravaged by the invading army. By this means the rulers hoped to stimulate the common people to oppose the Americans. Their appliances, however, failed of success. The kind treatment the Americans uniformly extended toward those people is worthy of the highest praise, and doubtless, before the tribunal of a community of men, who could justly appreciate the moral force of such an example, did the command more credit then the gaining of ten victories.

New Mexico of the Past.

New Mexico, the climate of which is generally bland and salubrious, embraced within its ample territory limits more than 200,000 square miles. Of this vast area, which included a wildness of bleak, desolate, unproductive snow-capped mountains, many of whose summits were 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, only the valleys which were susceptible of irrigation from constantly flowing streams, could be cultivated with any degree of success. It is traversed by numerous mountain ranges, the principal of which are the Sierra Madre, or Cordilleras, and the Sierra Blanco. Between these spread out the magnificent, basin-like valley of the

Del Norte, coursed by a broad, bright zone of water, and dotted by towns, villages, ranchos, and farm houses. This valley contains the principal wealth of the state. Gardens richly blooming—orchards surcharged with ripened fruit—vineyards bending under the clustering grape—fields of wheat waving their golden harvests before the wind—shady groves of alamos, all irrigated by canals of clear, pure rippling water, strongly contrasted with the gigantic granite peaks, which, blue as amethyst, tower high into the heavens. These mountains contained inexhaustable stores of mineral wealth. Besides gold, silver, lead and copper, bituminous, anthracite coal, black oxides, brimstone in its pure state, salt, and vast quantities of gypsum, were known to abound. Corn, wheat, rye, beans, pulse, pepper, and onions, were the staple production of the country. Immense herds of cattle, droves of horses and mules, and innumerable flocks of sheep and goats fed upon the mountain pastures. The New Mexicans were emphatically a pastoral people. The bold unfailing mountain streams, with their foaming cascades and dashing cataracts, presented fine facilities for manufacturing, and seemed to invite enterprise.

New Mexico contained, according to a census taken in 1844, a mixed population of 160,000; of which number one third were Pueblo Indians, the original proprietors of the soil, who submitted to the Spaniards in the early conquest of the country—professed the Catholic faith and had their churches and ecclesiastics. They yielded unforced obedience to the laws of the state, but lived in villages, or Pueblos, isolated from other New Mexican settlements, and enjoyed a social system of their own, refusing for the most part, to intermarry with their Mexican neighbors. They still retained rancorous

hatred toward their conquerors. More recently, however, New Mexico, owing to her remoteness from the central government, had been subjected to the desolating incursions of the bordering tribes, and prostrated by feuds and intestine broils. Many bloody tragedies had been enacted there. Thus distracted and unsupported, she fell an easy prey to the victorious American arms.

Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, occupies the site of an ancient Pueblo, and contained an estimated population of six thousand. It is situated on Santa Fe creek, a beautiful clear stream, issuing out of the mountains toward the east, having its source in a lake. From this creek various canals parted above the town and led through the fields, gardens and orchards, for the purpose of irrigation. Families use the water of the canals. Their houses, generally flat-roofed, and one story high, built of sun-dried bricks, called adobes, in the Spanish language. In the city there were six Catholic churches, but no public schools, the business of education being entrusted to the ecclesiastics. The streets were crooked and narrow. The whole presented very much the appearance of an extensive brick yard. The public square was about ninety yards from north to south, and one hundred from east to west. The governor's residence or palace was situated on the north side of the Plaza. The architecture was of the rudest order.

For many years, Santa Fe had been the port of entry for American goods, and the great emporium where the merchants of central Mexico annually met the American caravans, to purchase their stocks. It was a city of considerable trade.

The New Mexicans were generally under the medium size, and were of a swarthy, copper complexion; though every shade of color might some-

times be met with, from the fair Castilian to the darkest hue of the aborigines. They were hospitable, but ignorant and treacherous. The women, with few exceptions, were neither fair nor handsome, yet their dark, penetrating, lustrous, beaming eyes, peeped out most captivatingly from the folds of their rebozos, and their black, glossy ringlets of hair, which constituted their greatest beauty. They seemed to possess more intelligence than the men, and were infinitely their superiors in vivacity and gracefulness of demeanor.

The New Mexican, both male and female, had a great fondness for jewelery, dress, and amusements. For amusement, the fandango appeared to be the most fashionable place of resort, where every belle and beauty presented herself attired in the most costly manner, and displayed her jewelry to the best advantage. To this place of recreation and pastime, which was generally a large capacious saloon, or interior court, all descriptions of persons were allowed to come, free of charge, and without invitation. The fandango generally commenced about nine o'clock in the evening and the tolling of the church bells was the signal for the ladies to make their appearance at the saloon; which they did almost simultaneously. The New Mexican ladies dressed gaudily, but with little taste. They mostly wore dresses without bodies; having only the skirt, and long, loose, flowing scarf or wrapper dextrously thrown about the head and shoulders, so as to supersede both the use of dress and bodies and bonnets. There was but little order maintained, and few rules of etiquette. A kind of swinging, gallopade waltz was their favorite dance.

If you were to read Lord Byron's graphic description of the Dutch waltz, and then use your imagination, a faint conception of the Mexican fandan-

go may be formed. Such familiarity of position was repugnant to those accustomed to good society, but among the people of New Mexico, nothing was considered a greater accomplishment than to pass gracefully through all the mazes of the waltz. The fandango had one republican feature in the fact that all classes rich or poor, met and intermingled on a common level.

Incidents at Santa Fe.

Our army was quartered at Santa Fe for sometime during which an express, born by five men was sent to Fort Leavenworth, to be forwarded from thence to Washington. This message contained a full account of General Kearney's conquest of New Mexico and asked for further instructions from the War Department. The bearers of this express encountered the most severe trials on the plains during the inclement winter weather, but managed to return to Santa Fe shortly after Christmas. About this time an incident occurred that will give the reader an idea of the oppression under which the people of that country had suffered.

On December 29th, General Kearney, having occasion to transfer some public property into the hands of the public functionary, took a piece of blank paper upon which he commenced to write. The Alcalde, who happened to be present, remarked to the general that an instrument of writing was not legal unless it was drawn up on paper stamped with the government seal or coat-of-arms, for the State or New Mexico. He then stepped out and brought a few sheets of government paper to Gen. Kearney, politely observing "that the government sold it at only eight dollars per sheet, a very moder-

ate sum to pay for having an important document strictly legal." Without ceremony Gen. Kearney changed his purpose for the moment and wrote, in substance, as follows. "The use of the "stanp paper" by the government of New Mexico, is hereby abolished. Done by the Governor,

S. W. KEARNEY, Brig. Gen."

"I will now," continued he, "take it at its real value, just as other paper." The Alcalde was astounded, for his prospects of further extortion were blasted. The common people who had been compelled to pay the exorbitant sum of eight dollars for a sheet of paper, when an instrument of writing was wanted which required a seal, rejoiced that they were now relieved of a burdensome tax. It was thus, by acts of tyranny on the part of the government, that New Mexico had been the abode of misery and slavery, instead of happiness and liberty.

In consequence of certain rumors which were almost daily brought to Gen. Kearney, that the malcontents, principally the friends and adherents of the deposed Governor Armijo and some Pueblo Indians were rallying and concentrating a large armed force somewhere in the vicinity of Alburquerque, with the view to make battle, and recover the capital from the hands of the Americans, he determined to silence these reports and disperse the "rebels" against his authority, by marching thither in person, which he did at the head of a considerable body of troops, reaching San Tome, about one hundred miles distant from Santa Fe, and returning after an

absence of twelve days, after having subjugated all malcontents without bloodshed or loss of life.

In the capital was found upon the arrival of Gen. Kearney at that place, a small printing-press, which was used for printing public laws, notices, advertisements, proclamations, manifestos,pronunciamentos, and other high-sounding Mexican documents, in the form of pamphlets and handbills. With this poor apology of a printing press, and such worn type, and indifferent ink, paper and other materials as chanced to be about the establishment, the constitution and laws of the territory, which had been drawn up by Colonel Doniphan, were published. As the Spanish had no "W", a difficulty presented itself, in regard to the type, which was at length obviated by the substitution of two V's for one W. In this manner were the constitution and laws printed, both in the Spanish and English languages, in double column, placed in juxta-position on each page. The arduous and difficult task of translating the laws into the Spanish language, was assigned to Captain David Waldo, whose thorough acquaintance with the language and customs of the Mexicans, as well as accomplished general scholarship, not only qualified him for the undertaking, but rendered him eminently useful on several subsequent occasions during the campaign.

General orders No. 30, Sec. 2.

"When all the companies of Col. Price's regiment shall have reached here, Col. Doniphan will proceed with his regiment to Chihuahua, and report to Brigadier-general Wool for duty.

By order of Brig. Gen. S. W. Kearney.

(Signed,) H. S. Turner, Capt. A.A.A. Gen."

In explanation of the above order we beg leave to say that the Col. Price referred to had been sent to Santa Fe with a body of troops to support General Kearney. These troops were on their way over the same route we had taken, and were expected at any time. As to the part referring to the reporting to General Wool, no one doubted but that he would take possession of Chihuahua long before Col. Doniphan would reach there.

On the 25th, Gen. Kearney with a very inadequate force for such an enterprise, set out from the capital Santa Fe for the distant shores of the Pacific, leaving Col. Doniphan in command of all the forces in New Mexico. The Col. was now actively employed in pushing forward preparations for his contemplated descent upon Chihuahua. Supplies were being procured for the men. Every soldier endeavored to mount himself on a safe and durable animal, for the march was known to be long and perilous, passing through desert tracts of country.

Wagons for transporting baggage and provisions, were speedily being repaired. Harness and teams were put in readiness for the draught. It was the colonel's intention to begin his great march as soon as Col. Price should arrive at Santa Fe with his troops, and succeed him in command at that place.

The author may perhaps be pardoned for making, at this point, a few brief remarks in commendation of his comrades who served their country in the Mexican War. He has observed his comrades in arms, after performing the severest toils during a long and fatiguing march of nine hundred miles,

bearing with fortitude the burden and heat of the day, some times half faint of thirst and hunger, subsisting the greater part of the time upon half rations, refuse to pluck the ears of corn that grew thickly and invitingly around them. This exhibited a degree of moral firmness and a regard for the rights of property which was truly characteristic of the American people at that time, and is worthy of the highest praise, and was doubtless, one of the happy results of our benign institutions.

There was a national feeling in the army of the west. Every soldier felt that he was a freeman; that he was a citizen of the model Republic; and that he ought to look upon the disgrace of the American arms as individual dishonor. Hence their high -moral sense and conscious superiority over the Mexican people. As the American soldier walked in the streets of the capital, and met a group of Mexican ladies and gentlemen going to the plaza with marketables, or in more gaudy attire passing up the walks to the Catholic churches, he paid them the same complimentary marks of courtesy and civility, with which he had been accustomed to greet his own fairer country-women and men in the streets of St. Louis, Cincinnati, New York, or Philadelphia. This honorable feeling was never once forgotten or lost sight of by the citizen soldiers, with, perhaps, a few exceptions, in individual instances.

Doniphan's Navajo Campaign.

An express which reached Santa Fe October 11th, 1846, brought an order from General Kearney written at his camp on the Rio del Norte, near Lay Joya, to Col. Doniphan, instructing him that for a time he should delay his contemplated movement upon Chihuahua, and with his regiment, to proceed into the country inhabited by the Navajos, a large, populous tribe of Indians, and chastise them for depredations they had recently committed on the western frontiers of New Mexico, and for refusing to come to the capital when sent for. The following is a copy of the order:

Headquarters Army of the West.
Camp on the Rio del Norte near LaJoya, Oct. 2nd, 1846.

1. As the chiefs of the Navajos have been invited to Santa Fe by the commanding general, for the purpose of holding a council, and making a peace between them and the inhabitants of New Mexico, (now forming a part and under the protection of the United States,) and as they have promised to come, but have failed doing so, and instead thereof continue killing people and committing depredations upon their property, it becomes necessary to send a military expedition into the country of these Indians, to secure a peace and better conduct from them in the future.

II. For the reason set forth in the foregoing paragraph, Col. Doniphan, of the 1st regiment

Missouri mounted volunteers, previous to complying with paraghaph II. of orders No. 30, dated Sept. 23rd, will march with his regiment into the Navajo country. He will cause all the prisoners, and all the property they hold, which may have been stolen from the inhabitants of the territory of New Mexico. to be given up—and shall require of them security for their future good conduct, as he may think ample and sufficient, by taking hostages or otherwise.

III. After Col. Doniphan has fully complied with these instructions, he will proceed with his regiment to report to Brigadier-general Wool, as directed in orders No. 30.

By order of Brigadier-General S. W. KEARNEY.

H. S. Turner, Capt. A. A. A. Gen.

Four months' pay was now due the soldiers, and many of them would be soon destitute of comfortable clothing, yet Col. Doniphan had neither a military chest, nor a paymaster, nor had he a dollar of government funds to silence the just complaints or satisfy the reasonable wants of his men. They looked upon it as a hardship, and with reason, that they were ordered against the Indians, without pay, and with little less than their summer clothing to protect them from the cold in a country where they would be compelled to climb over the tallest mountains, and often encamp in the midst of snow and ice, and rocks, and where it was impossible to procure either wood for fire, water to drink, or forage for horses or mules.

Now, besides these difficulties, the nature of the country is such, that it is impracticable for artillery, baggage or provision wagons, or even the lighter carriages; so steep and abrupt are the rocks, hills

and mountains. Only pack mules and small donkies can be used with advantage. For this reason Maj. Gilpin sent all his baggage wagons back from Abiquiu in to the Del Norte valley; Lieutenant colonel Jackson did the same thing from Cebolleta; and Colonel Doniphan the same. They also threw away their tents, that being light-armed and unembarrassed, they might make their marches with greater expedition amongst the rocks, ravines and steeps of the mountains. Morever, the soldiers thought, as they had been previously ordered against Chihuahua, that some portion of the troops which were idle at Santa Fe, might have been sent on this service.

The detachment now, with Col. Doniphan, marched on the 30, of October down the country, keeping the river of Del Norte on the right, and the mountains of the craggy hills on the left; and arriving about sunset at the village Sandia, the men stayed there during the night, encamping on the ground without much system, but wherever each soldier preferred to lie; for now there was no danger, and the men were tired of marchings, and watchings, and mounting guard. That night much rain fell, and the men endured it all; for by this time few of them had any tents, and some of those who had did not take pains to pitch them. It was here that a Mexican came into camp, and reported "that Gen. Wool had taken possession of Chihuahua with 6.000 men, and much heavy artillery, and that the Mexicans made but feeble resistance." This did not prove true.

The next day the march was continued down the river; the men encamping on a "brazo" during the night. There was now plenty of provision in camp for the soldiers; but wood was so scarce that it was a difficult task for them to prepare anything

to eat at supper. Some of them collected together a few little bunches of dry brush, while others as they could picked up withered grass and weeds and dry ordure from the cattle, and with these made a fire and broiled their meat and boiled their coffee.

It was here that the colonel received information from a caravan or merchant train, which had advanced as far down the valley of the Del Norte as the ruins of Valverde, for the purpose of grazing their mules and other animals to better advantage, that they apprehended an attack from the Mexicans almost daily, who were said to be advancing, seven hundred strong, with the view of plundering the merchant's wagons. In this perplexity, Col. Doniphan, that he might accomplish all his purposes, and fail in none, dispatched the three companies which he had with him, to protect the traders and their merchandise. Of this squadron Capt. Walton had the command, ranking the other two captains, Moss and Rodgers. Capt. Burgwin (having been sent back by Gen. Kearney with about two hundred men) being previously apprised of the critical situation of the merchants, had already gone to afford them succor. Thus in a short time there were five hundred mounted men, besides three hundred merchants and teamsters at Valverde, ready to oppose any hostile movement the enemy might choose to make. The merchants had also corraled their wagons in such a manner as to receive troops within and afford them shelter against an emeny, so that the besieged could fight with as much security as though they were in a fortress.

As to Col. Doniphan, he took his staff (that part of it which happened to be with him), and attended by three or four other men, proceeded with great haste to Cuvarro, not far from the river Puerco, making great marches and encamping on the

ground wherever nightfall chanced to overtake him. He arrived at Cuvarro on the 5th, of November, where he found the detachment under Lieutenant-colonel Jackson. On November 15th, Colonel Doniphan and Lieutenant-colonel Jackson took up the line of march for the Bear Spring, with about one hundred and fifty men under Capt. Parsons and Lieutenant DeCourcy; Capt. Hughes and the other sick men being left at Cuvarro. This detachment was also scarce of provisions, and had neither tents nor baggage wagons, but made use of pack mules to transport provisions and cooking utensils.

For two days the march was conducted up through a rich valley country, in the direction of the sources of the Puerco. The grass was moderately good for grazing purposes; but wood was scarce and the water muddy and filthy. This district of country was occupied by that canton of Navajos, of whom Sandoval was the chief. On the evening of the latter day they encamped on a rivulet, whose water came leaping down in foaming cascades, from the mountain, and then disappeared in the sands of the valley. Having no tents, the soldiers quartered on the naked earth, in the open air; but so much snow fell that night, that at dawn it was impossible to distinguish where they lay, until they broke the snow which covered them, and came out as though they were rising from their graves; for in less than twelve hours the snow had fallen thirteen inches deep in the valleys and thirty-six in the mountains.

On the 17th they marched north-westerly, leaving the heads of the Puerco to the right, and passing directly over the Sierra Madre. The march was difficult in the vallies; but when they came to ascend the steep spurs and bench lands, which lead up to

the mountains, a horrid, dreary prospect opened above them. The men and their commanders were almost up to their waist, toiling in the snow, breaking a way for the horses and mules to ascend. The lowest point in the main mountain, rose to a sublime height; and to the right, still towering far above this projected stupendous, colossal columns of ragged granite, and iron-colored basalt. After superhuman efforts they arrived at the Bear Spring on the morning of the 21st; Major Gilpin, as already noticed, having arrived there on the day previous, with a number of the Navajo chiefs, who dwell in the country to the west and to the north-west of that place, commissioned to bind the nation.

Treaty at Bear Spring.

There were now present at the Bear Spring, where the treaty was made, about one hundred and eighty Americans and five hundred Navajo Indians, including all the head chiefs of each of the cantons, composing the powerful tribe of Mountain Lords and scourges of New Mexico. The parties being all present, to whom power was delegated to conclude a lasting peace between three nations, the Navajos, Mexicans, and Americans, the treaty was commenced on the 21st, Col. Doniphan first stating explicitly, through an interpeter, T. Caldwell, the objects of his visit, and the designs and intentions of his government. One of the chiefs, Sarcilla Largo, a young man, very bold and intellectual, spoke for them. "He was gratified to learn the views of the Americans. He admired their spirit and enterprise, but detested the Mexicans. Their speeches were delivered alternately during the whole day. At sunset the parties adjourned to meet the following morning at which meeting the follow-

ing treaty of peace was concluded and signed by both parties:

Art. 1. A firm and lasting peace of amity shall henceforth exist between the American people and the Navajo tribe of Indians.

Art 2. The people of New Mexico and the Pueblo Indians are included in the term American people.

Art. 3. A mutual trade, as between people of the same nations, shall be carried on between these several parties; the Americans, Mexicans and Pueblos being free to visit all portions of the Navajo country, and the Navajos all portions of the American country without molestation, and full protection shall be mutually given.

Art. 4. There shall be a mutual restoration of all prisoners, the several parties being pledged to redeem by purchase such as may not be exchanged each for each.

Art. 5. All property taken by either party from the other, since the 18th, day of August last, shall be restored.

Thus after almost unparalleled exertion a treaty of peace was concluded between the Navajos, New Mexicans, and Americans, in a manner honorable to all parties. This was a novel, highly important and interesting proceeding. The Navajos and New Mexico had been at war from immemorial time. The frontier between them had been the continual scene of bloodshed and rapine. At this crisis, the Americans, the enemies of one, and strangers to the other, stepped in and accommodated their differences by a triple league, which secured peace between all three.

The March to Chihuahua,

Col. Doniphan, upon his return from the Navajo country, dispatched Lieut. Hinton from Socorro to Santa Fe,, with orders to Col. Price, commanding the forces at the capital, to send him ten pieces of canon, and one hundred and twenty-five artillerymen. Col. Doniphan especially requested that he would send Capt. Weightman's company of light artillery, leaving it discretionary with Major Clark whether he would remain at Santa Fe, or accompany the expedition against Chihuahua. He chose the latter.

The camp at Valverde was made the place of rendezvous at which all the detachments and parcels of the regiment were to be reorganized. Lieut. DeCourcy was appointed adjutant in place of Geo. M. Butler, who died at Cuvarro; Sergeant-major Hinton resigned, and was elected in De Courcy's stead; and Palmer, a private, was appointed Sergeant-major. Also, surgeon Penn, and assistant surgeon Vaughan, having previously resigned and returned to Missouri, T. M. Morton now became principal surgeon, and J. F. Morton and Dr. Moore, assistant surgeons.

With indefatigable labor and exertion, Lieuts. James Lee, and Pope Gordon, assistant quarter-

master and commissary, had procured an outfit and supply of provisions for the expedition. These they had already at Valverde, or on the way thither, when the detachments returned from the campaign against the Navajos. The merchant trains had received permission to advance slowly down the country, until the army should take up the line of march, when they were to fall in the rear with the baggage and provision trains, that they might be more conveniently guarded.

About the 1st of November, Dr. Connelly, Doane, M'Manus, Valdez, and James M'Goffin, proceeded to El Paso, in advance of the army, and contrary to orders, to ascertain upon what conditions their merchandize could be introduced through the custom house in to the Chihuahua market. They were, immediately upon their arrival at El Paso, seized and conducted under an escort of twenty-six soldiers to the city of Chihuahua, where they remained in surveillance until liberated by the American army.

While Col. Doniphan was yet in the mountains, Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell of the 2nd regiment, and Capt. Thompson of the regular service, conceived the bold project of opening communication between Santa Fe and Gen. Wool's army, at that time supposed to be advancing upon Chihuahua. For this purpose a volunteer company, consisting of one hundred and three men, raised from the different corps at Santa Fe, was organized under the name of "Chihuahua Rangers" commanded by Capt. Hudson, and Lieuts. Todd, Sproule, and Gibson. This force having advanced down the valley of the Del Norte some distance below Valverde, and hearing of a strong Mexican force near El Paso, durst not venture further, but returned and joined Col. Doniphan's column, which was then about being put

in motion. All things were now ready for the march.

Accordingly, for the sake of convenience, in the march over the "Jornada del Muerto," or Great Desert, which extends from Fra Christobal to Robledo, a distance of ninety miles, the colonel dispatched Major Gilpin in the direction of El Paso on the 14th of December, in command of a division of three hundred men; on the 16th, he started Lieutenant-colonel Jackson with an additional force of two hundred; and on the 19th he marched in person with the remainder of his command, including the provisions and a part of the baggage trains.

In passing this dreadful desert, which is emphatically the "Journey of the Dead," the men suffered much, for the weather was now becoming extremely cold, and there was neither water to drink nor wood for fire. Hence it was not possible to prepare anything to eat. The soldiers, fatigued with marching, faint with hunger, and benumbed by the piercing winds, straggled along the road at night, (for there was not much halting for repose,) setting fire to the dry bunches of grass and stalks of soap-plant, or palmilla, which would blaze up like flashes of powder, and as quickly extinguish, leaving the men shivering in the cold. For miles the road was most brilliantly illuminated by sudden flashes of light, which lasted but for a moment, then again all was dark. At length, toward midnight, the front of the column would halt for a little repose. The struggling parties would continue to arrive at all hours of the night. The guards were posted out. The men without their suppers lay upon the earth and rested. The teamsters were laboring incessantly, night and day, with their trains to keep pace with the march of the army. By day-dawn the reveille roused the tired soldiers from

their comfortless bed of gravel and called them to resume the march, without taking breakfast; for this could not be provided on the desert. Such was the march for more than three days over the Jornada del Muerto.

On the 22nd, Col. Doniphan overtook the detachments under Lieutenant-colonel Jackson and Major Gilpin, near the little Mexican town, Donanna. Here the soldiers found plenty of grain, and other forage for their animals, running streams of water, and an abundance of dried fruit, corn-meal and sheep and cattle. These they purchased. Therefore, they soon forgot the sufferings and privations which they had experienced on the desert. Here they feasted and reposed.

The army now encamped within the boundries of the State of Chihuahua. The advanced detachments under Lieutenant-colonel Jackson and Major Gilpin, apprehending an attack from the Mexicans about the 20th, had sent an express to Col. Doniphan, then on the desert, requesting him to quicken his march.

Captain Reid, with his company, had proceeded about twelve miles below Donanna for the purpose of making a reconnoissance, and of acting as a scout or advance guard. While encamped on the outskirts of a forest, on a point of hills which commanded the Chihuahua road, on the night of the 23rd, one of his sentinels hailed two Mexican spies, in the Spanish language. The spies mistaking the sentinel for a friend, advanced very near. At length discovering their mistake, they wheeled to effect their escape by flight. The sentinel leveled his rifle-yager, and discharged the ball through the bodies of two of them. One of them tumbled from his horse, dead, after running a few hundred yards, and the other at a greater distance. Their

bodies were afterwards discovered. The Sentinel was Frank Smith, of Saline.

On the morning of the 24th, the whole command, including Lieutenant-colonel Mitchel's escort, and the entire merchant, provision, and baggage trains, moved off in direction of El Paso, and, after a progress of fifteen miles, encamped on the river for water. The forage was only moderately good, Therefore the animals, which were not tethered rambled and straggled a far off into the adjacent bosquets and thickets, during the night.

The Battle of Brazito.

On the morning of the 25th of December, a brilliant sun rising above Organic mountains to the eastward burst forth upon the world in all its effulgence. The little army, at this time not exceeding 800 strong, was comfortably encamped on the east bank of the Del Norte. The men felt frolicsome indeed. They sang the cheering song of Yankee Doodle, and Hail Columbia. Many guns were fired in honor of Christmas day. But there was no need of all this had they known the sequel.

At an early hour the colonel took up the line of march, with a strong front and rear guard, the rear guard under Captain Moss, was delayed for a considerable part of the day in bringing up the trains, and the loose animals which had rambled off during the night. A great number of men were also straggling about in search of their lost stock. These were also delayed.

While on the march the men most earnestly desired that, if they had to encounter the enemy at all, they might meet him that day. They were gratified: for having proceeded about eighteen miles, the colonel pitched his tent at a place called Brazito,

or the Little Arm, on the east bank of the river, in an open level bottom prairie, bordered next the mountains and the river, on the east and the south-east, by a mezquit and willow chapparal. Here the front guard had called a halt.

While the men were scattered everywhere in quest of wood and water for cooking purposes, and fresh grass for their animals, and while the trains and straggling men were scattered along the road for miles in the rear, a cloud of dust, greater than usual, was observed in the direction of El Paso, and in less than fifteen minutes some one of the advance guard, coming at full speed, announced to the colonel "that the enemy was advancing upon him." It is said that Col. Doniphan and several of his officers and men, were, at that moment engaged in playing a game of three-trick loo. At first he observed that the cloud of dust was perhaps produced by a gust of wind, and that they had as well play their hands out. In another moment the plumes and banners of the enemy were plainly in view. The colonel quickly sprang to his feet, threw down his cards, grasped his sabre, and observed, "Boys, I held an invincible hand, but I'll be d—nd if I don't have to play it out in steel now." Every man flew to his post. Assembly call was blown. The men, dashing down their loads of wood and buckets of water, came running from all quarters, seized their arms, and fell into line under whatever flag was most convenient. As fast as those come up in the rear, they also fell into line under the nearest standards. The officers dashed from post to post, and in an incredibly short time the Missourians were marshaled on the field of fight.

By this time the Mexican general had drawn up his forces in front, and on the right and left flanks of Col. Doniphan's lines. Their strength was

about one thousand three hundred men, consisting of five hundred and fourteen dragoons, and an old and well known corps from Vera Cruz and Zacatecas, and eight hundred volunteers, cavalry and infantry, from El Paso and Chihuahua, and four pieces of artillery. They exhibited a most gallant and imposing appearance; for the dragoons were dressed in a uniform of blue pantaloons, green coats trimmed with scarlet, and tall caps plated in front with brass, on the top of which fantastically waved plumes of horse-hair, or buffalo's tail. Their bright lances and swords glittered in the sheen of the sun. Thus marshaled, they paused for a moment.

Meanwhile Col. Doniphan, and his field and company officers, appeared as calm and collected as when on drill; and in the most spirited manner, encouraged the men by the memory of their forefathers, by the past history of their country, and by the recollection of the battle of Okeechobee, which was fought on the same day in 1837, and by every consideration which renders life, liberty, and country valuable, to cherish no other thought than that of victory.

Before the battle commenced, and while the two armies stood front to front, the Mexican commander, General Ponce de Leon, dispached a lieutenant to Col. Doniphan, bearing a black flag. This messenger, coming with the speed of lightning, halted when within sixty yards of the American lines, and waved his ensign gracefully in salutation. Hereupon Col. Doniphan advancing toward him a little way, sent his interpreter, T. Caldwell, to know his demands. The ambassador said:—"The Mexican General summons your commander to appear before him." The interpreter replied: "If your General desires peace, let him come here." The

other rejoined: "Then we will break your ranks and take him there." "Come then and take him." retorted interpreter. "Curses be upon you,—prepare for a charge,—we neither ask nor give quarter." said the messenger; an waving his black flag over his head, galloped back to the Mexican lines.

At the sound of the trumpet the Vera Cruz dragoons, who occupied the right of the enemy's line of battle, first made a bold charge upon the Americans' left. When within a few rods the yagermen opened a most deadly fire upon them, producing great execution. At the same crisis, Captain Reid with a party of sixteen mounted men (for the rest were all on foot) charged upon them, broke through their ranks, and hewed them to pieces with their sabres, and thereby contributed materially in throwing the enemy's right wing into confusion. A squad or section of the dragoons having flanked our left, now charged upon the commissary and baggage train, but the gallant wagoners opened upon them a well directed fire, which threw them into disorder and caused three of their number to pay the forfeit of their lives.

The Chihuahua infantry and cavalry were on their left, and consequently operated against our right wing. They advanced within gunshot, and took shelter within the chaparral, discharging three full rounds upon our lines before we returned the fire. At this crisis Col. Doniphan ordered the men to "lie down on their faces, and reserve their fire until the Mexicans came within sixty paces." This was done. The Mexicans supposed that they had wrought fearful execution in our ranks, as some were falling down, while others stood up, began now to advance and exultingly cry out "bueno, bueno," whereupon our whole right wing, suddenly rising up, let fly such a galling volley of yager balls into

their ranks, that they wheeled about and fled in the utmost confusion.

By this time the Howard company, and others occupying the centre, had repulsed the enemy with considerable loss, and taken possession of one piece of his artillery, and the corresponding ammunition. This was a brass, six-pound howitzer. Sergeant Calaway, and a few others of that company first gained possession of this piece of canon, cut the dead animals loose from it, and were preparing to turn it upon the enemy, when Lieut. Kribben with a file of artillerymen, was ordered to man it.

The consternation now became general among the ranks of the Mexicans, and they commenced a precipitate retreat along the base of the mountain. Many of them took refuge in the craggy fastnesses. They were pursued by the Americans about one mile; Capt. Reid and Capt. Walton, who by this time had mounted a few of his men, following them still further. All now returned to camp, and congratulated one another on the achievement. The Mexican loss was seventy-one killed, five prisoners, and not less than one hundred and fifty wounded, among whom was their commanding officer, general Ponce de Leon. Also a considerable quantity of ammunition, baggage, wine, provisions, blankets, a great number of lances, some guns and several stands of colors, were among the spoils. A number of horses were killed, and several were captured. The Americans had eight men wounded—none killed. In this engagement Col. Doniphan, his officers and men, displayed the utmost courage, and determined resolution to conquer or perish in the conflict. Defeat would have been ruinous. Therefore all the companies vied with each other in endeavoring to render the country the most important service. The victory was complete on the part

of the Americans. The battle continued about 30 minutes, and was fought about three o'clock P. M. on Christmas day, at Brazito, twenty-five miles from El Paso.

Not more than five hundred of Col. Doniphan's men were present when the battle commenced. The rest fell into line as they were able to reach the scene of action. Those who had been far in the rear during the day, when they heard the firing, came running in haste with their arms in their hands, to bring aid to their comrades, who were then engaged with the enemy. This created such a dust that the enemy supposed a strong reinforcement was marching to our support. This circumstance, also, contributed to strike terror into the Mexican ranks.

By this defeat, the Mexican army was completely disorganized and dispersed. The volunteer troops returned with the utmost expedition to their respective homes; while the regular troops continued their flight to Chihuahua, scarcely halting for refreshments in El Paso. On the retreat many of the wounded died. Several were found dead by the road side, and the chaparral near the battle field was stained with the blood of the retreating foe. The field was all trophied over with the spoils of the slain and vanquished. Martial accoutrements, sacks and wallets of provisions, and gourds of delicious wines of El Paso, were profusely scattered over miles of surface. These supplied our soldiers with a Christmas banquet. The whole affair resembled a Christmas frolic. This night the men encamped on the same spot where they were, when attacked by the Mexicans. Having ate the bread and drank the wine which were taken in the engagement they reposed on their arms, protected by a strong guard.

On the following morning the dead were

buried, and the wounded Mexican prisoners comfortably provided with means of conveyance to El Paso. Every needful attention was given our wounded by the surgeons. The column now, in perfect order, with the baggage, provision, hospital, ammunition, and merchant's train in the rear, and a strong rear and front guard, and a party of flankers on the right and left, moved cautiously in the direction of El Paso , apprehending another attack. After an advance of fifteen miles, camp was selected near a small salt lake, where there was a moderate supply of natural forage, such as grass and rushes. From this point Col. Doniphan sent back an express for the artillery to hasten forward, for he anticipated strenuous opposition at El Paso.

While encamped here one of the picket guards, discovering a party of Mexicans passing along the base of the mountains towards the east, in which they had taken shelter during the day, endeavoring to make good their retreat to El Paso, under covering of the night, fired upon them. This produced an alarm in the camp. The men were cooking their suppers; some of them had spread their beds for repose. Col. Doniphan ordered the fires to be extinguished. Whatever was in the vessels, on the fire cooking, was now turned topsy-turvy in the effort to put out the light. For a moment all was confusion. Quickly, however, Col. Doniphan drew up his men in line of battle, and waited the approach of the enemy. Lieutenant-colonel Jackson in the hurry to parade his men mounted his mule bare-back, with his sword and shot gun. Many of the men were in the ranks barefoot, and only half clad; for they had been roused from their slumber. Finally no enemy appearing, the soldiers were ordered to repair to their tents, and sleep on their arms, they ran, leaping, and hallooing, and

cursing the false alarm. Before day another false alarm called them out in a similar manner. Therefore, this night the soldiers were much vexed.

The same order of march which had been adopted on the previous day was continued on the 27th, until the column reached El Paso. On arriving at the Great Pass, or gorge in the mountains, through which the river appeared to have forced its way, debouching into the valley below, over a system of rocky falls, in dashing cataracts; the colonel was met by a deputation of citizens from El Paso, bearing a white flag, proposing terms of peace, offering to surrender the place into his hands, beseeching at the same time that he would use his clemency toward them, in sparing their lives, and protecting their property. This the colonel was inclined to do. It was now about six miles to the city. All moved on, rejoicing in the prospect of rest, and something to appease the appetite. Thus on the 27th the city of El Paso was possessed by the American troops without further opposition or greater effusion of blood. It was now night. Therefore the soldiers encamped and enjoyed the advantage of a little repose.

The men, at first were encamped on a bare spot of earth, south of the Plaza, where the wind drove the sand furiously through the camp, dreadfully annoying both man and beast. In this comfortless situation the soldiers remained for several days. At length after great suffering from the driven sands, which filled the eyes, nostrils, and mouth to suffocation, the men were quartered in houses near the square.

One of the first acts of Col. Doniphan, after taking possession of El Paso, was the liberating of three American citizens who, without crime, had been immured in a dungeon for five months and

one day. Thus have Americans been deprived of their liberty in Mexico. Col. Doniphan was their deliverer.

These three American citizens, Hudson, Pollard, and Hutchinson, had started from Van Buren in Arkansas, with the view of proceeding to Upper California, where they intended settling, and arriving safely in Santa Fe, they agreed to hire Graham, a Scotchman, to pilot them through the mountains to San Diego. Having purchassed an outfit at Santa Fe, they were conducted by Graham down the Del Norte to El Paso, who told them the best route led from that place to Guadaloupe Calvo, and thence, by San Bernadino, to the mouth of the Gila, whence the could easily arrive at San Diego. They followed their pilot. On reaching El Paso, however, Graham become intoxicated and informed against them, representing to the Prefecto of that place, that they were Texan spies; whereupon they were apprehended and lodged in prison, where they lay until delivered by the American army.

On to Chihuahua.

Col. Doniphan delayed at El Paso forty-two days, awaiting the arrival of the artillery, under Major Clark and Capt. Weightman, which he had ordered Col. Price to forward him on the route to Chihuahua, immediately upon his return from the Indian campaign. Col Price having his mind turned on quelling the conspiracy which had been plotted by Gen. Archulette, and fearing that if he should send the artillery away, that it would too much weaken his force, and embolden the conspirators, hesitated several weeks before he would comply with the order. At length, however, he dispatched Major

Clark with one hundred and seventeen men, and six pieces of cannon, four six-pounders, and two twelve-pound howitzers; which after indefatigable exertion, and incessant toiling through the heavy snows, arrived at El Paso on the 1st of February.

On the 8th, the whole army, the merchant, baggage, commissary, hospital, sutler, and ammunition trains, and all the stragglers, amateurs, and gentlemen of leisure, under flying colors, presenting the most martial aspect, set out with boyant hopes for the city of Chihuahua. There the soldiers expected to reap undying fame,—to gain a glorious victory—or perish on the field of honor. Nothing certain could be learned of the movements of Gen. Wool's column, which at first was destined to open against Chihuahua. Col. Doniphan's orders were merely to report to Gen. Wool at that place, not to invade the State. Vague and uncertain information had been obtained through the Mexicans, that Gen. Wool's advance had, at one time, reached Parras; but that the whole column had suddenly deflected to the left, for some cause to them and us equally unknown. Thus was Col. Doniphan circumstanced. With an army less than one thousand strong, he was on his march, leading through inhospitable, sandy wastes, against a powerful city, which had been deemed of so much importance, by the government, that Gen. Wool with 3,500 men, and a heavy park of artillery, had been directed thither to effect its subjugation. What, then, must have been the feeling of Col. Doniphan and his men, when they saw the States of Chihuahua and Durango in arms to receive them, not the remotest prospect of succor from Gen. Wool, and intervening, and unpeopled deserts precluding the possibility of sucessful retreat? "Victory or death," were the two alternatives. Yet there was no faltering,—

no pale faces,—no dismayed hearts. At this crisis, had Col. Doniphan inquired of his men what was to be done, the response would have been unanimously given, lead us on. But he need not to make the inquiry, for he saw depicted in every countenance, the fixed resolve "to do or die." Col. Doniphan's responsibility was therefore very great. The undertaking was stupendous. His success was brilliant and unparalleled! Who then will deny him the just meed of applause.

A deep gloom enshrouded the State of Missouri. Being apprised of General Wool's movements, the people of the state were enabled to appreciate the full extent of the danger which threatened to overwhelm us. They saw our imminently perilous situation. They felt for the unsuccored army. The executive, himself, was moved with sympathy, and fearful apprehension for its safety. But neither he nor the people could avert the coming storm, or convey timely warning to the commander of this forlorn hope. He had therefore to rely upon steel and the courage of his men. This event is known.

The colonel took with him Ramond Ortiz, Pino and three other influential men of the malcontents, as hostage for the future good behavior of the inhabitants of El Paso. "By this means the safety of traders and all other persons passing up and down the country, was guaranteed; for they were forewarned that if any depredations were committed upon citizens of the United States, at El Paso, they would be put to death."

Cupid Conquers Two Soldiers.

Since that time no outrage had been perpetrated at El Paso, upon any American citizen. It was at

El Paso that two American soldiers conceived for two fair, young Mexican girls, an affection so strong and ardent that they did not choose to march any further with the army. Having marched with their company one or two days, they deserted camp, at night, and returned to those they loved and in a short time married them.

On the evening of the 12th the column reached a point on the Del Norte, about fifty miles below El Paso, where the road, turning to the right, strikes off at right angles with the river across the Jornada of sixty-five miles in extent, running through deep sand drifts, nearly the whole way. On this desert-track there is not one drop of water. Here, therefore, the command came to a halt, and tarried one day, that the men might prepare victuals and such a supply of water, as they had means of conveying along with them, for the desert journey.

Col. Doniphan now called upon the merchant caravan to meet and organize themselves into companies, and elect officers to command them. This he did that he might avail himself of their services, in the event that the troops, which he already had, should not prove sufficiently strong to cope with the enemy at Chihuahua. The merchants and teamsters in their employ were quickly organized into effective companies, under Capts. Skillman and Glasgow, forming a batallion commanded by Samuel C. Owens of Independence, whom they elected as major.

This was a very effective corps, for both the merchants and teamsters were well armed, and were very brave men. Besides having a large capital invested in merchandize, they had the double incentive to fight bravely, first for their property, and then for their lives. These numbered about one hundred and fifty well armed men. Here all

the Mexican powder and other munitions of war, which the Colonel had taken at El Paso, and for which he had not the means of transportation, were destroyed. The powder was burnt and the cannister shot and arms thrown into the river.

Dishonorable Conduct of Traders.

A few days previous to this, Cufford and Gentry, a strong firm, the former an Englishman and the latter an American, both traveling with British passports, secretly and dishonorably abandoned the merchants caravan and, contrary to their promise to Col. Doniphan, slipped off at night with forty-five wagons, and hastened on to Chihuahua, and from thence to Zacateccas.

Now, Harmony, a Spaniard, and Porus, a Mexican, fearing lest Doniphan might be defeated at Chihuahua, were loath to proceed with their wagons any farther, and desired to turn back to El Paso, and there make sale of their merchandize. This could not be permitted without endangering the safety of all; for the only safety was in union. Therefore Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, Capt. Reid, and Lieut. Choteau, with sixteen men went back several miles to compell these men to bring up their trains. At first they pretended that the Apaches had stolen all their mules, wherefore they could not move their wagons. But being threatened they soon brought their animals from a place where they had purposely concealed them, that they might be permitted to remain. In a short time they were brought up, and forbid to leave the army again.

Terrible Hardships Encountered.

Having buried two brave men, Maxwell and Wills, on the 14th the army bade adieu to the Great

River of the North,, and commenced its march upon the dreadful desert. Some of the men, having no canteens, or other ways of carrying water, filled the sheaths of their sabres, and swung the naked blade jingling at their side. C. F. Hughes, quartermaster-sergeant, had terrible work to force the trains along through the heavy sand-drifts. Oftentimes he was compelled to double his teams, and have a dozen or more men rolling at the wheels, to induce the wagons to move at all. The mules were weak and sunk up to their knees in the sand; the wagons stood almost buried to the hubs. Thus were they embarrassed. The teams could not move them. The soldiers and teamsters would often leap from their horses and mules and roll the wagons along with their hands until they got where the sand was lighter. Thus it was all through the desert. After an arduous march of twenty miles, the army encamped upon the plain without food or water. On the next day toward sunset the army passed through a gap or canon in a range of mountains which traverses the desert from north to south. This mountain shoots up abruptly from the plain into an innumerable set of knobs and rocky peaks consisting of dark iron colored, masses of basalt and pudding stone, and in some cases of volcanic cinders. At this point Lieut. Gordon, and Collins, interperter, with twelve other men, fell in company with Kirker's scouting party, which had been in advance several days. Kirker's party consisted of eight men. The whole now, being twenty-three in number, under Lieut. Gordon, proceeded far in advance of the army by direction from the colonel, for the purpose of making a reconnoissance at Carrizal, where they had understood a body of Mexicans were posted. This place is on the other side of the desert. Before their arrival there the Mexi-

can soldiery abandoned the place. Therefore they entered it and took military posession in the name of the United States' government, the Alcalde, without offering the slightest resistance, giving a written certificate of submission, in which he claimed the colonel's clemency and threw himself upon the generosity of the American army. He was not disappointed in receiving the amplest protection. By this time there was not a drop of water in the canteens, and all were suffering extremely with thirst. At this hour one of the artillery-men came up from Santa Fe, having in possession the United States' mail; the only one of consequence which had been received for six months. Though at this crisis nothing could have been more refreshing to the body as cool water, yet newspapers and letters from home had a wonderful tailsmanic influence on the mind. Not a word, however, could be learned of the movements of the army of Gen. Wool. After a toilsome march of twenty-four miles, about midnight the column halted to allow the men and animals a little rest. But they had no refreshments; and the men were again obliged to spend the night without their suppers and without water. The animals also were nearly perishing with thirst. It was now still twenty-one miles to water; over a heavy sandy road and the teams were already become feeble and broken down. Ortiz, the benevolent curate, although a prisoner, and under a strict guard, generously gave many of the soldiers a draught of water, which he had provided to be brought from the Del Norte in a water vessel. For this and other instances of kindness toward the Americans, we made grateful acknowledgement.

Burning Thirst is Quenched.

The next morning by day-dawn the army was

on the march. The mules and horses were neighing and crying piteously for water. Some of them were too weak to proceed farther. They were abandoned. Notwithstanding the eagerness of the men to get to water, a strong rear and front guard were detailed as usual, to prevent surprise by the enemy. Toward night when the columns had arrived within five miles of the Laguna de los Patos, the men could no longer be restrained in the lines, but in the greatest impatience hurried on in groups to quench their burning thirst.—The commander seeing this, and knowing how his men suffered, (for he too suffered equally with them) did not attempt to prevent it, but taking his whole force hastened on to the lake as quickly as possible, that all might be satisfied; having left an order for Capt. Parsons, who commanded the rear guard that day, to leave the trains, that his men might have water and rest. It was near sunset. Meanwhile the quartermaster-sergeant, and the resolute and hardy teamsters had the task of a Hercules before them in bringing up the trains through the deep heavy sand drifts. Having arrived within about ten miles of the Laguna, they found it impossible to advance farther. The rear guard had left them with the view of getting water and then returning. They were sometimes compelled to quadruple the teams to move a wagon through the deep sand. The animals were dying of thirst and fatigue. Thirty-six yoke of oxen had been turned loose. Two wagons were abandoned amidst the sand hils. Eight thousand pounds of flour and several barrels of salt had been thrown out upon the ground. Also some sutlers threw away their heavy commodities which they could not transport. The trains never could have proceeded ten miles farther. But the God who made the fountain leap from the rock to quench the

thirst of the Israelitish army in the desert, now sent a cloud which hung over the summits of the mountains to the right, and such a copious shower of rain descended, that the mountain torrents came rushing and foaming down from the rocks and spread out upon the plains in such quantities, that both the men and animals were filled. Therefore, they stayed all night at this place where the God-send had blessed them, and being much refreshed, next morning passed out of the desert. All were now at Laguna de los Patos, where they stayed one day to recruit and gain strength. This is a beautiful lake of fresh water. It was here that W. Trolley, a volunteer, who, as it is said, left a charming young bride at home, drank so excessively of the cool, refreshing element after so many days of toil on the desert, that he soon died. He was buried near the margin of the lake. Thus the army passed the desert sixty-five miles in extent.

A Noah's Flood Theory.

On the morning of the 18th, the column and trains were again in motion. C. F. Hughes, in consideration of the service he had rendered in passing the desert, was now relieved from further duty by Mr. Harrison. To the right, at the distance of several miles from the Laguna, rises a stupendous, pyramidal rock, many thousand feet high. The existance of such abrupt, detached, masses of mountains, shows that the earth by some wonderful agency, has been convulsed and upheaved. Who will say the flood, which inundated the Old World, may not have been produced by the sudden upheavement, and emergement of the Western Continent, from the ocean, by some All-powerful Agency?

A march of eighteen miles brought the army to Carrizal, where there was much cool and delightful water, and where forage was obtained in abundance.

At meridian on Sunday the 21st, the command reached the celebrated Ojo Caliente, or Warm Spring, where the men were again permitted to rest a few hours, and make preparation for crossing another desert forty-five miles wide without water. From this place Capt. Skillman, with twelve volunteers, was dispatched to the Laguna de Encenillas, to keep up a close espionage on the movement of the enemy, for it was now anticipated that he would give battle at that place. The Ojo Caliente is at the base of a ledge of rocky hills, and furnishes a vast volume of water about blood-warm, which runs off in the direction of the Patos. The basin of the spring is about one-hundred and twenty feet long, and seventy-five wide with an average depth of four feet. The bottom consists of sparkling white sand, and the water is perfectly transparent. No effort by disturbing the sand, was sufficient to becloud, or muddy the crystal water. Col. Doniphan, and many of his officers and men enjoyed the most luxurious, and rejuvinescent bathing. Thus refreshed, the march was commenced upon the desert. Having advanced twelve miles, the men were encamped upon the plains, without food or water, indispensable requisites for comfort in a military camp after a hard day's march.

Continuing the march the next day a canon was passed in a high and craggy range of mountains, traversing the desert. The hugh masses of basalt, which rise, in many places, two thousand feet almost perpendicular, were capped with snow. Having completed twenty-two miles, the men halted for the night on a rocky, flinty spot of earth, where there was neither wood, water, nor grass. Nor was it pos-

sible for the men to have the least comfort, for it was extremely cold. They tethered their animals, and wrapping themselves up in their blankets, lay down on the earth without their suppers.

The next day we marched twelve miles, and came to the Guyagas springs. These issue in leaping, gushing, cool streamlets, out from the western base of a system of rocky bluffs, and refresh the neighboring plains. Here the men and animals slaked their burning thirst. Under the jetting rocks and archways, of the mountain range, were seen dependent spars, crystals of quartz, and the most brilliant stalactites. Here a drove of twelve or thirteen antelopes, which had been feeding on the sides of the cliffs, seeing the men marching, and the banners and guidons fluttering, were afrighted at the unusual sight, and came bounding down from the rocks, as though they would break through the ranks, but as they neared the lines the men fired upon and killed them all while bounding along. They were used for food. This evidence of marksmanship struck the Mexican prisoners with astonishment, and caused them more than ever to dread the American rifles. Here in a narrow valley, with lofty, rocky ridges on either hand, the men were dismounted and allowed to rest for the night; during which M. Robards, a good soldier, died and was buried.

The Return of the Spies.

From thence they marched the next day fifteen miles, and again encamped on the plains, without food or water. Here part of the spies returned and reported that there were seven hundred Mexicans at Encenillas with artillery. Early the following morning (which was the 25th,) Col. Doniphan

drew up his forces in order of battle, and marched over to the north margin of the lake. He here allowed his men a short respite, and some refreshments. This lake is about twenty miles long and three miles wide, and at the point where the army first encamped, there were near the margin white efflorescences of soda on the surface of the ground. Either this efflorenscent soda, or the water of the lake, when put in flour, will quickly cause it to rise or leaven. It was used instead of saleratus.

While nooning, the fire from some of the tents caught into the tall, dry grass, and by a high wind was furiously driven over the plains, threatening destruction to everything before it. In a short time the fire which had broke out in similar manner from the camp at the Guyagas springs, having almost kept pace with the army, came bursting and sweeping terribly over the summits of the mountains, and descending into the valley, united with the fire on the margin of the lake.

A Successful Fire Fighter.

The flames rose in dashing and bursting waves twenty feet high, and threatened to devour the whole train. The army was now put upon the march, and the trains endeavored to advance before the flames; but in vain. The winds blew steadily and powerfully in the direction the army was marching. The conflagration, gaining new strength from every puff of wind, came raging and sweeping like a wave. The column of flame, displaying a front of many miles, steadily advanced along the margin of the lake. This was a more terrible foe than an "army with banners." The fire now gained upon the trains. The ammunition wagons narrowly escaped. The artillery was run into the lake. Some of the wagons still passed onward.

The road runs parallel to the lake, and about two hundred yards from it. Col. Doniphan and his men endeavored to trample down the grass from the road to the lake, in a narrow list, by frequently riding over the same ground. They also rode their horses in to the water and then quickly turned them upon the place where the grass was trodden down, that they might moisten it, and thereby stop the progress of the fire, but still the flames past over and heedlessly swept along. Capt. Reid with the "Horse Guards." adopting a different plan, upon the suggestion of a private, ordered his men to dismount about two miles in advance of the trains, and with their sabres hew and chop down the grass from the road to the lake, on a space thirty feet broad, and throw the cut grass out leeward. This was done. Fire was now set to the grass standing next to the wind, which burned slowly until it met the advancing conflagration. Thus the fire was checked on one side of the road.

On the other side the volume of flames, increasing as the gale rose, rolled along the plain, and over the mountains, roaring and crackling, and careering in its resistless course, until the fuel which fed it was exhausted. The men spent the night on the bare and blackened earth, and the animals stood to their tethers without forage.

On the south-western side of this lake, and near its margin, stands the princely hacienda of Don Angel Trias, governor of Chihuahua. On this estate immense herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are produced. But the Mexican soldiers, seven hundred of whom on the morning of the twenty-fifth had been seen at the hacienda, had driven them all off to prevent the Americans subsisting upon them. On the night of the 25th, and before it was known that the soldiers had evacuated the post, Capt. Reid,

with twenty-five of the "Horse Guards," volunteered to make a reconnoissance of the enemy, and report his position and strength. As, in the event the enemy was still occupying his position at the hacienda, a strong guard would most probably be posted near the roads leading into the place from above and below the lake, the scout, to prevent falling upon the guards, and to take the enemy by surprise , if it should be deemed advisable to attack him, crossed the lake, which was near three miles wide and both deep and boggy, and hitherto considered impassable reaching the opposite side they saw no sentinel. Therefore they approached nearer. Still they saw no sentry. Cautiously, and with light footsteps, and in almost breathless silence, without a whisper or the jingling of a sabre, and under covering of the dark, they advanced a little. They heard the sound of music, and at intervals the trampling of horses. Perhaps it was the military patrol. None knew.

A Bold and Daring Exploit.

They now rode around the hacienda; but the high walls precluded the possibility of seeing within. No satisfactory reconnoissance could, therefore, be made. Not wishing to return to camp without effecting their object, the captain and his men, like McDonald and his mad-caps at Georgetown, made a sweeping dash, with drawn sabre and clattering arms, into the hacienda, to the infinite alarm of the inhabitants. They now had possession. The seven hundred soldiers had started about an hour previous for Sacramento. This was a bold and hazardous exploit. Then they quartered in the place, which contained several hundred inhabitants, and were sumptuously entertained by the Adminis-

trador del Hacienda. The next morning they rejoined the army then on the march, having with them several wild Mexican cattle. The whole force now moved on to a fort called Sanz, on a creek discharging into the Laguna de Encenillas. Here they camped.

The next day the army and trains, including the merchant wagons, were drawn up in order of battle, ready to manoeuver expeditiously in the event of a sudden attack. The enemy was known to be at no great distance. Thus the march was continued until night over a level, beautiful valley, with a high range of mountains running along on the left, and, and a greater distance, also on the right. A short time before sunset Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, Lieutenants Winston and Sproule, Corporal Goodfellow, the author and one other volunteer, having proceeded about nine miles in advance of the column, and within five miles of the enemy's fortified position at Sacramento, ascended a high, rocky peak of the mountain, and with good telescopes, enjoyed a fair view of the whole Mexiccan encampment. The enemy's whole line of field works was distinctly viewed; the position of his batteries ascertained; and his whole probable number estimated. The result of this reconnoissance was duly reported to Col. Doniphan, whereupon he immediately called a council of officers, and matured a plan for the conduct of the march on the following day. This night also the army encamped on a tributary of the lake of Encenillas.

The Enemy in Sight.

On Sunday, the 28th of February, a bright and auspicious day, the American army, under Col. Doniphan, arrived in sight of the Mexican en-

campment at Sacramento, which could be distinctly seen at the distance of four miles. His command consisted of the following corps and detachments of troops.

The 1st regiment, Col. Doniphan, numbering about eight hundred men; Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell's escort, ninety-seven men; artillery battalion, Major Clark and Captain Weightman, one hundred and seventeen men,, with a light field battery of six pieces of cannon; and two companies of teamsters, under Capts. Skillman and Glasgow, forming an extra battalion of about one hundred and fifty men, commanded by Major Owens, of Independence, making an aggregate force of one thousand one hundred and sixty-four men, all Missouri volunteers. The march of the day was conducted in the following order: the wagons, near four hundred in all, were thrown into four parallel files, with spaces of thirty feet between each. In the center space marched the artillery battalion; in the space to the right, the 1st battalion, and in the space to the left, the 2nd battalion. Masking these in front marched the three companies intended to act as cavalry, the Missouri horse guards, under Capt. Reid, on the right, the Missouri dragoons under Capt. Parsons, on the left, and the Chihuahua rangers, under Capt. Hudson in the center. Thus arranged, they approached the scene of action.

Ropes and Handcuffs Awaited Americans.

The enemy had occupied the brow of a rocky eminence rising upon a plateau between the river Sacramento and the Arroya Seca, and near the Sacramento fort, eighteen miles from Chihuahua, and fortified its approaches by a line of field-works, con-

sisting of twenty-eight strong redoubts and intrenchments. Here in this apparently secure position, the Mexicans had determined to make a bold stand; for this pass was the key to the capital. So certain of victory were the Mexicans, that they had prepared strings and handcuffs in which they meant to drive us, prisoners to the city of Mexico, as they did the Texans in 1841. Thus fortified and entrenched, the Mexican army, consisting, according to a consolidated report of the adjutant-general which came into Col Doniphan's possession after the battle, of four thousand two hundred and twenty men, commanded by Major-general Jose A. Heredia; aided by Gen. Gracia Conde, former minister of war in Mexico, as commander of cavalry; Gen. Mauricia Ugarte, commander of of infantry; Gen. Justiniani, commander of artillery, and Governor Angel Tries, Brigadier-general, commanding the Chihuahua volunteers, awaited the approach of the Americans.

Battle of Sacramento.

When Col. Doniphan arrived within one mile and a half of the enemy's fortifications, (a reconnoissance of his position having been made by Major Clark,) leaving the main road which passed within the range of his batteries, he suddenly deflected to the right, crossed the rocky Arroya, expeditiously gained the plateau beyond, successfully deployed his men into line upon the highland, causing the enemy to change his first position, and made the assault from the west. This was the best point of attack that could possibly have been selected. The events of the day proved how well it was chosen.

In passing the Arroya the caravan and baggage trains followed close upon the rear of the army. Nothing could exceed in point of solemnity and granduer the rumbling of the artillery, the firm moving of the caravan, the dashing to and fro of horsemen, and waving of banners and gay fluttering guidons as both armies advanced to the attack on the rocky plains; for at this crisis Gen. Conde, with a select body of twelve hundred cavalry, dashed down from the fortified heights to commence the engagement. When within nine hundred and fifty

yards of our alignment, Major Clark's battery of six pounders and Waightman's section of howitzers opened upon them a well directed and most destructive fire, producing fearful execution in their ranks. In some disorder they fell back a short distance, unmasking a battery of cannon, which immediately commenced to fire on us. A brisk cannonading was kept up on both sides for about fifty minutes during which time the enemy suffered great loss, our battery discharging twenty-four rounds to the minute. The balls from our enemy's cannon whistled through our ranks in quick succession, many horses and other animals were killed, and the wagons much shattered. Sergeant A. Hughes, of the Missouri dragoons, had both his legs broken by a cannon ball. In this action the enemy, who were drawn up in columns four deep close order, lost about twenty-five killed, besides a great number of horses. The Americans who stood dismounted in two ranks, open order, suffered but slight injury.

Gen. Conde, with considerable disorder, now fell back and rallied his men behind the entrenchments and redoubts.—Col. Doniphan immediately ordered the buglers to sound the advance. Thereupon the American army moved forward in the following manner, to storm the enemy's breastworks:

The artillery battalion, Major Clark, in the center, firing occassionally on the advance; the 1st battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-colonels Jackson and Mitchell, composing the right wing; the two select companies of cavalry under Capts. Reid and Parsons, and Capt. Hudson's mounted company, immediately on the left of the artillery; and the 2nd battalion on the extreme left, commanded by Majc. Gilpin. The caravan and baggage trains under Major Owens, followed close in the rear. Col. Doniphan and his aids, Capt. Thompson, United

States' army, adjutant De Courcy, Sergeant-major Crenshaw acted between the battalions.

At this crisis a body of three hundred lancers and lazadors, were discovered advancing upon our rear. These were exclusive of Heredia's main force, and were said to be criminals, turned loose from the Chihuahua prisons, that by some gallant exploit they might expurgate themselves of crime. These men were posted in the rear to cut off stragglers, prevent retreat, and capture and plunder the merchant wagons. The battalion of teamsters kept them at bay. Besides this force there were a thousand spectators, women, citizens, and rancheros, perched on the summits of adjacent mountains and hills, watching the event of the day.

As we neared the enemy's redoubts, still inclining to the right, a heavy fire was opened upon us from his different batteries, consisting in all of sixteen pieces of cannon. But owing to the facility with which our movements were performed, and to the fact that the Mexicans were compelled to fire plungingly upon our lines, (their position being considerably elevated above the plateau, and particularly the battery placed on the brow of the Sacramento mountains with the design of enfilading our column,) we sustained but little damage.

Reid's Gallant Charge.

When our column had approched within about four-hundred yards of the enemy's line of field works, the three cavalry companies, under Capts. Reid, Parsons, and Hudson, and Weightman's section of howitzers were ordered to carry the main center battery, which had considerably annoyed our lines, and which was protected by a strong bastion. The charge was not made simultaneously, as inten-

ded by the colonel; for this troop having spurred forward a little way, was halted for a moment under- a heavy cross-fire from the enemy, by the adjutant's misapprehending the order. However, Capt. Reid, either not hearing or discarding the adjutant's order to halt, leading the way, waved his sword, and rising in his stirrups, exclaimed, "will my men follow me?" Hereupon Lieuts. Barnett, Hinton, and Moss, with about twenty-five men, bravely sprang forward, rose the hill with the captain, carried the battery, and for a moment silenced the guns. But we were too weak to hold possession of it. By the overwhelming force of the enemy we were beaten back, and many of us wounded. Here Samuel C. Owens, who had voluntarily charged upon the redoubt, received a cannon or musket shot, which instantly killed both him and his horse. Capt. Reid's horse was shot from under him, and a gallant young man of the same name immediately dismounted and generously offered the captain his.

By this time the remainder of Capt. Reid's company under Lieut. Hi[illegible]in, and the section of howitzers under Capt. Weightman, and Lieuts. Choteau and Evans, rose the hill, and supported Capt. Reid. A deadly volley of grape and cannister shot, mingled with yager balls, quickly cleared the entrenchments and the redoubt. The battery was retaken and held. Almost at the same instant Capts. Parsons, and Hudson, with the two remaining companies of cavalry, crossed the intrenchments. at Reid's left, and successfully engaged with the enemy. They resolutely drove them back and held the ground.

All the companies were now pressing forward, and pouring over the entrenchments, and into the redoubts, eagerly vieing with each other in the noble struggle for victory. Each company, as well

as each soldier, was ambitious to excel. Companies A. B. C. and a part of company D, composing the right wing, all dismounted, respectively under command of Capts. Waldo, Walton, Moss, and Lieut. Miller, led on by Lieutenant-colonels Jackson and Mitchell, stormed a formidable line of redoubts on the enemy s left, defended by several pieces of cannon, and great number of resolute and well armed men. A part of this wing took possession of a strong battery on Sacramento hill, which had kept up a continuous cross-firing upon our right during the whole engagement. Cols. Jackson and Mitchell and their captains, lieutenants, non-commissioned officers, and men generally, behaved with commendable gallantry. Many instances of individual prowess were exhibited. But it is invidious to distinguish between men, where all performed their duty so nobly.

Meanwhile the left wing also dismounted, commanded by Major Gilpin, a gallant and skillful officer, boldly scaled the heights, passed the intrenchments, cleared the redoubts, and with considerable slaughter forced the enemy to retreat from his position on the right. Company G, under Capt. Hughes and a part of company F. under Lieut. Gordon, stormed a battery of three brass four pounders strongly defended by enbankments, and ditches filled with resolute and well armed Mexican infantry. Some of the artillerists were made prisoners while endeavoring to touch off the cannon. Companies H and E, under Capts. Rodgers and Stephenson, and part of Hudson's company under Lieut. Todd, on the extreme left, behaved nobly, and fought with great courage. They beat the Mexicans from their strong places, and chased them like bloodhounds. Major Gilpin was not behind his men

in bravery—he encouraged them to fight by example.

Major Clark with his six pounders, and Captain Weightman, with his howitzers, during the whole action rendered the most signal and essential service, and contributed much toward the success of the day. The gallant charge led by Capt. Reid, and sustained by Capt. Weightman, in point of daring and brilliancy of execution, has not been excelled by any similar exploit during the war.

Gen. Heredia made several unsuccessful attempts to rally his retreating forces, to infuse into their minds new courage, and to close up the breaches already made in his lines. General Conde, with his troops of horses, also vainly endeavored to check the advance of the Missourians. They were dislodged from their strong places, and forced from the hills in confusion.

The rout of the Mexican army now became general, and the slaughter continued until night put an end to the chase. The battle lasted three hours and a half. The men returned to the battle-field after dark, completely worn out and exhausted with fatigue. The Mexicans lost three hundred and four men killed on the field, and a large number of wounded, perhaps not less than five hundred, and seventy prisoners, among whom was Brigadier-general Cuilta, together with a vast quantity of provisions, six thousand dollars in specie, fifty thousand head of sheep, one thousand five hundred head of cattle, one hundred mules, twenty wagons, twenty-five or thirty caretas, twenty-five thousand pounds of ammunition, ten pieces of cannon of different calibre, varying from four to nine pounders, six culverins or wall pieces, one hundred stands of small arms, one hundred stands of small colors, seven fine carriages, the general's scrutoire, and many other

things of less note. Our loss was Major Samuel C. Owens, killed and eleven wounded, three of whom subsequently died.

Thus was the army of Central Mexico totally defeated, and completely disorganized, by a column of Missouri volunteers. The Mexicans retreated precipiatately to Durango, and dispersed among the ranchos and villages. Their leaders were never able to rally them.

In this engagement Col. Doniphan was personally much exposed, and by reason of his stature was a conspicuous mark for the fire of the enemy's guns. He was all the while at the proper place, whether to dispense his orders, encourage his men, or to use his sabre in thinning the enemy's ranks. His courage and gallant conduct, were only equalled by his clear foresight, and great judgement. His effective force actually engaged was about nine hundred and fifty men, including a considerable number of amateur fighters, among whom Jas. L. Collins, Jas. Kirker, Messrs. Henderson and Anderson, interpreters, Major Campbell, and James Stewart, deserve to be favorably mentioned. They fought bravely. It was impossible for Capts. Skillman and Glasgow to bring their companies of teamsters into the action. They deserve great honor for their gallantry in defending the trains. The soldiers encamped on the battle field, within the enemy's intrenchments and feasted sumptuously upon his viands, wines and pound-cakes. There they rested.

Col. Doniphan, not like Hannibal, loitering on the plains of Italy, after the batle of Cannae, when he might have entered Rome in triumph, immediately followed up his success, and improved the advantage which his victory gave him. Early the next morning,, (March 1st,) he dispatched Lieut. colonel Mitchell, with one hundred and fifty men

under command of Capt. Reid and Weightman, and a section of artillery, to take formal possession of the capital, and occupy it in the name of his government. This detachment before arriving in the city, was met by several American gentlemen escaping from confinement, who represented that the Mexicans had left the place undefended, and fled with the utmost precipitation to Durango. The Spanish consul, also came out with the flag of his country, to salute and acknowledge the conqueror. This small body of troops entered and took military possession of Chihuahua, without the slightest resistance, and the following night occupied the Cuartel near Hidalgo's monument, which stands in the Alameda.

Meanwhile Colonel Doniphan and his men collected the booty, tended the captured animals, refitted the trains, remounted those who had lost their steeds in the action, arranged the preliminaries of a procession, and having marched a few miles, encamped for the night. On the morning of the 2nd day of March, Col. Doniphan with all his military trains, the merchant's caravan, gay, fluttering colors and the whole spolia opima, triumphantly entered the city to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," and fired in the public square a national salute of twenty-eight guns. This was a proud moment for the American troops. The battle of Sacramento gave them the capital, and now the stars and stripes, and gallant eagle of the Model Republic, were streaming victoriously over the stronghold of Central Mexico.

Col. Doniphan's Official Account.

Colonel Doniphan's official account of the memorable battle of the 28th of February is here subjoined:

Headquarters of the Army; Chihuahua,
City of Chihuahua, March 4th, 1847.

I have the honor to report to you the movement of the army under my command since my last official report.

On the evening of the 8th of February, 1847, we left the town of El Paso del Norte, escorting the merchant train or caravan of three hundred and fifteen wagons for the City of Chihuahua. Our forces consisted of nine hundred and twenty-four effective men; one hundred and seventeen officers and privates of the artillery; ninety-three of Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell's escort, and the remainder of the first regiment Missouri mounted volunteers. We progressed in the direction of this place until the 25th, when we were informed by our spies that the enemy, to the number of one thousand men, were at Encenilla, the country seat of Governor Trias, about twenty five miles in advance.

When we arrived on the evening of the 26th, near the point, we found that the force had retreated in the direction of this city. On the evening of the 27th, we arrived at Sanz, and learned from our spies that the enemy in great force had fortified the pass of the Sacramento river, about fifteen miles in advance, and about the same distance from this city. We were also informed that there was no water between the point where we were at, and that occupied by the enemy. We therefore determined to halt until morning. At sunrise on the 28th, the last day of February, we took up the line of march and formed the whole train, consisting of three hundred and fifteen heavy traders' wagons, and our commissary and company wagons, into four columns, thus shortening our line so as to make it more easily protected. We placed the artillery and all the commands except two hundred cavalry proper, in the

intervals between the columns of wagons. We thus fully concealed our force and its position by masking our force with cavalry. When we arrived within three miles of the enemy, we made a reconnoissance of his position and the arrangement of his forces. This we could easily do, the road leading through an open prairie valley between the sterile mountains. The pass of the Sacramento is formed by a point of the mountains on our right their left extending into the valley or plain so as to narrow the valley to about one and one-half miles. On our left was a deep dry channel of a creek, and between these points the plain rises to sixty feet abruptly. This rise is in the form of a crescent, the convex part being to the north of our forces. On the right, from the point of mountains, a narrow part of the plain extends north one and a half miles farther than on the left. The main road passes down the center of the valley and across the crescent, near the left or dry branch.

The Sacramento rises in the mountains on the right, and the road falls on it about one mile below the battlefield or entrenchment of the enemy. We ascertained that the enemy had one battery of four guns, two nine and six pounders on the point of the mountain on our right (their left) at good elevation commanding the road, and three entrenchments of two six pounders, and on the brow of the crescent near the center, another of two, six and four, and six culverins, or rampart pieces, mounted on carriages, and on the crest of the hill or ascent between the batteries, and on the right and left, they had twenty-seven redoubts dug and thrown up, extending at short intervals across the whole ground. In these their infantry were placed, and were entirely protected. Their cavalry were drawn up in front of their redoubts in the intervals

four deep, and in front of the redoubts, two deep, so as to mask them as far as practicable. When we arrived within one and a half miles of the entrenchments along the main road, we advanced the cavalry still further, and suddenly diverged with the columns to the right so as to gain the narrow part of the ascent on the right, which the enemy discovering, endeavored to prevent, by moving forward with one thousand cavalry and four pieces of cannon in their rear masked by them. Our movements were so rapid that we gained the elevation with our forces and the advance of our wagons, in time to form before they arrived in reach of our guns. The enemy halted and we advanced the head of our column within twelve hundred yards of them, so as to let our wagons attain the highlands and form as before.

We now commenced the action by a brisk fire from our battery, and the enemy unmasked and commenced also; our fire proved effective at this distance, killing fifteen men, wounding many more, and disabling one of the enemy's guns. We had two men slightly wounded, and several horses and mules killed. The enemy slowly retreated behind their works in some confusion, and we resumed our march in our former order, still diverging more to the right to avoid their battery on our left, (their right,) and their strongest redoubts, which were on the left, near where the road passes. After marching as far as we safely could, without coming in range of their heavy battery on our right, Capt. Weightman, of the artillery, was ordered to charge with two twelve pound howitzers, to be supported by the cavalry under Capt. Reid, Parsons, and Hudson. The howitzers charged at speed, and were gallantly sustained by Capt. Reid; but by some misunderstanding, my order was not given to the

other two companies. Capt. Hudson, anticipating my order, charged in time to give ample support to the howitzers. Capt. Parsons at the same moment came to me, and asked permission for his company to charge the redoubts immediately to the left of Capt. Weightman, which he did very gallantly. The remainder of the two battalions of the regiment were dismounted during the cavalry charge, and followed rapidly on foot, and Major Clark advanced as fast as possible with the remainder of the battery; we charged their redoubts from right to left, with a brisk and deadly fire of riflemen, while Major Clark opened a rapid and well directed fire on a column of cavalry attempting to pass to our left so as to attack the wagons and our rear. The fire was so well directed as to force them to fall back; and our riflemen, with the cavalry and howitzers, cleared the hill after an obstinate resistance. Our force advanced to the very brink of their redoubts, and attacked them with their sabres. When the redoubts were cleared and the batteries in the center and on our left were silenced, the main battery on our right continued to pour in a constant and heavy fire, as it had done during the heat of the engagement; but as the whole fate of of the battle depended on carrying the redoubts and center battery, this one on the right remained unattacked, and the enemy had rallied there five hundred strong.

Major Clark was directed to commence a heavy fire upon it, while Lieutenant-colonels Mitchell and Jackson, commanding the 1st battalion, were ordered to remount and charge the battery on the left, while Major Gilpin was ordered to march the 2nd battalion on foot up the rough ascent of the mountain on the opposite side. The fire of our battery was so effective as to completely silence theirs, and

the rapid advance of our column put them to flight over the mountains in great confusion.

Capt. Thompson of the 1st dragoons, acted as my aid and adviser on the field during the whole engagement, and was of the most essential service to me. Also, Lieut. Wooster, of the U. S. army, who acted very cooly and gallantly. Major Campbell, of Springfield, Missouri, also acted as a volunteer aid during part of the time, but left me and joined Capt. Reid in his gallant charge. Thus ended the battle of Sacramento. The force of the enemy was 1,200 cavalry from Durango and Chihuahua, with the Vera Cruz dragoons, and 1,200 infantry from Chihuahua, 300 artillerists, and 1,420 rancheros, badly armed with lassos, lances, machetes or corn knives, ten pieces of artillery, 2 nine, 4 eight and 2 four pounders, and 6 culverins, or rampart pieces. Their forces were commanded by Major-general Hendea, general of Durango, Chihuahua, Sonora, and New Mexico; Brigadier-general Justiniani; Brigadier-general Gracia Conde, formerly minister of war for the republic of Mexico, who is a scientific man, and planned this whole field of defence; Gen. Uguarte, and Governor Trias, who acted as brigadier general on the field, and colonels and other officers without number.

Our force was nine hundred and twenty-four effective men, at least one hundred of whom were engaged in holding horses and driving teams.

The loss of the enemy was his entire artillery, 20 wagons, masses of beans and pinola, and other Mexican provisions, about three hundred killed and the same number wounded, many of whom have since died, and forty prisoners.

The field was literally covered with the dead and wounded from our artillery, and the unerring fire of our riflemen. Night put a stop to the car-

nage, the battle having commenced about three o'clock. Our loss was one killed, one mortally wounded, and seven so wounded as to recover without the loss of limbs. I cannot speak too highly of the coolness, gallantry, and bravery of the officers and men under my command.

I was ably sustained by the field officers, Lieutenant-colonels Mitchell and Jackson, of the 1st battalion, and Major Gilpin of the 2nd battalion; and Major Clark and his artillery acted nobly and did the most effective service in every part of the field. It is abundantly shown, in the charge made by Capt. Weightman with the section of howitzers, that they can be used in any charge of cavalry with great effect. Much has been said, and justly, of the gallantry of our artillery, unlimbering within two hundred and fifty yards of the enemy at Palo Alto; but how much more daring was the charge of Capt. Weightman, when he unlimbered within fifty yards of the redoubts of the enemy.

On the first day of March we took formal possession of the capital of Chihuahua in the name of our government. We were ordered by Gen. Kearny to report to Gen. Wool at this place; since our arrival we hear he is at Saltillo, surrounded by the enemy. Our present purpose is either to force our way to him, or return by Bexar; as our term of service expires on the last day of May next.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
A. W. DONIPHAN, Col. 1st Regt. Mo. Vol.
R. Jones, Adjt, Gen. U. S. A.

Major Clark's Report.

On the morning after the engagement Major Clark, in reporting to Col. Doniphan the conduct of

the troops under his command, holds the following language:

Capt. Weightman charged at full gallop upon the enemy's left, proceded by Capt. Reid and his company of horses, and after crossing a ravine of some hundred and fifty yards from the enemy, he unlimbered the guns within fifty yards of the intrenchments, and opened a destructive fire of cannister into their ranks, which was warmly returned, but without effect. Capt. Weightman again advanced upon the intrenchment passing through it in the face of the enemy, and within a few feet of the ditches, and in the midst of cross-fires from three directions, again opened his fire to the right and left with such effect, that with the formidable charge of the cavalry and mounted men of your own regiment and Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell's escort, the enemy were driven from their breastworks on their right in great confusion. At this time under a heavy cross-fire from the battery of four six pounders, under Lieuts. Dorn, Kribbin, and Labeaume, upon the enemy's right, supported by Maj. Gilpin on the left, and the wagon train escorted by two companies of infantry under Capts. E. F. Glasgow and Skillman in the rear, Major Gilpin charged upon the enemy's center and forced him from his intrenchments under a heavy fire of artillery and small arms. At this same time the fire of our own battery was opened upon the enemy's extreme right, from which a continual fire had been keept up upon our line and the wagon train. Two of the enemy's guns were now dismounted on the right, that battery silenced and the enemy dislodged from the redoubts on the Cerro Frigolis. Preceiving a body of lancers forming, for the purpose of outflanking our left, and attacking the merchant trains under Capts, Glasgow and Skillman, I again opened upon

them a very destructive fire of grape and spherical case shot, which soon cleared the left of our line, The enemy vacating his intrenchments and deserting his guns, was hotly pursued toward the mountains beyond Cerro Frigolis, and down Arroyo Secco la Sacramento by both wings of the army under Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, Lieutenant-colonel Jackson and Major Gilpin and by Capt. Weightman, with the section of the howitzers. During this pursuit my officers repeatedly opened their fire upon the retreating enemy with great effect. To cover this flight of the enemy's forces from the entrenched camp, the heaviest of his cannon had been taken from the entrenchment to Cerro Sacramento, and a heavy fire opened upon our pursuing forces and the wagons following in the rear. To silence this battery I had the honor to anticipate your order to that effect by at once occupying the nearest of the enemy's entrenchments, twelve hundred and twenty-five yards distance, and not withstanding the elevated position of the Mexican battery, giving him a plunging fire into my entrenchment, which was not defiladed, and the greater range of his long nine pounders, the first fire of our guns dismounted one of his largest pieces, and the fire was kept up with such briskness and such precision of aim, that the battery was soon silenced and the enemy seen precipitately retreating. The fire was then continued upon the rancho Sacramento, and the enemy's ammunition train, retreating upon the road to Chihuahua. By their fire the house and several wagons were rendered untenable and useless. By this time Lieutenant-colonel had scaled the hill, followed by the section of howitzers under Capt. Weightman, and the last portion of the Mexican forces were taken possession of by our troops; thus leaving the American forces master of the field.

Col. Doniphan's Proclamation.

Col. Doniphan, now having actual possession of the city of Chihuahua, and virtually possession of the State; having quartered his soldiers in the public buildings near the plaza, and other houses vacated by the families who fled at his approach; having stationed his artillery in a manner to command the streets and other avenues leading into the square, for the perfect defence of the capital; having sent the Prefecto of the city to the battle-field with a number of Mexicans to bury their dead; and having set the curate, Ortiz, and the other hostages at liberty, issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants of Chihuahua:—

"The commander of the North American forces in Chihuahua, informs the citizens of this State, that he has taken military possession of this capital, and has the satisfaction to assure them that complete tranquillity therein.

He invites all the citizens to return to their houses and continue their ordinary occupations, under the security that their persons, religion and property shall be respected.

He declares, likewise, in the name of his government, that having taken possession of the capital, after conquering the forces of the State, he has equally taken possession of the State.

He invites the citizens of all the towns and ranchos, to continue their traffic, to come to this capital to buy and sell as formerly before the late occurrences, under the assurance that they shall in no manner be molested or troubled, and as already said, their property shall be respected; for if the troops in his command should stand in need of anything, a fair price shall be given for the value thereof with the utmost punctuality.

He likewise declares, that the American troops

will punish with prompitude, any excess that may be committed, whether it be by the barbarous Indians or any other individual.

Lastly, we assure all good citizens, that we carry on war against the armies alone, and not against individual citizens who are unarmed.

We, therefore, only exact, not that any Mexican shall assist us against his country, but in the present war he remains neutral; for it cannot be expected in a contrary event, that we shall respect the rights of those who take up arms against our lives."

Preceding the battle of Sacramento, the American residents and merchants in Chihuahua, of whom there were but thirty, received ill treatment from the Mexican populace. Indignities and insults were offered them. They were mostly kept in custody, and not permitted to pass without the limits of the city. They were tauntingly told that when Col. Doniphan and his handful of men arrived there, they would be hand-cuffed and delivered over to the populace, to be dealt with as their caprices should suggest, and their humor prompt them. They even exulted in anticipation of the tortures and the cruelties they meant to inflict upon the "presumptuous northern invaders."

Col. Doniphan's Letter.

The following letter was written by Col. Doniphan to Maj. Ryland, of Lexington, Mo.:

Dear Major:—How often have I again and again determined to send you my hearty curses of everything Mexican? But, then I knew that you had seen the sterile and miserable country, and its description would be of course, no novelty to you.

To give you, however, a brief outline of our movements, I have to say, that we have marched to Santa Fe, by Bent's Fort; thence through the country of the Navajo Indians to the waters of the Pacific ocean; down the San Juan river, the Rio Colorado and the Gila, back again to the Rio del Norte; across the Jornada del Muerto to Brazito, where we fought the battle of which you have doubtless seen the account; thence to the town of El Paso del Norte, which was taken by us; thence across two other Jordanas, and fought the battle of the Sacramento, and have sent you herewith a copy of my official report of the same. We are now in the beautiful city of Chihuahua, and myself in the palace of Governor Trias.

My orders are to report to Gen. Wool; but I now learn, that instead of taking the city of Chihuahua, he is shut up at Saltillo, by Santa Anna. Our position will be ticklish, if Santa Anna should compell Taylor and Wool even to fall back. All Durango, Zacatecas and Chihuahua will be down upon our little army. We are out of reach of help, and it would be as unsafe to go backwards as forwards.—High spirits and a bold front, is perhaps the best and the safest policy. My men are rough, ragged, and ready, having one more of the R's than Gen. Taylor himself. We have been in service nine months, and my men, after marching two thousand miles over mountains and deserts, have not received one dollar of their pay, yet they stand it without murmuring. Half rations, hard marches, and no clothes; but they are still game to the last, and curse and praise their country by turns, but fight for her all the time.

No troops could have behaved more gallantly than ours in the battle of Sacramento. When we approached the enemy, their number and position would have deterred any troops less brave or de-

termined, from the attack; but as I rode from rank to rank, I could see nothing but the stern resolve to conquer or die;—there was no trepidation, and no pale faces. I cannot discriminate between companies or individuals; all have done their duty and have done it nobly.

Col. Doniphan's Report to Gen. Wool.

Col. Doniphan had been ordered by Gen. Kearney, to report to Brigadier-general Wool at Chihuahua. Instead of finding Gen. Wool in possession of that capital as anticipated, he now had information that both he and Gen. Taylor were shut up at Saltillo, and hotly beleaguered by Santa Anna, with an overwhelming force. Notwithstanding this state of affairs, Col. Doniphan felt it his duty to report to Gen. Wool, wherever he might be found, and afford him whatever succor might be in his power. Therefore on the 20th he dispatched an express to Saltillo, bearing communications to Gen. Wool. Besides a copy of his official report of the Battle of Sacramento, was the following dispatch:

Headquarters of the Army in Chihuahua.
City of Chihuahua, March 20, 1847.

Sir:—The forces under my command are a portion of the Missouri volunteers, called into service for the purpose of invading New Mexico, under the command of Brigadier-general (then colonel) Kearney. After the conquest of New Mexico, and before Gen. Kearney's departure for California, information was received that another regiment and extra battalion of Missouri volunteers would follow us to Santa Fe. The service of so large a force being wholy unnecessary in that State, I prevailed on General Kearney to order my regiment to report to you at this city. The order was given on the

23rd of September, 1846, but after the General had arrived at La Joya, in the southern part of the State, he issued an order requiring my regiment to make a campaign into the country inhabited by the Navajo Indians, lying between the waters of the Rio del Norte, and the Rio Colorado of the west. The campaign detained me until the 14th of December, before our return to the Del Norte with about eight hundred riflemen. All communications between Chihuahua and New Mexico was entirely prevented. On the 25th of December, 1846, my van-guard was attacked at Brazito by the Mexican forces from this State; our force was about four hundred and fifty, and the force of the enemy, eleven hundred; the engagement lasted about forty minutes, when the enemy fled, leaving sixty-three killed and since dead, one hundred and fifty wounded, and one howitzer, the only piece of artillery in the engagement on either side. On the 27th we entered El Paso without further opposition; from the prisoners and others I learned that you had not marched upon this State. I then determined to order a battery and one hundred artillerists from New Mexico. They arrived at El Paso about the 5th of February, when we took up the line of march for this place. A copy of my official report at the battle of Sacramento, enclosed to you, will show you all our subsequent movements up to our taking military possession of this capital. The day of my arrival, I had determined to send an express to you forthwith; but the whole intermediate country was in the hands of the enemy, and we were cut off, and had been for many months, from all information respecting the American Army. Mexican reports are never to be fully credited; yet, from all we can learn, we did not doubt that you would be forced by overwhelming numbers to abandon Saltillo, and of course we would send no

express under such circumstances. On yesterday we received the first even tollerably reliable information, that a battle had been fought near Saltillo between the American and Mexican forces, and that Santa Anna had probably fallen back on San Louis de Potosi.

My position here is extremely embarrassing. In the first place, most of the men under my command have been in service since the 1st of June, have never received one cent of pay. Their marches have been hard, especially in the Navajo country, and no forage; so that they are literally without horses, clothes or money, having nothing but arms and disposition to use them. They are all volunteers, officers and men, and although ready for any hardship or danger, are wholly unfit to garrison a town or city. "It is confusion worse confounded." Having performed a march of more than two thousand miles, and their term of service rapidly expiring, they are restless to join the army under your command. Still we cannot leave this point safely for some days—the American merchants here oppose it violently, and have several hundred thousand dollars at stake. They have sent me a memorial, and my determination has been made known to them. A copy of both they will send you. Of one thing it is necessary to inform you: the merchants admit that their goods could not be sold here in five years; if they go south they will be as near the markets of Durango and Zacatecas as they now are. I am anxious and willing to protect the merchants as far as practicable; but I protest against remaining here as a mere wagon-guard, to garrison a city with troops wholly unfit for it, and who will be soon ruined by improper indulgences. Having been originally ordered to this point, you know the wishes of the government in relation to it, and of course your orders will be promptly and cheerfully obeyed. I

fear there is ample use for us with you, and we would greatly prefer joining you before our term of service expires.

All information relative to my previous operations, present conditions, &c., will be given you by Mr. J. Collins, the bearer of dispatches. He is a highly honorable gentleman, and was an amateur soldier at Sacramento. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

A. W. DONIPHAN,
Col. 1st Regiment Missouri Cavalry.

Brigadier-general Wool, U. S. Army.

Off For Saltillo.

It was Colonel Doniphan's intention, when he dispatched the express to Saltillo, to move his forces to San Pablo, in the valley of the Conchos, or to Santa Rosalia, according as he might find forage, leaving only such a garrison in Chihuahua as would be sufficient to afford protection to the American merchants.

Conformably to his designs, on the 5th of April, the 2nd battalion, under Major Gilpin, and the battalion of artillery, under Major Clark, (which now consisted of two companies commanded by Weightman and Hudson, the latter having charge of the Mexican pieces,) were ordered to proceed to San Pablo. The 1st battalion, under Lieutenant-colonel Jackson, was soon to succeed them. On the 9th, however, Colonel Doniphan, while at San Pablo, received a communication from Hicks, an American at Parral, advising him that a strong Mexican force was on the march from Durango to Chihuahua, to recover the capital, and seize the goods of the American merchants. Col. Doniphan, not suspecting but such a project was in contemplation, from

the rumors and statements which had come to him, determined to return and hold possession of the capital, until he should hear from Gen. Wool. Jackson's battalion did not leave the city.

"For fifty-nine days," observed an intelligent volunteer, "we held full and undisturbed possession of the city, keeping up strict discipline with a constant guard, and a patrol during the whole night, visiting every part of the city. Various rumors were afloat of the intended march of the enemy, to attack us, and sometimes report said, that there were several thousand on the road; but it is certain, that if we had remained in the place until this day, they never would have approached it, with any force, less than eight or ten thousand; and, having the advantage of the houses and walls, a less number could have never driven us from the city. The rights of citizens there, as in every other place, were duly respected; and their conduct after our departure shows, that this treatment was not lost upon them; for several traders who remained there, were well treated and there rights duly regarded."

Every preparation having been completed by the indefatigable exertions of the quartermaster, and officers of subsistance, which was necessary for the long and arduous march to Saltillo, a distance of six hundred and seventy-five miles, through the arid and desolate country, the battalion and artillery commenced the march on the 25th of April, and was succeeded on the following day by the first battalion. These were to await the rear, and the merchants and baggage trains, at Santa Rosalia, one hundred and twenty miles from Chihuahua.

On the morning of the 28th, a scene of the most busy and animating nature ensued. The Americans were actively engaged in hastening preparations for their departure. The Mexicans, with their serapes thrown around them, were standing at the corners

of the streets in groups, speculating as to the future. The long trains of baggage and provision wagons were stretching out toward the south. Part of the merchant trains were moving off in the direction of New Mexico, taking with them little, however, except their specie, or bullion. The 2nd battalion with colors thrown to the breeze, was anxiously awaiting the order to march.

More of Cupid's Work.

Certain of the fair Mexican girls, who had conceived an unconquerable attachment for some favorite paramour of the Anglo-saxon race, with blue eyes and fair hair, dressed in the habit of Mexican youths, were gaily dashing through the streets on their curveting steeds. They accompanied their lovers on the march to Saltillo, and bivouacked with them on the deserts.

About ten o'clock, Col. Doniphan, having delivered over to the city authorities the Mexican prisoners, captured at Sacramento, to be disposed of by them as deemed advisable for the public good, quietly evacuated the capital, leaving the government in the hands of its former rulers. About ten American merchants remained, and trusted their lives to the "magnanimous Mexican people." These were chiefly such men as had great knowledge of the Mexican customs and language, and had taken the oath of allegiance to that government. The magnificent, architectural beauty of the city, was left wholly unimpaired, and the property of the citizens uninjured.

Colonel Doniphan, by unparalleled marches, overtook the advance at Santa Rosalia, on the 1st of May, having in four days passed Bachimbo, Santa Cruz, Soucillo, and completed one hundred and

twenty miles. Santa Rosalia contained about five thousand inhabitants, and is situated at the junction of the Conchos and Florida rivers. Here the Mexican forces under Gen. Heredia had thrown up a line of fortifications, entirely surrounding the city, except where the rivers and bluffs were impassable, strengthened by an almost impregnable fortress. On the outside of the embankments were intrenchments, impassable by cavalry. These embankments were also strengthened by numerous bastions, in which cannon were to be employed.

Some assert that these fortifications were thrown up to defend the place against Gen. Wool, who was expected to pass that way on his march upon Chihuahua. Others aver that it was the intention of the Mexicans, if defeated at Sacramento, to remove their public archives, and all their munitions of war, into this strong hold, and there make a desperate stand: but that losing all their cannon and means of defence in the action of the 28th, they abandoned their purpose. It is true, however, that extensive preparations had been made to defend the city against an invading army.

On the 2nd, Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, with a detatchment of twenty-six men under Capt. Pike, of the Arkansas cavalry, and seventy men under Capt. Reid, left the main body of the army, and proceeded in advance to Parras, a distance of near five hundred miles. The movements of the main column, however, were so rapid that the pioneer party, in case of a sudden emergency, could have fallen back upon it for support. The object of this reconnoitering party was to obtain the earliest information of either a covert or open enemy, who might meditate an attack upon the trains, or seize upon some favorable moment to surprise the army; and also to procure at Parras such supplies as might be necessary for the use of the men and animals.

After a hasty march of sixty miles in two days we came to Guajuqilla, on the Rio Florida, containing an industrious and agricultural population, where we obtained an abundance of forage. Here, also, the soldiers purchased chickens, pigs, cheese, eggs, bread, wine, and a variety of vegetables.

At this place there are a great number of beautiful canals, which convey the most lovely and delightful streams of water through the whole town and neighboring fields and gardens. The fields of green wheat and garden shrubbery, the quivering leaves of alamos, and the rippling streams of cool, transparent water, seemed to invite the war-worn soldiers to linger amidst the charming scene, and even awaken in his mind thoughts of home, and the green bowers of his native country. This valley, if properly cultivated, would yield a support for a dense population. The soil is fertile, and the nature of the ground is such that it is susceptible of complete irrigation.

Early the next day the commander moved his forces up the river about six miles, to the Hacienda Dolores. He allowed them a short respite, ordered them to prepare provisions, and fill their canteens with water before commencing the march over the desert, upon which they were now to enter. This desert is seventy-five miles over, extending to the Santa Bernada spring; and the road is terrible by reasons of the dust. The troops having taken a few hours rest, and a little refreshment, launched out in long files upon the jornada, followed by all the baggage, provision, and merchant trains, a great cloud of dust hanging heavily and gloomily along the line of march.

After sunset a sullen and lowering cloud arose in the south-west, heavily charged with electric fluid and with frequent flashes of lightning, and hoarse distant thunder, swept majestically over the rocky

summits of the detached mountains, which everywhere traverse the elevated plains of Mexico. Heavy, gloomy, pitchy darkness enveloped the earth. The road could only be seen, when revealed by a sudden flash of lightning. The pennons continued to stream and flutter in the wild gales of the desert. These, together with the rising clouds of dust, served as guides to the soldiers in the rear. The artillery rumbled over the rocks, and the fire sparkled beneath the wheels. At length heavy sleep and fatigue oppressed many; but the night march on the desert was still continued. It was folly to halt for no water could be obtained. The soldiers were greatly wearied; some of them almost fell from their horses. Some dropped their arms, and were necessitated to search for them, while the rest marched by, wagged their heads, and made sport and laughter. Some straggled off and lay down upon the desert, overpowered by sleep. Some, gifted with a richer fund of wit, a finer flow of spirits, a nobler store of mental treasure, and more physical endurance, sang Yankee Doodle, love songs, and related stories to the groups that gathered around, as it were, to extract one spark of life to aid them on the march. About midnight a halt was ordered. The tired and sleepy soldiers tethered their animals, and lay down in the dark promiscuously, on the desert, wherever they chanced to find a smooth spot of earth. They took no supper that night.

The Plague of Lizards.

There are a great many lizards in Chihuahua and Durango, and it appeared as if the desert was their headquarters; for they crept into the men's blankets and bedding and annoyed them greatly while sleeping. Suddenly aroused from slumber

by these slimy companions, the soldiers would sometimes shake their blankets, toss the scorpions and lizards, and alacrans, upon their sleeping neighbors, exclaiming angrily, "d—n the scorpion family." The others, half overpowered by sleep, would sullenly articulate, "don't throw your d—n lizards here." Thus they lay, more anxious to obtain a little slumber, then to escape a swarm of these repulsive reptiles.

A Terrible Experience.

The march was commenced early the next morning. The dust was absolutely intolerable. The soldiers could not march in lines. They were now already become thirsty, and it was yet forty miles to water. The dust filled their mouths, and nostrils, and eyes, and covered them completely. They were much distressed during the whole day. Many of them became faint, and their tongues swollen. The horses, and often the stubborn and refractory mules, would fail in the sand, and neither the spur nor the point of the sabre was sufficient to stimulate them. Sometimes the volunteer, boiling with ire, would dismount and attempt to drag the sullen mule along by the lariat. How earnestly he then desired once more to be in the land of the gushing fountains, verdant groves, rail roads, steam boats and telegraph wires.

The teamsters, and those with the artillery, and the animals, suffered extremely. But they endured it all with patience. After suffering every hardship, privation and distress by marching, with men most necessarily experienced in passing such a desert, they arrived at the spring, Santa Bernada, at sunset. Here is a grove of willows and alamos. These afford a pleasant shade. There is also at this place

a copious gushing spring, which furnished an abundance of water for the men and animals. This spot with its groves and springs, disrobed of all poetry, proved in reality to be an oasis, a smiling, inviting retreat in a desert, desolate, treeless waste of sand, rocks and naked mountains. Here the soldiers took rest and repose.

On the sixth of May the army advanced into the state of Durango, at the Cerro Gordo. This river terminates in Laguna de Xacco. The following day we arrived at the outpost, Palayo, where our advance had the previous day taken some horses and a few Mexican soldiers. This small military station was about one league from the town of Jarrilito. Since 1835 the Indians had encroached upon the frontiers of Mexico and laid waste many flourishing settlements, waging predatory warfare, and leading women and children into captivity: In fact the whole of Mexico was a frontier. An elevated Table Plain extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the foot of the Cordilleras, intersecting by innumerable ranges of mountains, and clustering, isolated and conical-shaped peaks, which were infested by bands of savages, and still fiercer Mexican banditti. No effort of the Mexican government had been able to suppress and oust these ruthless invaders of the country.

Excusable Foraging.

At Palayo some of the men killed a few beeves, pigs and chickens, belonging to the Mexicans, and feasted upon them at night. There was much to palliate this offence. The regiment had been marched at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles per day, over a dusty, desert country, almost entirely destitute of water. Most of the men had not had

a pound of meat for the last three days. Besides the exigency of the case, the State of Durango was at that very moment in arms against us. Would the most scrupulously moral man denounce his son as a thief and a robber, because after traveling more than three thousand miles by land, and having spent the last cent of his slender resources for bread, coldly neglected by his government, he found it necessary to kill an ox or pig to satisfy hunger, or should think proper to mount himself on a Mexican horse, in a country which the prowess of his own arm had been instrumental in subduing? It is one thing for the philosopher to sit in his studio and spin out his finely drawn metaphysical doctrines, and another, and entirely different thing, to put them in practice under very adverse circumstances. What is most beautiful in theory, is not always wise in practice.

Good News Is Received.

On the 8th the command reached the Hacienda Cadenas, twenty-four miles from Palayo. Here we obtained the information of Gen. Scott's great victory at Cerro Gordo. At such welcome tidings a thrilling sensation of joy prevaded our camp. Here we took possession of another piece of cannon, which, although well mounted, Col. Doniphan restored to the inhabitants. On the 9th a march of twenty-two miles brought us to the city of Mapimi, which had steadily manifested the greatest hostility to the Americans. This was a mining town. It had five furnaces for smelting silver ore, and one for smelting lead ore. It was one of the richest towns in the State, excepting the capital. The Mexican forces, three thousand strong, fled from Mapimi and Durango upon our approach, and left the state completely in our power, had Gen. Wool

but permitted us to visit the capital. General Heredia, and Governor Ochoa, of Durango, wrote to Santa Anna to send them twenty pieces of cannon and five thousand regular troops, or the state of Durango would immediately fall into the hands of Col. Doniphan's regiment, if he saw proper to direct his march against it. Upon our arrival at Mapimi we obtained more certain intelligence of the victory of the American forces over the Mexicans at Cerro Gordo, in honor of which a national salute of twenty-eight guns were fired by Weightman's battery. Here, also, a copy of Gov. Ochoa's proclamation was found, in which he earnestly exhorted the inhabitants of Durango never to cease warring until they had repelled the "North American invaders" from the soil of Mexico.

This day's march had been excessively hot and suffocating, and extremely severe upon the sick. Just before reaching Mapimi, 2nd Lieutenant Stephen Jackson, of Howard, died of an inveterate attack of typhoid fever. Lieutenant Jackson was taken ill in the Navajo country, and had never entirely recovered. He was not at the Battle of Brazito, being at that time sick in Saccorro; but he afterwards fought with great bravery in the more important action at Sacramento. His corpse was interred (on Sunday the 9th) with appropriate military honors. Also, the priest of Mapimi in his robes, with the Bible in his hands, and three boys dressed in white pelisses, two of them bearing torches, and the third in the center with a crucifix reared upon a staff, proceeded the bier, first to the Catholic church, and then to the grave, at both of which places the Catholic ceremonies were performed.

On the 10th we made a powerful march of near forty miles to San Sebastian on the Rio Nazas. The heat and dust were almost insufferable. Don Ignacio Jermanez, who attemped to capture the express

men, fled to the city of Durango. The army foraged upon him for the night, with the promise to pay him with powder and balls at sight. The Rio Nazas is a beautiful stream, full of fish, and empties into the three lakes, Tagualila, Las Abas, and Del Alamo. During the fatiguing march, two men, King and Ferguson died of sickness, heat and suffocation. They were buried at San Sebastian.

Well Populated Town.

On the 11th the command marched to San Lorenzo, a distance of thirty-five miles, along a heavy dusty road, hedged in by an immense and almost impervious chaparral. The heat was absolutely oppresive—water scarce. In this thick chaparral, Canales, with a band of about four hundred robbers, had concealed himself with the view of cutting off stragglers from our army, and committing depredations on our merchant and provision trains. But our method of marching with our artillery and one battalion in front and the other battalion in the rear of the trains and droves of mules, anticipated his premeditated attack. After our arrival in San Lorenzo, a Mexican courier came to the colonel with news that Canales had made an attack upon McGoffin's train of wagons, and that McGoffin and his lady were likely to fall into their hands. A detachment of sixty men under Lieut. Gordon was quickly sent to his relief. They anticipated Canales' movement. This little village, San Lorenzo, had an over portion of inhabitants. Every house and hut was crowded with men, boys, women and children. Almost every woman old and young had a child in her arms, and some of them more than one. Whether this superabundance of population was the legitimate effect of the salubrious climate,

or was produced by some other circumstances, is left for the reader to consider. The march that day was distressing hot and dusty. A Mr. Mount, of the company from Jackson county, straggled off in the chaparral, and has never since been heard of; he was doubtless murdered and then robbed by lurking Mexicans.

On the 12th early in the morning, the front guard charged and took three Mexican prisoners; they were armed and lurking in the mezquite chaparral near the road, and were doubtless spies sent out by Canales to obtain information of our movements, but no positive proof appearing against them, they were released. As our animals were much worn down by the previous day's march, and it being impossible to procure forage for them, we only marched 15 miles that day, to the little rancho, San Juan, on a brazo or arm of the Rio Nazas.—Here both man and horse fared badly. As our next day's march was to be over a desert region of near forty miles without a drop of water, or even a mouthful of food for our famishing animals; and also as the water had to be raised from a well into pools and vats at El Poso, where the army was to encamp on the night of the 13th, Lieut. Pope Gordon and fifteen or twenty men were sent at midnight, in advance, to draw water for the use of the army. At 9 a. m., Lieut. Gordon and his advance arrived at El Poso, where he found Capt. Reid, with fourteen men. Captain Reid, as elsewhere observed, had accompanied Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell on his way to Saltillo, with a detatchment of seventy or eighty men.

Rescuing the Captives.

Upon their arrival at Parras (a city where Gen. eral Wool had taken up his headquarters before he

formed a junction with General Taylor, and which had been very friendly to the Americans, in the way of furnishing supplies and taken care of Gen. Wool's sick men,) they found the inhabitants in much distress. A band of Comanches had just made descent from the mountains upon the city, and killed eight or ten of the citizens, carried off nineteen girls and boys into captivity, and driven off three hundred mules and two hundred horses. Besides this, they had robbed houses of money, blankets, and the sacred household gods. They besought Capt. Reid to interfere in their behalf; that although they were considered enemies to the Americans, it did not become the magnanimity of the American soldiers to see them robbed and murdered by a lawless band of savages, the avowed enemies of both the Mexicans and the Americans. Capt. Reid undertook to recover the innocent captives and chastise the the brutal savage. This is the occassion of Capt. Reid's being at El Poso on the morning of the 13th. Just as Lieutenant Gordon and Capt. Reid joined their forces, the Indians, about sixty-five in number, made their appearance, advancing upon the hacienda from a canyon or pass in the mountain toward the south. They had all their spoils and captives with them. Their intention was to water their stock at El Poso, and augment the number of their prisoners and animals. Capt. Reid concealed his men (about thirty-five in number) in the hacienda, and sent out Don Manuel Ybarro, a Mexican, and three or four of his servants to decoy the Indians into the hacienda. The feint succeeded. When the Indians came within half a mile, the order was given to charge upon them, which was gallantly and promptly done. Capt. Reid, Lieuts. Gordon, Winson and Sproule, were the officers present in this engagement, all of whom behaved very gallantly. The Indians fought

with desperation for their rich spoils. Many instances of individual prowess and daring were exhibited by Capt. Reid and his men, too numerous, indeed, to recount in detail; the captain himself, in a daring charge upon the savages, received two severe wounds, one in the face and the other in the shoulder. These wounds were both produced by steel-pointed arrows. This engagement lasted not less than two hours, and was kept up hotly until the Indians made good their retreat to the mountains. In the skirmish we lost none. The Indians lost seventeen on the field and not less than twenty-five badly wounded, among the former was the Chief or Sachem. We recovered in this battle all the animals and spoils which the Indians had taken from the Mexicans, and restored the captive boys and girls to their friends and relatives.

Let those whose moral scruples induce them to doubt the propriety of Capt. Reid's brilliant sortie upon the Indians, consider that the Comanches had rarely failed to murder and torture in the most cruel manner, without discrimination, all Americans who had unfortunately fallen into their hands. The Comanches were our uncompromising enemies. Read the brutal treatment Mrs. Horn and others received of them, and you can but justify Capt. Reid's conduct. In truth he deserves the gratitude of both Mexicans and Americans, for the chastisement he visited upon the heads of those barbarous wretches. The people of Parras expressed their gratitude to Capt. Reid and his men in the following handsome and complimentary terms:

Letter of thanks from the people of Parras to Captain John W. Reed, and his men, after the battle of Posso, translated by Capt. David Waldo.

Political Head of the Department of Parras.

At the first notice that the Indians, after having murdered many of our citizens and taken others captives, were returning to their homes through this vicinity, you, most generously and gallantly, with fifteen of your countrymen, to combat them at the Poso, which you most bravely executed with celerity, skill, and heroism, and worthy of all encomium, meriting your brilliant success, which we shall ever commemorate. You retook many animals, and other property which had been captured, and liberated eighteen captives, who by your gallantry and and good conduct have been restored to their families and homes, giving you the most hearty and cordial thanks, even feeling grateful to you as their liberator from a life of ignominy and thraldom, with the deep gratitude the whole population of this place entertain in ever living thanks. One half of the Indians being killed in the combat, and many flying badly wounded, does not quiet the pain that all of us feel for the wound that you received in rescuing christian beings from the cruelty of the most inhuman savages.

All of us hope that you may soon recover of your wound, and though they know that the noblest reward of the gallant soul is to have done well for his country, yet they cannot forego this expression of their gratitude.

I consider it a high honor to be the organ of their will in conveying to you the general feeling of the people of the place; and I pray you to accept the assurance of my high respect. God and Liberty.

DON IGNACIO ARRABE.

Parras, 18th May, 1847.

On the evening of the 14th of May the army reached the delightful city of Parras, handsomely

situated at the northern base of a lofty range of mountains running east and west, after having performed a fatiguing march of thirty-six miles, without one drop of water, and almost without seeing one sprig of green vegetation, save the pointed maguey, and the bristling cactus. At Parras we found a plentiful supply of good water and forage for our perishing animals. We found Parras in reality to possess whatever of charm the imagination had thrown around one of the most beautiful of oases. We found a lovely alameda to screen us from the scorching of rays of an almost vertical sun; besides a variety of fruit to satisfy the eager appetite. Parras was famous for its pretty women, and for the intelligence of its population generally, many of the citizens having received an English education in the United States. The people were much inclined to favor the institutions and government of our country. Don Manuel Ybarro, the proprietor of a large hacienda near Parras, was educated at Bardstown, Ky., and acted a very friendly part toward the American troops.

A Respite Granted.

Upon Col. Doniphan's reaching Parras, he received a communication from Gen. Wool, by the hands of Ybarro, in which he was authorized to purchase, on the credit of the United States, such provision and forage as his men and animals required; he was also instructed to allow his men such a respite as their condition, after so much toil, and so many distressing marches, seemed to demand and to extend to the intelligent and hospitable citizens of Parras kind treatment in reciprocation for their numerous acts of benevolence toward the sick Americans, whom he had been forced to leave at

that place, upon his forming a junction with Gen. Taylor, at Saltillo.

Bad Feeling Engendered.

Though the Missourians manifested the utmost civilty toward the inhabitants of Parras, one incident occurred to mar the general harmony and good feeling which had prevailed. A few disaffected Mexicans fell upon a man, Lickenlighter, in the employ of the artillery, and with staves and stones, bruised him so that he subsequently died in Monterey. This aggravated instance of cruelty, commenced by the Mexicans, excited the artillery-men, and all the Missourians, to such a degree that they fell upon whatever Mexicans exhibited the least insolence, and beat them severly. Some say that two of them were killed, but of this nothing certain is known. Nor were the officers able to restrain the men. Capt. Pike and a portion of the advance under Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, having halted at this place, now rejoined the army.

On the morning of the 17th, the whole force moved off in the direction of Saltillo, and in less than five days having completed more than one hundred miles the Missourians pitched their camp with the Arkansas cavalry, at Encantada, near the battlefield of Buena Vista, where there was an abundant supply of cool and delightful water.

Crosses by the Wayside.

During this march they passed through a rugged, mountainous country, almost entirely destitute of vegetation, producing only meziquite chaparral, clusters of dwarfish acacia, Spanish bayonet, ma-

guey, and palmilla. This last often grows thirty feet in height, and three feet in diameter, the body of which is sometimes used as timber for the construction of bridges. On the top of the mountain peaks, and sometimes by the way side, might be seen the cross, the symbol of the national faith, an object of universal reverence, constructed in the rudest and most primitive manner, with a small heap of stones at its foot, and fancifully and reverentially entwined with festoons of wild flowers. This march passed by the Haciendas Ybarro, Cienega Grande, Castanuella, the princely Hacienda de Patos, and the ruins of San Juan, where there was much water. This last place had been destroyed by the Americans.

A Complimentary Order.

On the 22nd of May, the regiment was received by Gen. Wool in person, accompanied by his staff, and the following complimentary order made, viz:

Headquarters, Buena Vista,
May 22nd, 1847.

The general commanding takes great pleasure in expressing the gratification he has received this afternoon in meeting the Missouri volunteers. They are about to close their present term of military service, after having rendered, in the course of the arduous duties they have been called upon to perform, a series of highly important services, crowned by decisive and glorious victories.

No troops can point to a more brilliant career than those commanded by Colonel Doniphan; and no one will ever hear of the battle of Brazito or Sacramento, without a feeling of admiration for the men who gained them.

The State of Missouri has just cause to be proud of the achievements of the men who have re-

presented her in the army against Mexico, and she will without doubt, receive them on their return with all the joy and satisfaction to which a due appreciation of their merits and services so justly entitles them.

In bidding them adieu, the general wishes to Col. Doniphan, his officers and men, a happy return to their families.

By command of Brig. Gen. Wool:

Irwin McDowell, A. A. A. Gen.

On the 23rd the Missourians marched to Gen. Wool's camp, where Capt. Weightman delivered up his battery to Capt. Washington. The Mexican cannon which were captured in the action of Sacramento, they were permitted to retain as trophies of their victory. These were subsequently presented by Col. Doniphan to the State of Missouri, to be evidences through all time to come, of the valor, chivalry and good conduct of the troops under his command.

The Missouri column, now passing Saltillo, the Grand Canyon of the Rinconada, Santa Catarina and the city of Monterey, arrived at the American camp at the Walnut Springs, on the 26th, having in three days performed a march of seventy miles, during which two brave soldiers, Smith and Smart, died, and was buried with becoming military honors. Major-general Taylor, having reviewed the Missouri troops on the morning of the 27th, issued the following order:

Orders From Major-general Taylor.

Headquarters of Army of Occupation.
Camp near Monterey, May 27, 1847.

Col. Doniphan's command of Missouri volunteers will proceed via Camargo, to the mouth of the river, or Brazos island, where it will take water transportation to New Orleans.

On reaching New Orleans, Col. Doniphan will report to Gen. Brooke, commanding the Western Division, and also to Col. Churchill, inspector general, who will muster the command for discharge and payment.

At Camergo Col. Doniphan will detatch a sufficient number of men from each company to conduct the horses and other animals of the command by land to Missouri. The men so detatched will leave necessary papers to enable their pay to be drawn when their companions are discharged at New Orleans.

The Quartermaster Department will furnish the necessary transportation to carry out the above orders.

The trophies captured at the battle of Sacramento, will be conveyed by Col. Doniphan to Missouri, and there turned over to the Governor, subject to the final disposition of the War Department.

In thus announcing the arrangements which close the arduous and honorable service of the Missouri volunteers, the commanding general extends to them his earnest wishes for their prosperity and happiness, and for a safe return to their families and homes.

By command of Major-general Taylor:

W. W. Bliss, A. A. A. G.

When Gen. Taylor received authentic information of the fall of Vera Cruz, the capitulation of the castle of San Juand' Ullua, and the capture of Chihuahua, he published the following order to the troops under his command:

Headquarters, Army of Occupation.
Camp near Monterey, April 14th, 1847.

The commanding general has the satisfaction to announce to the troops, that authentic information has been received of the fall of Vera Cruz, and of San Juan de Ullua, which capitulated on the 27th of March to the forces of Major-general Scott. This highly important victory reflects new lustre on the reputation of our arms.

The commanding general would at the same time, announce another signal success, won by the gallantry of our troops on the 28th of February, near the city of Chihuahua. A column of Missouri volunteers, less than one thousand strong, under the command of Col. Doniphan, with a light field battery, attacked a Mexican force many times superior, in an intrenched position, captured its artillery and baggage, and defeated it with heavy loss.

In publishing to the troops the grateful tidings, the general is sure that they will learn, with joy and pride, the triumphs of their comrades on distant fields.

By order of Major-general Taylor:
W. W. Bliss, A. A. A G.

Departure for New Orleans.

Having left our sick men at Monterey, after a hasty march of thirty miles on the 26th of May, during which we passed the rivers Agua Fria, and Salinas de Parras, we encamped in the small town, Marin, where there was but little forage, and not the semblance of either green or dry grass. The next day, passing through a country covered almost impervious mezquite chapparral, and over the ground Gen. Urea's band captured Gen. Taylor's provision train, and barbarously and inhumanly murdered the unarmed teamsters, whose skeletons and half devoured frames still lay scattered promiscuously along the road, over which vultures, dogs and wolves, were yet holding carnival, and having progressed thirty-five miles, we encamped at a fine, bold running spring, not far from Cerralvo.

Guerrilla Chief Executed.

The next day advancing about seven miles, to Cerralvo, we halted to take some refreshments. Here we witnessed the execution, by the Texan

Rangers, of a Mexican guerrilla chief, one of Urea's men, who had been captured the previous night. His captors promised to spare his life upon condition that he would reveal to them, where his comrades might be found. He refused to betray them, averring that he had killed many Americans, and he would kill many more if it were in his power. He added:—"My life is in the hands of my enemies; I am prepared to yield it up: only I ask not to be tied, and that I may be allowed to face my executioners." Having lighted his cigarrito, with the utmost nonchalance he faced his executioners, (a file of six Texan Rangers,) who were detailed for the purpose. They were ordered to fire. Five balls penetrated the skull of the guerrilla chief. He instantly expired.

On the 30th we encamped in Mier, situated on the small river Alcantro, and famous for having been the place where the Texans capitulated to Gen. Ampudia. The next day we reached Camargo, on the San Juan, where we obtained an abundant supply of provisions, for this place had been converted into a government depot. This river admits of steamboat navigation. While here one of our companions, Tharp, who had performed much hard service, died of sickness. He was buried with the honor due a brave soldier.

On the 1st of June, Major Gilpin, with a small detachment of men started in advance of the column, with the intention of proceeding to Reynosa, to engage transportation for the army, by steamboats, thence to the mouth of the Rio Grande. After proceeding a few miles, one of his party, Sergeant Swain, a good soldier, having imprudently straggled on ahead, by himself, was shot by Mexicans lurking in the chaparral. To avenge his death the party charged as soon as practicable, upon the Mexicans, who were adroitly making their escape,

and killed one of them. Four others were a short time afterwards, captured by Capt. Walton, with a small detatchment of men, at a neighboring rancho, and carried to camp at Upper Reynosa, at which place we found Col. Webb, of the 16th regiment U. S. army. The prisoners were delivered over to him; but finding no positive evidence that they were the same, who had committed the bloody deed, although one of them had blood on his clothes, they were discharged, and conducted out of camp by a guard. But the company to whom Swain belonged, were so much enraged that, as it is said, they went out from camp, and killed part of them as soon as dismissed by the guards. Of the truth of this, we are not certainly informed: for those who knew, would not divulge the truth, lest they should be censured by those in command; but the fire of their guns was distinctly heard.

The March Continued.

After resting a few hours and burying the dead the march was continued down the river, through the chaparral all day, and all the following night. At sunrise the advance of the column arrived at Reynosa, where we were greeted by the sight of steam vessels ready to transport us to the Gulf.

Col. Doniphan, now taking the sick men on board the first transport that could be obtained, proceeded to the mouth of the river, to engage shipping, as early as practicable, for New Orleans, leaving Lieutenant-colonel Jackson, Major Gilpin, and Major Clark to provides means of transporting their respective battalions down the river. Certain of the soldiers, impatient of delay, and anxious to get home, censured Col. Doniphan for leaving them at Reynosa, without providing them with immediate

transportation, but they did not consider how important it was that he should go in advance to Brazos Island, and have ships ready, engaged to convey them without delay to New Orleans. Without such precaution on the part of the commander, the whole column might have been obliged to lie many days on the beach, waiting for vessels in which to cross the Gulf. This, therefore, eventuated most opportunely, for ships were made ready in the harbor before the men arrived at the Brazos.

Meanwhile the troops at Reynosa were obliged to lie one or two days on the river banks in a comfortless and miserable plight, (for it rained incessantly, and the men had no place to lie, nor tents to shelter them, but stood as cattle in the mud both day and night,) before they could procure transports.

Saddles and Rigging Burned.

On the 4th and 5th, the men having burned their saddles, and other horse rigging, and sent their animals by land to Missouri, went aboard steam vessels, and on the 7th the whole force arrived safely at the mouth of the river, where they disembarked, and bivouacked on the margin of the stream until the morning of the 9th, the intermediate time being spent by the soldiers in bathing in the river and Gulf.

Lieutenant James Lee, quartermaster, proceeded with his trains from Reynosa to Matamoras, and turned over to the quartermaster at that place all his wagons, mules, and commissary stores.

Gen. Taylor's order requiring a sufficient number of men to be detailed at Camargo for the purpose of conducting "the horses and other animals of the company by land to Missouri," was not complied with; for the volunteers did not choose to obey the

order, regarding the stock of but little value. However, Sergeant Van Bibber, and about thirty-five other men, voluntarily agreed to drive the stock, (of such of such as would allow them a compensation for their pains) through Texas to Missouri, and deliver them in the county where the owner resided. Accordingly this party, with about seven hundred head of stock, leaving Reynosa on the fourth, proceeded to Camargo, and thence into the United States, arriving in Missouri, with the loss of nearly half the animals, about the 15th of August.

The Army Embarks.

On the 9th we walked over to the harbor at the north end of Brazos Island, whence we were to take shipping for New Orleans, and on the following day the artillery and about two hundred men, embarked on the schooner Murillo, and Col. Doniphan with seven hundred men embarked on the stately sail-ship Republic, and under a favoring gale arrived safely in New Orleans on the 15th, having in twelve months, performed a grand detour through the Mexican Republic, of near four thousand miles, by land and water.

This most extraordinary march, conducted by Col. Doniphan, the Xenophon of the age, with great good fortune, meets not with a parallel in the annals of the world.

Our passage across the Gulf was speedy and prosperous. One of our number only was committed to a watery grave. This was Christopher Smith, than whom none was a better soldier. Ridge, also a brave soldier, died, and was conveyed to New Orleans for interment.

We had now been in the service twelve months,

had traversed the plains and solitudes of the west, had waded through the snow in the mountains of New Mexico, had traveled over the great deserts of Chihuahua, Durango, Coahuila, Nueva Leon, and Tamaulipas, half-naked, and poorly supplied with provisions, and were weary of camp service, and packing up baggage. Therefore we were anxious to return to our homes and our families. When the men came within sight of Balize—when they could but just discover, through the mist, low in the horizon, the distant, green, looming shores of their native country, they shouted aloud in the pride of their hearts, and, Columbus-like, gave thanks to the beneficient Author of all good, not only for the prosperous voyage over the gulf, but the unparalleled success of the great expedition.

Welcome Extended.

The chivalry of the south is unsurpassed; the generosity of the southern people unequaled. Their feelings are alive to every noble and magnanimous impulse Their breasts are swayed by sentiments of true honor. Who will deny that the population of the Crescent city inspires patriotism from very proximity to the field immortalized by Jackson's victory? New Orleans for months previous to the arrival of Col. Doniphan, had been wound up to the highest degree of military excitement, and had, in truth, been the great thoroughfare for the departure and return of perhaps more than ten thousand volunteers destined for the war, and returning from their various fields of glory; yet, the Missourians, rough clad, were received with unabated enthusiasm, and a cordiality for which they ever gratefully remembered their friends of the south. As they passed up the Mississippi, the streaming of

flags from the top of the houses, and the waving of white handkerchiefs by the ladies, as a token of approval, from the windows and balconies of the stately mansions which everywhere beautified the green banks of the "Inland Sea," announced to them that their return was hailed with universal joy; that their arduous services were duly appreciated; and that Louisianians are not only generous and brave, but nobly patriotic. Such a reception was worth the toil of a hundred battlefields.

Isolated from every other branch of the army, barred by intervening deserts from all communications with the government, thrown entirely upon its own resources, compelled to draw supplies from a hostile country, and in the absence of instructions or succors, Colonel Doniphan's command was left to cut its way through the country of a subtle and treacherous enemy. Destitute of clothing, and the means of procuring it—not having received a dime since the day of enlistment, and none then, save forty-two dollars commutation for clothing—the men almost grew as did Nebuchadnezzar, being indeed rough samples of Rocky Mountain life. Their long grown beards flowed in the wind similar to those of the rude Cossacks of Northern Europe, while their garments were worn to shreds, bivouacking on the rocks and sands of Mexico. Their dishevelled hair, their long grown whiskers, their buckskin apparel, their stern and uncouth appearance, their determined and resolved looks, and their carless and nochalant air, attracted the gaze, and won the admiration of all people. Though they were somewhat undisciplined, yet they were hardy, unshrinking, resolute, independent, chivalrous, honorable and intelligent men, such as, indeed, "would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder."

Discharge of the Troops.

We have hitherto considered in what manner the troops under Col. Doniphan were conducted over the great solitudes to Santa Fe; how they traversed the snow-capped mountains in pursuit of the fearless Navajos; how Gen. Kearney with a small force, crossed the continent, and held California in quiet possession; how Col. Price succeeded to the command of the troops in New Mexico; how Col. Doniphan invaded and conquered the states of Chihuahua and Durango; thence traversing extensive deserts, treeless, barren and waterless; oftentimes subsisting his army on half-rations and less; and how, after infinite suffering and toil, he arrived at the Gulf, and sailed for New Orleans.

The Missourians were now permitted to turn over to the ordnance master, at New Orleans, the arms they had used on the expedition, and with which they had achieved signal victories. They were forthwith mustered for discharge and payment by Col. Churchill, which process was completed between the 22nd and the 28th of June. Having received payment, and an honorable discharge from the service, they departed to their respective homes

in detached parties, each one now traveling according to his own convenience, and being no longer subject to command. They generally arrived in Missouri about the 1st of July, having been absent thirteen months.

St. Louis Accords Hearty Welcome.

Anticipating the arrival of the returning volunteers, the generous citizens of St. Louis had made ample preparations to give them a hearty, welcome, cordial reception and testify to them the esteem in which their services were held by their fellow citizens. But as the volunteer soldiers, who were now become citizens, returned in detached parties, and were very anxious to visit their friends and families, from whom they had so long been separated, they could not all be induced to remain and partake of the proffered hospitality. However, the company under Captain Hudson, having in charge the captured Mexican cannon, and near three hundred officers and privates of different companies being in the city on the 2nd of July, it was agreed that the formalities of the reception should be gone through with. Accordingly the various military and fire companies, of the city, were paraded in full uniform; the people collected in great crowds; the Mexican cannon, the trophies of victory, were dragged along the streets, crowned with garlands: and an immense procession was formed, conducted by T. Grimsley, chief marshal, which, after a brief animating speech, from the honorable J. B. Bowlin, and a still briefer response from Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, proceeded to Camp Lucas, where the Hon. T. H. Benton delivered to the returned volunteers, and a concourse of more than seven thousand people, a most thrilling and eloquent address, recounting, with as-

tonishing accuracy, and extraordinary minuteness, the events of the great campaign.

When the honorable Senator concluded, Col. Doniphan was loudly and enthusiastically called to the stand; whereupon he rose and responded in a very chaste, and modest, yet graphic address, in which he ascribed the great success and good fortune, which continually attended him on his expedition, rather to the bravery and conduct of his soldiers, than to his own generalship.

The Army is Honored.

For months succeeding the return to the State, of the Missouri volunteers, sumptuous dinners, banquets, and balls, tables loaded with delicate viands, and the richest wines, were everywhere spread to do them honor, as thereby to compensate, in some measure, for past hardships, and the immensity of toil and peril, which they had experienced in climbing over rugged, snow-capped mountains; in contending with the overwhelming forces of the enemy; in enduring bitter cold, pinching hunger, burning thirst, incredible fatigue, and sleepless nights of watching, and in bivouacking upon the waterless, arid deserts of Mexico. But their past dangers, both from the foe and the elements, were now soon forgotten, amidst the kind caresses of friends, and the cordial reception which their fellow citizens continually greeted them. The maxim which has descended from former ages and which has met the sanction of all nations, that the Republics are ungrateful, had not in this instance proved true; for there was then a campaign of feasting and honors.

On the 29th of July a public dinner was given by the citizens of Independence, Mo., in honor of Col. Doniphan, his officers and men, on which oc-

casion the ladies being anxious to testify their respect to the hero of Sacramento, and those who followed where he dared to lead, had prepared the "Laurel Wreath," in all ages the gift of beauty to valor for the victor's brow. After the welcoming speech, by S. H. Woodson, and a chaste and thrilling response by Col. Doniphan, Mrs. Buchanan on behalf of the ladies, delivered from the stand, in the presence of five thousand people, the subjoined eloquent address.

Mrs. Buchanan's Eloquent Address.

"Respected Friends:—Long had the world echoed to the voice of fame, when her brazen trumpet spoke of the glories of Greece and Rome. The sun looked proudly down upon Thermopylae, when Leonidas had won a name bright and glorious as his own golden beams. The soft air of the Italian clime glowed, as the splendor of a Roman triumph flashed through the eternal city. But the mantle of desolation now wraps the mouldering pillars of Athens and of Rome, and fame, deserting her ancient haunts, now fills our own fair land with the matchless deeds of her heoric sons. Like the diamond in the recesses of the mine, lay for centuries the land of Columbia. Like that diamond when art's transforming fingers have polished its peerless lustre, it now shines the most resplendent gem in the coronal of nations.

"The records of the Revolution, that dazzling picture in the Temple of History, presents us with the astonishing sight of men whose feet had never trodden the strict paths of military discipline, defying, conquering the trained ranks of the British army, whose trade is war. Nor did their patriotism, their energy, die with the Fathers of the Revolution—their spirit lives in their sons.

"The star which represents Missouri, shone not on the banner which shadowed the venerated head of Washington. But the unrivaled deeds of the Missouri Volunteers have added such brilliancy to its beams, that even he whose hand laid the corner-stone of the temple of American liberty, and placed on its finished shrines the rescued flag of his country, would feel proud to give the star of Missouri a place amidst the time-honored, far-famed "old thirteen." The Spartan, the Athenians, the Roman, who offered on the alter of Mars the most brilliant sacrifices, were trained even from their infancy, in all the arts of war. The service of the bloody god was to them the business of life, aye, even its pastime; their very dreams were full of the tumult of battle: but they who hewed asunder, with their good swords, the chains of a British tyrant, and they who have rendered the names of Brazito and Sacramento watchwords to arouse the valor of succeeding ages, hurried from the quiet labors of the field, the peaceful halls of justice, the cell of the student, and the familiar hearth of home, to swell the ranks of the defenders of their native land.

"Volunteers of Missouri:—In the history of your country, no fairer page can be found than that which records your own heroic achievements. Many of you have never welcomed the morning light without the sunshine of your mother's smile to make it brighter: many of you had known the hardship of life only in name; still you left the home of your childhood, and encountered perils and sufferings that would make the cheek of a Roman soldier turn pale; and encountered them so gallantly that Time in his vast calendar of centuries can show none more bravely, more freely born.

"We welcome you back to your home. The triumph which hailed the return of the Caesars, to

whose war-chariot was chained the known world, is not ours to give, nor do you need it. A prouder triumph than Rome could bestow is yours, in the undying fame of your proud achievements. But if the welcome of hearts filled with warm love and well merited admiration, hearts best known and longest tried, be a triumph, it is yours in the fullest extent.

"The torrent of eloquence to which you have just listened, the rich feast that awaits you, are the tributes of your own sex; but we, the fairer part of creation, must offer ours also.

"Col. Doniphan:—In the name of the ladies who surround me, I bestow on you this laurel wreath—in every age and every clime, the gift of beauty to valor. In placing it on the brow of him who now kneels to receive it, I place it on the brow of all, who followed where so brave, so dauntless a commander led. It is true that around the laurel wreath is twined every association of genius, glory and valor, but I feel assured that it was never placed on a brow more worthy to receive it than his on which it now rests—The hero of Sacramento."

The Author's Eulogy.

It does not become the author to extol in unmeasured terms the gallant officers who led with such marvelous success, nor the brave men who bore with Roman fortitude and patience, the fatigues of Western Expedition, beyond that which every candid and generous mind will readily concede. Equally the conduct of both is worthy of encomium. They performed all, and more than all, the government expected at their hands. After the conquest of New Mexico, Gen. Kearney, with one hundred men, completed an astonishing overland expedition

to the shores of the Pacific, one thousand and ninety miles distant from Santa Fe. This great march was conducted over stony mountains, barren plains, and inhospitable deserts.

Col. Doniphan and his men scaled the granite heights of the Cordilleras, amidst fathoms of accumulated, eternal snows, in the depth of winter, when the wide waste of rocks, and horrid driving snow-storms, were their most relentless enemies. Having spent three months and performed a campaign of seven hundred and fifty miles in the most rugged and inhospitable regions on the continent, they returned to the valley of the Del Norte. Here they refreshed themselves and recruited two days: after which they commenced the grand march upon Chihuahua, and gained immortal renown on the trophied fields of Brazito and Sacramento. The capital and the State, with two hundred thousand inhabitants, become the conquest to less than a thousand Missourians. This march was near six hundred miles through barren and waterless regions.

The nation almost trembled for the safety of Gen. Wool's column, thirty-five hundred strong, with heavy artillery, when he set out from San Antonio on his intended expedition against Chihuahua. Many apprehended his complete overthrow, and argued that it would result in a prodigal waste of means and a useless and wanton sacrifice of human life, for so small a force to march against so powerful and populous a State. But the stronghold of Central Mexico was in possession of the hero of Sacramento, with nine hundred and twenty-four Missiourians, and the American flag floated in triumph over its walls.

Leaving Chihuahua for more extended operations, and a new theatre of action, they move off through the states of Durango and Coahuila, traversing parched, arid, waterless wastes, for more

than six hundred miles, ready to succor Gen. Taylor, if beleagured in Saltillo, or to accompany him over the Central Desert in his contemplated descent upon San Louis de Potosi, having previously sent fourteen express-men on a most perilous enterprise to learn the General's wishes.

Their services being now no longer required, the commander-in- chief dispatches them to the United States, by the way of Matamoras and the Mexica Gulf. They sailed for New Orleans, where they were discharged; they returned to Missouri from the eastward, graced with the trophies of the vanquished foe, having in twelve months performed a magnificent circuit of more than 3,500 miles, and 2,500 by water, with the loss of less than one hundred of their original number.

The expedition of Cyrus against his brother, Artaxerxes, and the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, famous through all time, conducted by Xenophon and Cherisopus, forms the only parallel to Co. Doniphan's expedition, recordered in history. In fifteen months Cyrus and Xenophon conducted this expedition about 3,450 English miles, with the loss of several thousand brave men, and finally returned to Greece, possessing nothing save their lives and their arms. In thirteen months Col. Doniphan and his Missourians, accomplished a similar expedition, (except to its objects) of more than 5,500 miles, returning decorated with the spoils of war, and meeting with the hearty approval of their countrymen.

The distance over which Gen. Kearney marched was perhaps greater than that over which Col. Doniphan passed; but the former only conducted an army to California, returning privately; while the latter commanded, and provided for his men, and that too without funds, until they were disbanded at New Orleans.

Thus terminated the most extraordinary and wonderful Expedition of the age, attended throughout by the most singular good fortune, conducted under the auspices of Col. Doniphan, who had been very justly styled the great military pedestrian, the victor and diplomatist.

Events at Santa Fe.

It will be remembered that on the 26 of October, 1846, Col. Doniphan took his departure from Santa Fe, on an excursion against the Navajo Indians, and was rejoined at Santa Domingo by three hundred of his own regiment, who had been previously stationed at the grazing encampment near San Miguel, but were now ordered to proceed to the mountains, on a most serious and trying campaign. Col. Doniphan returned no more to Santa Fe.

The command of the troops in New Mexico thenceforward developed on Colonel, afterwards Brigadier-general Sterling Price. For the preservation of health and activity among his troops —which consisted of the 2nd regiment under his own immediate command, an extra battalion under Lieutenant-colonel Willock, a battalion of infantry under Captains Angney and Murphey, one company of light artillery under Captain Fischer, the Laclede Rangers under Lieutenant Elliot, two hundred of the 1st dragoons under Captain Burgwin, (Major Sumner having returned to the United States on the 18th of October,) and some additional artillery and

miscellaneous troops under Lieuts. Dyer and Wilson of the U. S. Army, making an aggregate of near two thousand men—and also for the preservation of good order, quite, and entire submission on the part of the malcontent New Mexicans and Pueblo Indians, Col. Price at first thus disposed of his forces:

Capt. Burgwin, with the 1st dragoons, was stationed at Alburqueque to mantain tranquillity on the Rio Abajo; a squadron of two hundred men under Major Edmondson, was scouring about Cebolleta; a small force under Capt. Hendley was ordered to the valley of the Mora, in view of finding forage for the stock, and of preserving peace and subordination in that quarter, as well as also to check the predatory incursions of the border Indians, who were becoming quite troublesome and deserving of chastisement; the remaining forces were retained at the capital as a garrison.

On the 28th of October, two days after the departure of Col. Doniphan from Santa Fe, Colonel Price issued an order requiring the troops under his command to appear on parade, for drill and discipline, twice each day. The officers were required to perform an extra drill, that they might be better qualified to instruct the men. This discipline was rigidly adhered to. Every one, the least acquainted with military affairs, is aware how difficult a matter it is to preserve good order and wholesome discipline in a garrison composed entirely of volunteers. The unrestrained, independent life to which the citizen soldier has been accustomed, unfits him for garrison service. He becomes impatient of discipline, and desires active, useful, honorable employment. For this reason regular troops are much better for garrison than volunteers; but are none

their superior in an arduous and daring campaign.

A Conspiracy Formed.

About the 1st of December, the most distinguished of the malcontents began to hold secret cabals and consulations, and to plot the overthrow of the actual existing government. Oftentimes the conspirators, like Catalin and his accomplices in guilt, would withdraw into some retired room in the capital, or on the flat top of some unfrequented building, and there at the silent hour of midnight machinate a scheme for the massacre of all the Americans, the establishment of a new government, and installation of new governors. The leaders of this dark and desperate conspiracy were Don Thomas Ortiz, who aspired to be governor of the province; Don Diego Archulette, who had been nominated as commanding general; and Seniores Nicholas Pino, Miguel Pino, Santiago Armijo, Manuel Chavez, Domingo Baca, Pablo Dominguez, Juan Lopez, and many others, all men of great and restless ambition and expectance of office if the conspiracy should have a favorable issue.

The 19th of December, at midnight, was the time at first appointed for the revolt to commence, which was to be simultaneous all over the department. In the meantime each one of the conspirators had a particular part of the state assigned him, to the end that they might gain over the whole people of the province. The profoundest secrecy was to be preserved, and the most influential men, whose ambition induced them to seek preferment, were alone to be made acquainted with the plot. No woman was to be privy to these things, lest they should be divulged.

Each having pledged himself to the other on the cross that he would be faithful and vigilant in consummating their designs, as speedily and suc-

cessful as possible, departed, some into one place, and some into another. For his part, Thomas Ortiz who had been second in command to Armijo, the late governor went to El Bado, that he might stir up the people there; Diego Archulette hastened to the valley of Taos, to make known his plans, and solicit aid in that quarter; Domingo Baca departed to the Rio Abajo to excite the inhabitants, and procure assistance there; Pablo Domingues, and Miguel Pino, proceeded to the settlements on the river Tesuca, to enlist them in the enterprise.

For the more certain success of the revolution, the conspirators assembled in secret conclave in the capital, on the night of the 15th of December, to consult, mature their plans, and arrange the method of attack. Don Sanchez, when apprehended and brought before the tribunal, testified that Don Diego Archulette commenced the discourse:—"I make the motion that there be an act to nominate a governor and a commander general; and I would nominate Thomas Ortiz, for the first office, and Diego Archulette for the second." This was unanimously carried, and the act signed by every individual present. After this was concluded, they commenced a discourse relative to the method of surprising the government at Santa Fe, and taking possession of the place. They decided upon the following plan: "On Saturday evening, the 19th of December, all were to assemble with their men at the parish church. Having divided themselves into several parties, they were to sally forth, some to seize the pieces of artillery, others to go to the quarters of the colonel, and others to the palace of the Governor, (if he should be there,) and if not to send an order to Toas to seize him, because he would give the most trouble. This act was also agreed on by all. the sound of the church bell was to be the signal of assault by the forces concealed in the church, and

those which Don Diego Archulette should have brought near the city—midnight was the time agreed on, when all were to enter the "plaza" at the same moment, seize the pieces of artillery and point them into the streets. The meeting now dissolved."

Owing to want of complete organization and concert and that the conspiracy was not yet fully matured, it was concluded to suspend the attack for a time, and fixed on Christmas eve night for the assault, when the soldiers and garrison would be indulging in wine and feasting, and scattered about throughout the city at the fandangos, not having their arms in their hands.—All the Americans, without distinction, throughout the State, and such New Mexicans as had favored the American government, and accepted office by appointment of Gen. Kearney, were to be massacred, or driven from the country, and the conspirators were to seize upon and occupy the government. This enterprise, however, failed of success, being detected, exposed and crushed, by the vigilance of Col. Price, his officers and men.

A Woman Betrays the Plot.

The conspiracy was detected in the following manner: a mulatto girl, residing in Santa Fe, had married one of the conspirators, and had by degrees obtained a knowledge of their movements and secret meetings. To prevent the effusion of blood, which would inevitably be the result of a revolution, she communicated to Col. Price, all the facts of which she was in possession, and warned him to use the utmost vigilance. The rebellion was immediately suppressed.

But the restless and unsatisfied ambition of the leaders of the conspiracy, did not long permit them

to remain inactive. The rebellion had been detected and smothered, but not completely crushed. A second and still more dangerous conspiracy was plotted. The most powerful and influential men in the State favored the design. An organized plan of operation was adopted. The profoundest secrecy was preserved. While all appeared to be quiet and secure, the machinations of the conspirators were maturing, and gaining strength. Even the officers of the State and the priests, gave their aid and counsel. The people everywhere, in the towns, villages, and settlements, were exhorted to arm and equip themselves, to strike for their faith, their religion, and their altars, and drive the "heretics," the "unjust invaders of the country," from their soil, and with fire and sword pursue them to annihilation. On the 14th of January, Governor Charles Bent, attended by an escort of five persons, among whom were the sheriff, circuit attorney, and the perfecto, left Santo Fe and proceeded toAaos. Upon his arrival there he was applied to by the Pueblo Indians to release from prison two of their number, who for some misdemeanor had been incarcerated by the authorities. The governor told them they must wait the ordinary process of the laws.

Governor Bent Murdered.

On the 19th of the same month, the governor and his retinue, were murdered in the most cruel and inhuman manner, by the Pueblos and Mexicans, te the village of San Fednando. On the same day seven other Americans, after standing a seige of two days, were overpowered, taken and butchered in cold blood at the Arroyo Hondo; also four at the town Mora, and two on the Colorado.

The insurgents had assembled in strong force

at La Canada, under command of Generals Ortiz, Lafoya, Chavez, and Montoya, with the view of making a descent upon Santa Fe. Col. Price having ordered Major Edmondson and Capt. Burgwin, with their respective commands from the Rio Abajo, on the morning of the 23rd, at the head of three hundred and fifty-three men, which number afterward augmented to four hundred and eighty, and four mountain howitzers, marched against the insurgents, leaving Lieutenant-colonel Willock, with a strong garrison, in command of the capital. The weather was extremely inclement, and the earth covered with snow.

Battle of Canada.

"On the evening of the 24th, Col. Price encountered the enemy at Canada, numbering about two thousand men, under the command of Generals Tofaya, Chavez, and Montoya. The enemy were posted on the hills commanding each side of the road. About 2 o'clock, P. M., a brisk fire from the artillery under the command of Lieut. Dyer (of the regular army) and Harsentiver, was opened upon them, but from their being so much scattered, it had but little effect.

The artillery were within such a short distance as to be exposed to a hot fire, which either penetrated the clothes or wounded nineteen or twenty men who served the guns. Col. Price seeing the slight effect which the artillery had upon them, ordered Captain Angney with his battalion to charge the hill, which was gallantly done, being supported by Captain St. Vrain, of the citizens, and Lieut. White of the Carroll companies. The charge lasted until sundown.—Our loss was two killed and seven wounded. The Mexicans acknowledged a loss of thirty-six killed, and forty-five taken prisoners. The enemy retreated toward Taos, their strong-

hold. Col. Price on the 27th took up his line of march for Taos, and again encountered them at El Embudo on the 29th. They discovered in the thick brush on each side of the road, at the entrance of a defile, by a party of spies, who immediately fired upon them. Capt. Burgwin, who had that morning joined Col. Price with his company of dragoons hearing the firing, came up, together with Captain St. Vrain's, and Lieutenant White's companies. A charge was made by the three companies, resulting in the total rout of the Mexicans and Indians. The battle lasted about half an hour; but the pursuit was kept up for two hours.

Battle of Puebla de Toas.

The march was resumed on the next day, and met with no opposition until the evening of the 3rd of February, at which time they arrived at Pueblo de Toas, where they found the Mexicans and Indians strongly fortified. A few rounds were fired by the artillery that evening, but it was deemed advisable not to make a general attack then, but wait until morning. The attack was commenced in the morning by two batteries under the command of Lieuts. Dyer and Wilson, of the regular army, and Lieut. Harsentiver of the light artillery, by throwing shells into the town. About meridian, a charge was ordered and gallantly executed by Capt. Burgwin's company, supported by Capt. McMillan's company and Capt. Angney's battalion of infantry, supported by Capt. Burbee's company. The church which had been used as a part of the fortifications, was taken by this charge. The fight was hotly contested until night, when two white flags were hoisted, but were immediately shot down. In the morning the fort surrendered. The old men, the

priests, and the matrons, bringing their children and their sacred household gods in their hands, besought the mercy and clemency of their conquerors. It was granted. In this battle fell Capt. Burgwin, than whom a braver soldier, or better man, never poured out his blood in his country's cause.

The total loss of the Mexicans in the three engagements, is estimated at two hundred and eighty-two killed; the number of their wounded is unknown. Our total loss was fifteen killed and forty-seven wounded.

Learning of the insurrection movement on the 20th of January, Capt. Hendley, who was in command of the grazing detatchment on the Pecos, immediately took possession of Las Bagas, where the insurgents were beginning to concentrate their forces. He now ordered the different grazing parties to unite with him, and prepare for offensive and defensive warfare. In a short time he was joined by various detatchments, increasing his number to two hundred and twenty-five men.

Death of Captain Hendley.

Lieut. Hawkins, with twenty-five men was dispatched on the 22nd to escort a train of wagons into Las Bagas, the Mexicans having sent out a party to plunder them. He soon met Capt. Murphy, with a train of wagons, convoyed by a detatchment of Capt. Jackson's company, having in his possession about three hundred thousand dollars in specie. The convoy returned about one day's march to guard the provision train, while the specie train moved on escorted by Lieut. Hawkins.

Capt. Hendley, leaving the greater part of his force at Las Bagas, on the 22nd, with eighty men started for the Mora, where he had learned the Mexicans were embodied two hundred strong. He

arrived before the place on the 24th, "found a body of Mexicans under arms, prepared to defend the town, and while forming his men in a line for attack, a small party of insurgents were seen running from the hills. A detachment was ordered to cut them off, which was attacked by the main body of the enemy. A general engagement immediately ensued, the Mexicans retreating, and firing from the windows and loopholes of their houses. Capt. Hendley and his men closely pusued them, rushing into their houses with them, shooting some, and running others through with their bayonets. A large body of insurgents had taken possession of an old fort and commenced to fire from the loop holes upon the Americans. Capt. Hendley with a small party had taken possession of an apartment in the fort, and while preparing to fire, he was struck by a ball from an adjoining room, he fell and died in a few minutes. Our men having no artillery, and the fort being impregnable without it, retired to Las Bagas. The enemy had twenty-five killed, and seventeen taken prisoners. Our loss was one killed and three wounded.

Thus fell the brave Capt. Hendley, almost in the moment of victory; and while we lamented his loss, it was some consolation to know that he died like a soldier. His body was taken to Santa Fe, where he was buried with all the honors of war."

On the 1st day of February, the death of Hendley, as well as that of Messrs Waldo, Noyes, Culver and others, was avenged by Capt. Morin and his men, in the complete demolition of the village of Mora. The insurgents fled to the mountains. The dead bodies of the Americans who had been assassinated, were conveyed to Las Bagas for interment.

The battles of La Canada, Embudo, Pueblo de Taos, and Mora, in all of which the insurgents were vanquished with heavy loss, suppressed the insurec-

tion, and once more restored quiet, law and order throughout the territory. On the 6th of February, Montaya, one of the leaders of the conspiracy, who had styled himself the Santa Anna of the North, was court martialed and sentenced to be hung. He was executed on the 7th, in the presence of the army. Fourteen others, who were concerned in the murder of Governor Bent, were tried, convicted, and executed in a similar manner, in the neighborhood of Taos.

Leaving a detachment of infantry in the valley of Toas, under the command of Capt. Angeny, Col. Price returned to Santa Fe, where he continued to discharge the highest civil and military functions of the territory. At a subsequent period, however, Capt. Angeny was relieved by Lieutenant-colonel Willock's battalion of cavalry.

The leading instigators of the revolution having fallen in battle, being executed on a charge of treason, or escaped the punishment merited by their offences, by flight to the mountains, the country once more enjoyed a short repose. The insurgent armies were dispersed. The people returned from the hills and mountains, whither many of them had fled for refuge during the excitement, to their respective homes, and resumed their daily avocations. Peace and harmony once more reigned throughout the province.

Holding the Territory.

After the suppression of the rebellion in New Mexico, the troops were posted in almost every part of the city. A greater degree of vigilance was observed, and stricter discipline enforced. The conduct of the Mexicans was watched with the utmost scruinty. No house was permitted to retain arms, or other munitions of war, nor was any Mexican cavalier suffered, as hitherto had been the case, to ride with impunity about the country, and through American camps, displaying his weapons and warlike trappings, making estimates of the American forces, and keeping a strict espionage upon their movements. The American soldiers roused to indignation by the brutal massacres and frequent assassinations which had already blackened the annals of the campaign, and thrown a dark shade over the conquest of the country, scarcely spared the innocent and unoffending. However, no acts of violence were perpetrated.

The soldiers slept upon their arms. They never left their quarters, or rode out of the city, or visited the villages, or passed through the coun-

try, without their arms in their hands. They were always prepared, both night and day, for any sudden emergency that might arise; with such suspicion and animosity did the Americans and New Mexicans now regard each other. A suspicious quietude reigned throughout the territory, but it was only that the rebellion might break out afresh on the first favorable opportunity.

Battle of Red River Canyon.

On the 26th of May, 1847, Major Edmonson, with a detatchment of two hundred men, under Capts. Holly and Robinson, and Lieuts. Elliott and Hughes, was vigorously attacked by a large body of Mexicans, Apaches, Comanche, and Kiawa Indians combined, at the "Red river canyon," about one hundred and twenty miles from Santa Fe. The The enemy were supposed to number about five hundred. The action commenced about sunset, and continued until dark. The defile was narrow, and on either hand the spurs of the mountains were rugged and unaccessible to cavalry. The pass led through a morass or quagmire, so difficult of passage that the horses stuck fast in the mud. The cavalry could not act to any advantage. Major Edmondson therefore dismounted the men, and cautiously advanced upon the enemy, under the heavy fire. The enemy was repulsed; but gained fresh courage and renewed the attack with more vigor than ever. The Americans now slowly retired in good order a few hundred paces and occupied a more favorable position for defense. The retreat was covered by Lieut. Elliott, with the Laclede rangers. It was now dark. The next morning Maj. Edmondson led his forces through the canyon to renew the attack; but the enemy had retreated. In this engagement the Americans lost one man killed, and had several slightly injured. The Mexicans

and Indians suffered a loss of seventeen killed, and no doubt many more wounded.

On the 26th of June, the horses belonging to Captain Horine's company of mounted men, stationed under Major Edmondson, near Las Bagas, were stolen by the Mexicans, and driven into the neighboring mountains. On the 28th Lieut. Brown and privates McClanahan and Quinsenbury, together with one Mexican as a guide, were dispatched in pursuit of them. Not returning on the following day as they intended, their companions rightly conjectured that they had been murdered. On the5th of July a Mexican lady came into Las Bagas and stated that three Americans and one Mexican had recently been slain, and their dead bodies consumed to ashes.

Major Edmondson, immediately after receiving this information, posted out a strong picket guard, with instructions to permit no one to enter the camp, without being first brought before him. On the same day, private William Cox, of Capt. Hollaway's company, while out hunting in the mountains, discovered three suspicious looking Mexicans trying to shun him, whereupon he captured and brought them into camp. They were separately examined by Major Edmondson, but not being able to extort from them a satisfactory answer, one of them was hanged by the neck several times, and until he had almost expired. When let down the third time he stated, that three Americans and one Mexican had been recently murdered, and their dead bodies burned near Las Bagas. When this confession was extorted, Major Edmondson pluckily ordered the detatchment, which consisted of twenty-nine cavalry, thirty-three infantry, and one twelve pound mountain howitzer, to prepare for the march, expecting to

reach town before daylight the next morning.

Capture of La Bagas.

Major Edmondson ascertaining that he would not be able to reach Las Bagas as soon as he desired, hurried on with the cavalry, leaving orders for the infantry and artillery to follow in the rear with all possible haste. On reaching the place he divided his men into two parties, under the command of Capts. Hollaway and Horine. They were now ordered to charge at full speed on the right and left at the same moment, and gain possession of the town. The charge was gallantly made. The Mexicans commenced a precipitate retreat toward the mountains. A part of the Americans fired upon them, while others entered the town. In less than fifteen minutes ten Mexicans were slain, the fugitives were captured, and the town with fifty prisoners, taken. The Americans sustained no loss. In this engagement Capt. Jackson and Lieut. Oxley fought as privates. The dead body of Lieut. Brown, having the cross suspended from the neck, was not burned, but secreted among the rocks. Much reverence is paid to the cross by the most cruel men. The clothes, guns, sabres, holsters, pistols, bowie-knives and trinkets of these unfortunate men were discovered, secreted in various houses. Their ashes were also found. The greater part of the town was reduced to ashes, only a sufficient number of houses being left to shelter the women and children. Also the mills a few miles from Las Bagas, which belonged to the alcade, who was known to have participated in the murder of Lieut. Brown's party, were consumed.

The prisoners, by order of Col. Price, were conveyed to Santa Fe, where they were tried before a drum-head court-martial, and six of them senten-

ced to death. This sentence was, accordingly, carried into execution in Santa Fe, on the third of August, in the presence of the army.

On the 9th of July, a detatchment of thirty-one men, belonging to Captain Morin's company, stationed on the Cienega, eight miles from Taos, were furiously attacked, two hours before daylight, by two hundred Mexicans and Pueblo Indians combined. Five of our men were killed, and nine wounded. The remainder of the party retired under the banks of the Cienega, which position they gallantly held until Capt. Shepherd arrived with his company, and assisted them in vanquishing the enemy.

In the spring of 1847, the Indians, principally the Pawnees and Comanches, infested the Santa Fe road, committed repeated depredations on the government trains, fearlessly attacked the escorts, killed and drove off great numbers of horses, mules and oxen, belonging to the government, and in several instances, overpowered, and slew, or captured many of our people. They openly declared that they would cut off all communication between the Western States and New Mexico, and capture and enslave every American, who might venture to pass the plains.

In pursuance of these views, a large body of Indians, on the 22nd of June, attacked a returning government train near the grand Arkansas, drove off eighty yoke of oxen, and in the sight of the teamsters whose force was too weak to offer effectual resistance, wantonly and cruelly slaughtered them for amusement, and for the gratification of their savage propensities.

On the 26th, Lieut. Love's convoy, with 300,000 dollars in specie, encamped near the Arkansas. He was furiously assailed by a body of five hundred

savages, who had taken their position in the road, and lain in wait to surprise him at dawn. They succeeded in frightening the stock. One hundred and fifty yoke of oxen, in a stampede, wildly scampered off, and crossed the river, followed by the Indians, yelling and firing amongst the herd. Twenty of Lieut. Love's men pursued to recover the cattle, while the rest remained to protect the train. They charged the Indians about one mile, who retired; but this was a ruse to lead them into an ambuscade. At this moment more than one hundred Indians sallied forth from an ambush, intercepted their retreat, and fiercely attacked them. They were now completely surrounded by savages. The engagement became close and severe. At length the Americans charged through the enemy's ranks, and made good their retreat. The loss of Indians in this action was twenty-five killed, and perhaps double that number wounded. The Americans in killed and wounded lost eleven. The savages were mounted on horses, and armed with guns, pistols, lances, shields, and bows and arrows.

On the 27th of October, 1846, Capt. Mann's train of twenty-four government wagons was encamped, thirty miles below the crossing of the Arkansas. The next morning two of the best mules were missing. The captain and Yates started in search of them. They had not proceed far when they saw signs of Indians. They returned to camp—geared up—and started off, leaving Woodson and Stricklin a short distance in the rear, with one wagon.

At this crisis several hundred Indians came yelling furiously from the hills, and some attacked the train, while others surrounded the two men with the wagon. The trains were halted and the

wagons corraled. Woodson and Stricklin were rescued, but the wagon which contained the Captain's scrutoire and three year's outfit of clothing was taken rifled and burned. The American loss was one killed, and four wounded—loss of the Indians not ascertained.

The Indians now surrounded the corral;—night approaching, Capt. Mann and his men determined to gear up, take the wounded and decamp. Accordingly a white flag was hoisted, and the train moved off. In a short time they were overtaken by the savages, who told them they desired to be friendly. A halt was ordered and the wagons again corraled. About 10 o'clock at night, the Indians came rushing and yelling, like a legion of devils, and drove off two hundred and eighty mules, leaving only twelve behind. The party now decamped, left the trains, and traveled on foot thirty miles, carrying the wounded, where they overtook Capt. McIlvaine, who sent back for the wagons. Here they fortified, four miles below the Crossing and sent the wounded to Fort Bent.

About the first of July, 1847, a regiment of volunteer infantry, raised in Illinois, and commanded by Colonels Newby and Boyakin, were outfited at Fort Leavenworth, and dispatched across the plains to relieve the troops under Col. Price, at Santa Fe, whose term of service would soon expire. This is the 6th Illinois regiment.

Also between the 5th and 20th of August, a battalion of infantry, under command of Lieutenant-colonel Easton, and a full regiment of cavalry, commanded by Colonels Ralls and Jones, and Major Reynolds, all Missouri volunteers, departed from Fort Leavenworth, destined for Santa Fe. This is the 4th regiment, and the fourth separate battalion

of volunteers, Missouri had furnished for the war with Mexico.

About the 27th of September, the fifth separate battalion of Missouri volunteers, under Lieutenant-colonel Powell, left Fort Leavenworth for its destination on the Oregon route. This is demonstrated the Oregon battalion, and was employed in constructing a cordon of military posts from Western Missouri to the Oregon territory.

Between the 1st and 15th of August, Gen. Price, and the troops under his command, returned to Missouri, where they arrived about the 25th of September, having lost more than four hundred men in battle and disease. A garrison of five companies, three of volunteers and two of regulars, was left in Santa Fe, under Lieutenant-colonel Walker. Gen. Price was returned to Santa Fe. His force was now about three thousand men and proved ample to retain the victories already won.

A Graphic Oration.

The following extracts are from an able speech made by Hon. Thomas J. Mackey, of South Carolina, at a reunion of Mexican War Veterans, in Washington City, December 8th, 1883.

Mr. President and Comrades of the Mexican War:

By your favor, I have been assigned the delicate duty of reciting history in the presence of those who have acted history. In so doing, I shall violate the prudent counsel of a distinguished teacher of modern languages, who advised his scholars on graduating, always to speak their French among Germans and their German among Frenchmen.

The dust of more than a third of a century has gathered over the curtain that fell upon the last scene of that splendid drama in which you bore honorable parts on the stage of actual conflict. I can but lift that curtain for a brief moment, while we glance through the long vista of thirty-seven years upon the scenes which to us are still living memories, while others must glean them from the historic

page, or perchance, hear them recited at the household altar, where

"The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sits by his fire and talks the night away;
Weeps o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulders his crutch and shows how fields were won."

Seventy-nine thousand , rank and file, constituting that splendid army, charged with the duty in connection with our grand old historic navy of enforcing from Mexico indemnity for the past and security for the future. That demand, history attests, they translated into action.

It was not an easy task assigned that army and navy.

The republic of Mexico consisted of nineteen States, having an aggregate population of nearly nine millions. She had a standing army of seventy thousand, and had called into the field an additional force of nearly two hundred thousand. Her soldiers were well equipped and magnificently uniformed. We could say of her with literal truth, that her "cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold."

Her coast defences were provided with good armaments and well manned, and her principal seaport, Vera Cruz, was guarded by the castle of San Juan D,Ulloa, mounting four hundred guns, and one of the strongest fortresses in the world. No country on earth was better adapted by its topography for defensive warfare.

And it had a formidable ally in the deadly climate of its coast, where the tropical sun shining upon the ever decaying masses of rank vegetation, burns up the blood with fever, alternating with the icy norther that in an hour will often vary the temperature from summer's heat to winter's cold.

Three lines of operation against Mexico were now determined on:

1. General Taylor was to operate from Matamoros along the line of the Rio Grande.

2. A column under Gen. Kearney was to conquer the Mexican territories of New Mexico and California.

3. A column under Gen. Wool was to enter the northern States of Mexico and conquer Chihuahua.

Battle of Monterey.

In pursuance of this plan, Gen. Taylor advanced upon the Mexican army, then in position at Monterey, September 5th, 1846.

His army numbered 6,600, and was composed of 3,200 regular troops, of the 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, and 8th Infantry, four companies of the 2nd dragoons, five batteries of artillery—and 3,400 volunteers, consisting of the first regiments from Ohio, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee, two Texas regiments, commanded by Brigadier-general Henderson, including Jack Hay's famous rangers, and one battalion from Maryland and the District of Columbia.

The Mexican forces consisted of 7,000 regulars and 3,500 volunteers, with an ample supply of artillery, in strong works, covering every approach to the city. Their principal works were known as Forts Diabolo, Teneria, Saldado, Independence, the Bishop's Palace and the Citadel.

Our army attacked in three divisions, commanded by Gen'ls. Worth, Twiggs, and Butler, of Kentucky.

The enemy made a fierce and desperate resistance, raising the old Spanish war cry, of "War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt!" The firing

was incessant from barricades in the streets, and from the windows and roofs of the dwelling, as our soldiers entered the city after carying all the outer defences by assault. Our men had actually to dig their way through the walls of the houses in advancing. The attack began on September 20th, and ended on the 23rd, with the surrender of the enemy.

Battle of Buena Vista.

Early in the following December all of the regular infantry was withdrawn from General Taylor's army, and ordered to report to Major-general Winfield Scott, who had assumed command in person, of the fourth great column of invasion, whose object point was the capital of Mexico.

General Taylor's army was thus reduced to a force of only 4,500 men of all arms, composed altogether of volunters, except three batteries of the regular army, and two squadrons of the 2nd dragoons. Its numerical weakness invited attack, and General Santa Anna, the most renowned and skilfull of the Mexican commanders, accordingly moved his army against him. That army numbered, according to the official Mexican reports, 23, 400 men, two-thirds of whom were regular troops.

General Taylor selected a position admirably adapted for defence at the Rancho of Buena Vista. The position was marked by narrow defiles, deep ravines and rugged and high ridges that commanded the valley below.

An army dislodged from such a position by such a foe is lost, and well each American soldier knew it. The battle began at daylight, on February 23rd, 1847, by the attack of the enemy in force upon our left flank. That attack was handsomely repulsed by the fire of the 2nd Illinois infantry, and the Kentucky cavalry, with Bragg's and Sherman's

splendidly served batteries, a battalion of the 2nd and 3rd, Indiana riflemen, and company of dismounted Arkansas cavalry.

About 9 o'clock in the morning, another heavy column of Mexicans moved along the road against the center of our position. This force was checked by the well directed fire of Washington's battery, and diverged to our left where the enemy was concentrating for a decisive attack. The extreme left of our line was posted on a high and broad plateau, and was composed of the 2nd Indiana and 2nd Illinois infantry. The tremendous impact of that attack compelled those regiments to retire after sustaining for some time a terrible cross fire of artillery and a heavy fire on their front by a greatly superior force of infantry. At that crisis of the battle the first Mississippi Rifles, commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis, doubtless saved the day by rapidity and accuracy of their fire, delivered against the advancing cavalry of the enemy then exulting in the prospects of speedy victory. Most gallantly did he uphold the starry ensign of the Union, and for that, though his fortunes have foundered since, in grateful memory, for the flag's sake, we respectfully salute him now. The Mississippi Rifles were soon gallantly supported by the 3rd Indiana, 1st, Illinois, and 2nd Kentucky regiments, with a section of Bragg's famous battery, and the ground lost on our left flank was in great part recovered. At the base of the mountains the right flank of the enemy was held in check by the regular dragoons, and the Indiana and Arkansas troops, and the destructive fire of our artillery, shattering that it might reach, and reaching that it might shatter the dense line of the enemy, of whose magnificent cavalry it may be said:

"The sheen of the spears was like the stars on the sea,

When the blue waves rolled nightly on deep Gallilee."

At that moment, when his attacking force had received such a disastrous check, Gen. Santa Anna with characteristic cunning sent in a flag of truce, and our fire was suspended. This expedient cannot be too much commended in the practice of the art of war, although all writers upon grand strategy have overlooked it in works upon military science. Whenever your attacking columns are about to be repulsed and shattered, hurry up a flag of truce and demand the surrender of your exultant enemy; and then, before he can recover from his astonishment at your sublime impudence, reform your broken columns, and retire with dignity under the shelter of the peaceful symbol. Santa Anna's demand for the surrender of Gen. Taylor's army was promptly declined by "Old Rough and Ready," without thanks The battle was soon after renewed by the enemy who brought all his forces into action. After a tremendous struggle they were again disastrously repulsed. The battle of the twelve terrible hours had ended, and "our flag was still there!" Santa Anna retired rapidly with his army into the interior, only taking time to send off a bulletin to the capital, announcing that he had just won a "glorious victory" over the "Barbarians of the North, at Buena Vista."

This victory ended in a blaze of glory the battle record of the army of occupation under General Taylor.

Conquest of California.

In the mean time the army of the West, 2,500 strong, under the command of General Stephen

W. Kearney, had been reaping a rich harvest of laurels, winning victory after victory against vast odds, and almost unsurmountable natural obstacles.

By a rapid march from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe, a distance of 900 miles, in 35 days, New Mexico was taken possession of without firing a shot. Dividing his forces at Santa Fe, Gen. Kearney, with 150 dragoons, marched to California, defeated the enemy in a warm engagement at San Pasqual and formed a junction with the California rifle battalion, and marines and sailors, from the squadron of the navy, under the command of Commodore Stockton, who had just succeeded the gallant commander Sloat, who had previously taken the California port of Monterey.

Prior to the arrival of Gen. Kearney, however, that gallant soldier and untiring explorer, John C. Fremont, had hoisted the American Standard in California. He was there under orders to ascertain a new route to Oregon, further south than that usually traveled by emigrants. Upon learning in May, 1846, that the Mexican government had ordered all American settlers from that province, and had raised a force to expell them, he recruited a body of 400 men, and defeated the Mexicans in several engagements in the valley of the Sacramento before he had even heard that war existed between the United States and Mexico, and under his leadership the Americans in California, united with many of the natives, had declared their independence of Mexico on the 5th day of July, 1846. This is an excellent example. All Americans who contemplate settling in Spanish-American countries, should carry copies of our Declaration of Independence with them. "No family should be without it."

Battle of Vera Cruz.

Changing the scene, on the 9th of March, 1847, the army of Mexico, under the command of General Winfield Scott, that most regal of American soldiers, never to be named by us, comrades, but with uplifted hats, began its victorious movement for the "Halls of the Montezumas." General Scott on that day, effected the landing of his army at Sacrificios, an island seven miles west of Vera Cruz. The landing was made in sixty-seven surf boats, each holding seventy-five men, under cover of the guns of our fleet, commanded by Commodore Conner, with those brilliant naval officers, Commodores Perry and Tatnall, in command of squadrons of his fleet. Scott's army, upon landing, numbered 13,000, rank and file. He established his lines on the north and east front of Vera Cruz on the same day. He planted five siege batteries, built of sand bags, within a thousand yards of the walls of the city. One of the batteries was mounted with 8-inch ship guns, and manned by sailors from the fleet. A demand for the surrender of the city having been made and refused, our guns opened fire on March 22nd, and for three days and nights rained the red hot ruin of avenging war upon it. On the morning of the 25th, General Landero, commanding the Mexican garrison of the city, and the castle of San Juan d' Ulloa, sent in a flag of truce with overtures of surrender.

He at first proposed to surrender the city alone. General Scott refused this, demanding the castle also. This demand was finally acceded to, and the surrender of the Mexican army at Vera Cruz, 8,000 strong, was formally made on March 29th, 1847, when we entered in triumph the beautiful city of the "True Cross."

War Ended by a Treaty of Peace.

The Mexican war was ended by a treaty of peace, concluded at the hacienda of Guadulupe Hildalgo, on February 2nd, 1848. Peace was proclaimed by President Polk, July 4th, 1848.

It was no holiday war. It was replete with toilsome and weary marches, with blistering and bleeding feet, through hot sand under a tropical sun, and over jagged rocks and snowy mountain ranges, where horses and riders perished with cold.

It had its many dark days, when the soldier was faint with hunger and his tongue parched with thirst. It was full of nameless tragedies, both on bloody fields, in front of many a battery's smoking guns, and in the deeper gloom of the fever stricken hospitals, where the living, in their anguish, envied the deep repose of the dead.

I will not attempt to describe the grand scenery of Mexico, its wonderful climate, or the endless variety of its agricultural products. As early as 1804, the great Humboldt wrote of it: "All the climates and all the products can be found here."

Least of all will I attempt, in such an assemblage of battle-scarred veterans, to describe the fair women of Mexico. With them we had no battles, but yet must confess that we had with them many warm engagements in which we were always compelled to surrender to their arms.

But these things belong to the dear, dead summers of the heart. They come back like bright phantoms, robed in airy drapery, to visit the silent halls of memory, where once again the veteran of 1846 beholds, with ardent gaze, the joyous "fandango" of Mexico.

"Where the glance of her virgins were ever archly deep,

And their dark eyes ever full of passion and of sleep."

In that memorable war, comrades, which lasted two and a-half years, we fought seventy battles and engagements without the final loss of a single gun or American ensign.

Engaged always against heavy odds, we bore the honor of this great republic triumphantly on the points of our ever advancing swords and bayonets, on fields—

"Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot-sown, and bladed thick with steel!"

Blended with this honorable reflection we proudly recall the fact that we marched nearly four thousand miles through the country of an enemy, alien to us in race, language and religion, and performed no act to wound the modesty of woman or sully the sanctity of her person. The blaze of no defenceless homestead lighted up our line of march, and no vesper bell ceased to sound because of our coming.

We were always merciful in the hour of victory, and while we vindicated the prowess of our country, we illustrated its civilization.

Thus should it always have been, and thus may it ever be with the American soldier!

What have been the material results of that victorious war?

By our arms, our country won the vast territories of California, Utah, Nevada, Colorado and New Mexico, and made it easy to acquire Arizona for a merely nominal sum. We thereby added one million square miles, or 840,000,000 of acres to the United States, nearly doubling its area. According to authoritative statistics there has been

taken from the mines and rivers of the territories thus acquired, since 1848, gold and silver of the value of $3,000,000,000. Averaging the soldier at 140 pounds, this amount is sufficient to award to every soldier, actually engaged in the battles of Mexico, were even all now living, his weight in pure gold. Of the 85,000 men who participated in those battles, less than 6,000 survive. This fact is attested by a most careful census of the survivers. Yet we are told, in the discussion of the bill so long pending, to pension the veterans of the Mexican war, that "too many are still living" to warrant the granting the pensions to aid in maintaining them in their declining years. This is the base economy of ingratitude. Such an objector could only be satisfied by a proviso in the bill, that it should not take effect during the lifetime of any veteran, and the amount appropriated should be converted into the treasury of the United States, upon the death of the last survivor. May the feeblest of you comrades survive the Congressman who makes this objection, and live many years after he has beheld the slow but certainty of justice of his country fully vindicated against the fat-ribbed advocate of lean appropriations for disabled veterans of the nation's wars.

A Blessing to the Nation.

A writer in the "Vedette," in speaking of the Mexican war, reviews its causes and then adds:

The patriotic spirit of the people of our country was aroused to a degree that had never before been seen since the Revolution of 1776. But the old Tory element in our midst soon organized an opposition party and wagged their venomous tongues with fanatical vigor against appropriating money or supplies for the men who had left their farms and workshops to vindicate the honor of our

country and its flag. A leader of this faction in the Senate of the United States, in arguing against an appropriation uttered an expression that shocked the senses of all true men. He said: "If I were a Mexican as I am an American, I would welcome the invaders of my country with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

With such enemies in the rear, and a ferocious foe before them, the young men who had rallied around the flag of the Union, uneducated in the art of war, but filled with patriotic ardor and a high sense of duty, being separated from their homes, their wives and sweethearts, and braving pestilence in a malarial climate, suffering privations that would be regarded as incredible if related in detail, in their desperation trampled and routed every army they encountered, never yielding to the enemy, but always driving them from their positions by bayonet or sabre, until they finaly conquered a peace, with "indemnity for the past and security for the future."

A fraction of more than two years of active warfare placed the United States of America on an equality with the greatest commercial nations of the earth. In military renown her soldiers were recognized as invincible. In the acquisition of the territory, utterly useless to Mexico, we commanded the great highway to the Pacific Oceon and the Oriental market, for the older and more populous States of the Union.

The success of the military operations in Mexico excited the patriotism of the whole people in all sections of the Union. Military companies in civil life were organized in all the cities and towns of the Union, to such an extent that within a dozen years from the close of that war, the States of the North and South were able to place over 3,000,000 of men in the field with a practical knowledge of warfare derived from experience in Mexico, producing

heroes innumerable. The increased circulation of gold and silver taken from the mines of California and Nevada developed the resourses of the country to a marvelous extent. "Enterprises of great pith and moment" were projected every day. Clipper ships and magnificant steamers gave an impetus to commerce and civilization that surpasses any era in the history of the world. The railroads accross the continent were a direct result of the war with Mexico. The twenty-nine States, sparsely settled, when the Mexican war broke out, have been increased to fourty-four, with four more ready for admission, and the population has swollen to a fabulous figure, being more than seventy millions today.

Not an acre of the million square miles achieved was made "slave territory," and the charge so often made that the war was prosecuted "in the interest of slavery and slave holders" is without the shadow of truth. In point of fact, the acquisition of this vast territory destroyed the political power of the slave States, by the admission of free States exclusively, and the final abolition of slavery was an incident directly traceable to that historical conflict.

Lincoln's Endorsement.

A senator from one the states acquired by the soldiers of Mexico stated in a speech one day, that when he arrived here in 1864—'65 and called on President Lincoln, the great man took the Senator by both hands and said: "I am glad to see you. You come from a country which has given us the means to preserve this Union. If it had not been for the gold and silver we got from California, Nevada, and the other Pacific States and Territories, we could not have maintained our national credit, and

all would have been lost. I feel grateful to the pioneers of that country."

Who were the pioneers of that country? Were they not the volunteers who braved the storm of battle and forced the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, whereby the title of the United State was confirmed?

The Battle of Palo Alto.

(Air—"The Mariner Hymn.")

A wild huzza—a daring charge,
On Palo Alto's plain,
Is answered by shrill trumpet notes,
And echo'd back again—
Is echo'd back again by foes
Who dare us to the strife,
Where thousands guard the chapparal,
And offer life for life.

Old "Rough and Ready" cheers his men,
And bids them follow him
Into the thickest of the fight,
At risk of life and limb—
"At risk of life and limb," he cries,
"Come follow, follow all,
Where glory crowns the living man,
And weaves the martyr's pall."
"We'll take yon frowning battery,"
Loud shouts the gallant May,
While Ringgold points his polished guns,
The foremost in the fray,
The foremost in the fray was he,
The valiant and the brave—
And nobly lost his valued life
To win an honor'd grave.

The day of strife and blood is o'er—
The foe has fled afar—
The weary soldier rests in peace,
But dreams of bloody war—
He dreams of bloody war and frowns,
'Til angel faces come
To whisper mercy in his ear
And bid him dream of Home.

What Did the Privates Do?

Our dailies teem with daring deeds,
And books are filled with fame,
Brass bands will play and cannons roar
In honor of the name
Of men who held commissions, and
Were honest, brave and true;
But still the question comes to me,
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to guard the camp
When the foes were hovering 'round?
Who dug the graves of comrades dear?
Who laid them in the ground?
Who sent the dying message home
To those he never knew?
If the officers did all this,
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to fill the place
Of comrades slain in strife?
Who were the men to risk their own
To save a comrade's life?
Who was it lived on salted pork
And bread too hard to chew?
If the officers did this alone,
What did the privates do?

Who laid in pits on rainy nights
All eager for the fray?
Who marched beneath a scorching sun
Through many a toilsome day?
Who paid the sutler double price,
And scanty rations drew?
If officers get all the praise,
Then, what did the privates do?

All honor to the brave old boys
Who rallied at the call—
Without regard to name or rank,
We honor one and all.
They're passing over, one by one,
And soon they'll all be gone
To where the books will surely show
Just what the boys have done.

—Selected.

The Lesson of a Fandango.

"A narrow escape," said the adjutant, an old campaigner, who was seated on a log during one of the reunions of the glorious old Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry during the late war, to one of his brother officers, who was recounting a thrilling adventure in which he narrowly escaped with his life from the enemy, "and reminds me of an incident that befell myself during the Mexican war, and which, but for 'Providence,' I might not now have the honor of serving my country as your 'adjutant.' God only knows what would have become of you if such an event had occured at this interesting period of my life; but as I see a look of incredulity flit across the younger portion of this otherwise respectable assemblage I will proceed to my story.

"When the war broke out in Mexico I was a student in a Southern college, and not yet sixteen,

and the Southern heart was fired to such an extent that studies were out of the question and breaches of discipline the rule, and which resulted in the scaling of the college walls and the embarkation for our homes by twenty-four youths to fame and fortune quite unknown.

"Deemed too young by my friends to enlist a place was obtained for me as a clerk in a sutler's store. One evening while strolling about through the city I met with a friend who requested me to accompany him to a 'fandango,'or dance house, which was situate beyond the barricade, outside the city, and which was kept by an old woman, whom the soldiers nicknamed 'Mother Broadhorn' because of her immense size and weight.

"This house was famous for games of chance (such as 'monte,' faro, etc.), as well as the terpsichorean art, and to those who were willing to run the gauntlet a considerable fun could be procured at little or no expense; but the Mexicans at that time were so treachorous and blood thirsty that it was dangerous for an American or soldier to venture out after dark, and so I protested against my friend's invitation, as my arms were at the store and it was not safe to go without them, but he promised me faithfully to see me home at any time I might desire; so, yielding to his solicitations, I consented, and we were soon admitted to 'Mother Broadhorn's abode, where my friend was soon immersed in the fascinating game of chance. After strolling about and watching the dancers, I returned to the room where my friend was playing I was induced to take a hand also, when I won $100 in gold pieces, and as I arose from the table I beheld two villainous-looking Mexicans watching me. A feeling of uneasiness came over me, and I hastened to my friend and begged him to accompany me home, telling him that it was late and I was unarmed, but he would not leave, so

I concluded to run the risk alone, and as I opened the outer door the faces of the two Mexicans flashed upon me, and I was conscious that I was being watched, and hurried out into the darkness. But I had not gone far ere I found I was followed, and hastened my footsteps, but saw that the Mexicans were gaining on me, when I begun to count the distance between the barrier. One, two, three, four, five, six, the barriers gained and I should be saved, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, which drew from me one long, sharp cry of pain, and I was thrown to the ground while the two Mexicans were astride of my body, and in their uplifted hands a gleaming knife. With a cry of murder! help.! and a hasty 'God help me!' I closed my eyes and could in imagination feel the murderous knife, when a shot was fired and the Mexicans relaxed their hold, while their brains bespattered my face, and a cheery voice was heard, saying, 'Well! stranger; are you done for?' and who proved to be two Kentucky cavalry men who were on their way to the barrier and who had arrived on the scene just in time to hear my cry and with the above result. Rising to my feet and assuring myself that I was not hurt, I thanked my kind preservers, who saw me safely home. In conclusion, gentlemen, I will say that this was my first and last game of chance, and that before the war ended I was enrolled in my country's service for the term of the war."

NATHAN H. ROBBINS,
Adjutant Eleventh Pa. Vol. Cavalry.

Taking of the Belen Gate.

September, 13, 1847.

(The Tacubaya causeway, three-quarters of a mile in length, was the direct road from Chapultepec

to the City of Mexico. It was fringed with trees and on each side were marshy grounds and deep ditches. Along the center of the causeway ran an aqueduct raised on massive stone arches, conveying water from the hill of Chapultepec. The Garita Belen was an immense gate, defended on one side by a parapet and ditches, and on the other by a zig-zag redan. It was also commanded by guns from the Paseo, the Citadel, and a battery at the entrance of a street. On the causeway, to the left, was posted a battery of four guns, and beyond this, on the right, was the fortified village of Romita. All these works swarmed with troops. General Quitman, who was posted here on the 13th of September, 1847, had received discretionary orders to advance upon the city by this route after the taking of Chapultepec, and it was known that there would be hot work where he commanded. The order was passed, "Quitman's division to the city!" and down the slope of hill, out of the smoke and dust of Chapultepec, his troops poured on. Their advance was fiercely resisted. The trees on each side were shivered with balls; huge pieces of stone broken from the angles of masonry were dashed down upon the advancing columns. The arches of the acqueduct afforded the only shelter from the fiery hail. By keeping under cover of these arches, and springing from one to the other, the assailants, aided by Drum's howitzers, succeeded in silencing the intermediate battery, over which poured the column, headed by Smith's Rifles and the Palmetto Regiment. Now all the batteries opened fire at once, sweeping down whole ranks, while a sharp flank fire from Romita proclaims that the storm has shifted, and is bursting forth from a new direction. The assailing column sorely thinned, wavers. The crisis of the day is approaching, when the rumbling of Drum's artillery is heard. A few discharges sends



The above is a photograph of the old Spanish flag captured at the National Palace, Mexico, at the time of General Scott's occupation in 1847. It is said to be the flag carried by Cortez in his invasion of Mexico in 1519. The gentleman above on the left, is James C. Carleton, President of Mexican War Veterans' Association, the other gentleman being C. F. Sargent, Vice President.

the Mexicans flying from their guns, and the Americans stand before the Belen Gate. With a shout and a mighty rush the line dashes on. The different commands are mixed together in inextricable confusion. The foremost rank leaps the ditch, followed by their General. One final volley is given; the glim of steel shines through the smoke; then a short, sharp, hand-to-hand struggle; and the next moment a figure rises through the dense cloud. It is Quitman waving a handerkerchief as a signal that the Belen Gate is won.)

It is an aged soldier,
All seamed with ghastly scars—
A wreck cast upon the beach of peace
From the foaming surge of wars.
He is resting, in the noontide,
Beneath a beechen tree,
And the village school-boys gather 'round
Or clamber on his knee;
For they love the good old soldier
With his tales of long ago,
Of the battles won and the high deeds done
On the plains of Mexico.

"They tell me, boys, the moments
With doubts and fears are rife,
And patriot virtues cannot thrive
In the air of civil strife.
But it matters not; when danger
Assails our native land,
Mark then how quickly faction flies,
And brave souls take their stand.
A freeman's hardy courage
Needs but a foreign foe;
And so we proved before the world
In the war with Mexico.

They were martyrs, those who perished
For their country's trust and fame;
And glorious in the after years
Shall be each sainted name.
They were strong to toil and suffer,
They were strong to dare and bleed,
They were hearts sent forth from the hand of God,
To meet the time of need!"

The eldest of the children
Is a noble, fair-haided boy
And he drinks the word with willing ear
And a kindly smile of joy;
And his little eyes are widened,
As at a trumpet's call:
Now tell us of the hottest fight,
And the bravest deed of all."

"Ah!" cried the old man grimly,
"We had enough to do;
For ne'er unstained with native gore
The starry banner flew;
But we owed the most to valor,
And the least to favoring fate,
At the taking of the Belen Pass,
And the storming of the Gate

"We had gone through fire and labor
For many a night and day.
From Palto Alto's mournful field
To the heights of Monterey.
We paused at Buena Vista,
Contreras felt our blow,
And at last we saw the distant spires
Of the vale of Mexico.

"Chapultepec is taken!
Upon her ruined walls
A hugh and smoky canopy,
Like a shroud of honor falls.
The bee-like swarms that clustered,
For life and home to strive,
Are routed from their broken halls.
The guns that woke the morning
Are dumb beneath our tread,
As on we march, in serried files,
Though a desert of the dead.

"All faintly in the distance
Are heard the foe's alarms;
And hot and grimed with blood and dust,
We are resting on our arms.
On every war-worn visage,
Stern grief with triumph blends:
For each has sought among the ranks
And missed his kin or friends.
The voices that were dearest,
We shall ne'er hear them more;
Our butchered comrades lie behind,
And Vengeance stalks before.

"Well may we halt our column,
On the steep so deadly won;
Much has been dared, and much is gained,
But more must yet be done.
Well may we halt our column,
To catch a moment's breath;
For the road in front is leading o'er
To the very jaws of Death.

"It is a narrow causeway
Accross the dark morass,
With heavy arches frowning down
Upon the fearful pass;

And at the giant portal
The City takes her stand,
Hurling defiance back upon
The invaders of the land.

"Like a grim and surly watch-dog
Stares forth each deep-mouthed gun;
And plumes and helms, and burnished steel
Are gleaming in the sun.
We have chased the wounded tigress
To the entrance of her lair;
And, mad to battle for her young,
She turns upon us there.

"And loudly rings the war-cry,
And wide the flags are cast,
And Mexico will make this hour
Her proudest, or her last;
For all of savage valor,
And all of burning hate,
That have outlived the shocks of war,
Are at the Belen Gate.

"He comes, our mighty leader,
Along the wasted van;
There is no heart in all the ranks
That does not love that man!
He passes 'mid the columns;
And it is a glorious sight
To see him form them for the fray,
But his brow is dark as night
He is thinking of his brave ones
Who sleep the eternal sleep,
Among the slaughtered enemy,
On yonder bloody steep.
He is thinking of the succors,
That should have come ere now;
Such thoughts may dim the brightest eye,

And cloud the fairest brow.
But he gazes o'er the causeway,
And he hears the foeman's cry;
And the old stern look is on his face,
And the fire is in his eye.

"Forward!" and at the signal,
Beneath the General's glance,
With dauntless mien and measured tread
The lengthened lines advance.

"There comes a blaze of lightening
From gate, and wall, and spire,
As though the city had put on
A girdle all of fire!
There comes a burst of thunder,
As though the teeming earth
Were laboring with volcanic throes,
O'er some sulphurous birth!
There comes a pattering shower
Of iron down the pass,
'Neath which the solid masonry
Is chipped like broken glass!
It was as though the Demons
Had risen against our plan,
And brought the guns of hell to bear
Upon the march of men!

"But where's the invading army,
That stood so proudly there?
Has it all so soon been swept away?
Has it melted in to air?
No: far beneath the arches,
At the signal of command,
Protected by the friendly stones,
Behold each little band.
But onward, ever onward!
No time to pause or doubt!

The glancing shot that skip within
Bespeaks the storm without.
We are near upon our foemen,
We can count their fierce array,
The bayonet now must do its part,
And end the fearful fray.

"Charge!" and we break from cover,
With the panther's spring and yell!
Cannon and musket from the gate
Peal back the challenge well.
And now a bullet strikes me,
And I stagger to my knee;
While past me rush, in headlong race,
The champions of the free.
I rise and totter forward,
Although with failing breath;
For who would follow such a chase
So far and midst the death?
The smoke has covered all things
In its darkest battle-shroud,
Save when your living line of fire
Lights up the murky cloud;
And there our gallant fellows
Are raging in the strife,
Before that stern and dangerous Gate,
Whose toll is human life!
They are chafing like the billows
Upon a midnight shore,
With a tempest driving on behind,
And a wall of rock before!

"I see our gallant chieftain
In the hottest of the fire;
I see our soldiers gather near,
Like children 'round their sire;
I see him at the portal,
Still calling on his men:

And now the hot blood from my wound
Has blinded me again.

"I hear our fellows cheering,
As though to rend the skies;
And hastily I wipe away
The blood-gouts from my eyes.
And I, too, stand uncovered,
And shout with joy elate;
For the Stars and Stripes are waving high
Above the Belgen Gate!"

—Harpers' Magazine, 1857.

Battle of the Alamo.

We publish the following sketch in connection with the song which we find in the United Service Magazine:

The famous struggle for the Alamo (cotton-wood) of San Antonio is not forgotten by the American, especially the Texan-American. And are its heroes remembered also?

Colonel Bowie's death was as heroic as his life had been lawless and daring. When the war of Texan independence broke out he joined the patriots and became one of their ablest leaders. Retreating with one hundred and eighty men before an overwhelming force of Mexicans, commanded by General Santa Anna, he made his way to San Antonio de Bexar and took up a position behind the walls of the Alamo, a fort of considerable strength and which commanded the city. The Mexicans, five thousand strong, laid siege to the place, constructed batteries and began to play away against the fort, while masses of infantry rushed forward to scale the wall. Many a daring feat was performed by Bowie and his men, who, surrounded on all sides, neither thought of capitulating nor asking quarter in any extremity.

Such was the extent of the fort that it required the incessant vigilance of all the besieged at the different points of attack. There was no time for sleeping. The night was dark, and the exhausted patriots sought to obtain a few hours' sleep. "The Mexicans are upon the wall!" were the startling words which made every Texan spring to his feet and grasp his rifle. The enemy, taking advantage of the darkness, had crept up to the fort unperceived by the drowsy sentinel, and were in possession of the wall. The struggle was desperate. The patriots had no choice between death and victory. Hundreds of the enemy were either pitched from the wall or put to death by the bowie knife or bayonet. At last the Mexicans rushed forward, and surrounding the patriots on all sides, cut them to pieces. Not a man escaped.

On the night of the attack, Colonel Bowie was confined to his room by sickness. When the Mexicans broke over the wall, some of them rushed to his apartment. He was up in time to take his stand at the door, and with his terrible knife he for some time kept the enemy at bay. When his mighty arm grew tired with the work of death, he fell upon the heaps of the slain which he had piled up around him, and was instantly hacked and stabbed to death.

Colonel Bowie's second in command at the massacre of the Alamo was Colonel David Crockett, many of whose quaint sayings are household words in this country. As a hunter and backwoodsman he had no equal. He served one term in Congress, and was a candidate for re-election, but was defeated. He then emigrated to Texas and joined the patriot army. He escaped from the massacre of Colonel Fannin's command, and reported to Colonel Bowie for orders. He was with the little army during the retreat to San Antonio, and with it entered the Alamo, which became the grave of the entire

command. The only persons in the fort who escaped were a servant woman and her child, which was afterward adopted by the Republic of Texas and educated at the public cost. That Crockett fell when the Mexicans rushed over the wall is all that is known; by whom or how, no one was left to tell. But the imagination can well picture him hurling whole squadrons from the wall, or heaping up pyramids of the slain where the struggle was most desperate.

Another noted duelist, Colonel Travis, who was admitted to be the best pistol shot in the United States, also fell at the massacre of the Alamo, but how he met his fate is unknown. His body was found under a heap of Mexican dead, showing that he had fought with desperate courage until overpowered by numbers. Next day the bodies of the fallen patriots were collected and reduced to ashes.

This wholesale butchery sent a thrill of horror throughout Texas. General Sam Huston issued a stirring call for volunteers. He took the field at the head of a small but gallant army. Santa Anna, with a greatly superior force, marched against the patriots. Huston retreated to San Jacinto, where he determined to make a stand. The two armies met, and victory declared for the Texans. Santa Anna was taken prisoner. This battle ended the war and secured the independence of Texas.

The night was starlit, but the clouds
 At sunset swept across the sky
In fleecy folds, like snowy shrouds
 Ready for men who soon must die.

We held the heights at Alamo,
 A little, warlike, Texan band;
The lights of San Antonio
 Around us lay upon the land.

The army of the Mexican
Was in the field not far away—
Where Rio Grande's waters ran—
And might attack us any day.

They stole upon us, scores to one,
Their Spanish faces grim and swart,
As sent the sentry's signal gun
A bullet through a hostile heart.

The Texans flew at once to arms,
Our souls afire to stem the foe;
While on the walls they swung in swarms,
Each shot a sign for blood to flow.

Brave Bowie from his sick-cot sprang;
"Steady, boys! steady!" were his words;
The rattle of our Springfields rang,
As flashed our newly crimsoned swords.

Bold Crockett kept them well aloof,
In terror of his good right hand
That flung them from the gory roof,
While we the bristling turrets manned.

The gallant Travis drove them back
Or broke their ranks as on they fought,
To drum-roll of the musket's crack
And outcries of the deadly sport.

And Santa Anna at their front
Swore many a soldier-oath that night,
To see our heroes breast the brunt
And make his men the red dust bite.

Of all the patriots, not a lad
Who bled at San Antonio town

Gave up the battle, till he had
Got many a wound to bring him down.

But Bowie, Crockett, Travis, fell
Where ball and bayonet laid them low;
And not a Texan lived to tell
The tragic fate of Alamo.

The night was starless, for the clouds
At midnight draped the mournful sky,
And warriors slept without their shrouds,
In the death that brave men love to die.

David Graham Adee.

Reminiscences by Indianian.

Portland, Ore., July 14, 1884.

The letter of Comrade Rufus Sumerlin in May brings to mind old reminiscences of that long-ago perilous time when I was a boy soldier in the invading army of Mexico. I belonged to Company E, Fourth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, General Joe Lane's brigade. Willis A. Gorman was colonel of the regiment, John W. Crooks was captain of the company, C. C. Graham first and John F. Britton second lieutenants. We were performing a forced march from Vera Cruz to reinforce our army at the City of Mexico.

Let me take up the train of thought suggested by Mr. Sumerlin in his article of March 30. I see the scene now as I did on that memorable morning alluded to by your correspondent: As we passed over the hill some miles distant from the city, Puebla lay bathed in the bright sunlight (for it was yet before noon), the tall spires of the churches here and there shooting toward the sky, and the smoke from occasional volleys of musketry and from the thundering boom of the enemy's cannon seemed, from our position, to float lazily around the church

steeples for a while and then to drag itself into long cirrostrata forms toward Popocatepetl, and gradually to disappear in the distance. The landscape was lovely, a perfect picture, rolling hills and intervening valleys, beautified by haciendas, with orange and lime trees here and there, and fields of waving corn just on the verge of ripening, while beyond the great peaks of the Cordilleras arose so high above the surrounding country that the summits were covered with perpetual snow. Upon the right hand of the city, on the opposite bank of that beautiful stream whose waters sparkle like glass as they ripple along from regions of snow to tropical vales, standing upon an eminence commanding the beautiful city, was the fort (I forget the name) in which the gallant Colonel Childs with his brave men had been shut up for twenty odd days by General Santa Anna, with all communications with the city shut off, and who were at the time living upon mule meat (and very poor, thin mules at that). Amid the smoke that arose from the cannon and musketry in the fort, which, however, was but occasional, could be distingugished the tattered and riddled flag of our country, which had bidden defiance to the enemy for more than twenty long and weary days, still proudly waving in the morning sun. And as our column filed over the distant brow of the hill, first Captain Lewis' dragoons, then our four pieces of artillery, then the Fourth Regiment of Indianians, then a small detachment of regular infantry, then a Pennsylvania regiment, then the Fourth Ohio, I was told afterward by a soldier in the fort that a salute was fired by the garrison and that it was with much difficulty that the men could be restrained from rushing out through the gates to meet us. And when we passed near them, before entering the city, though keeping up a continuous fire and driving the enemy before us, we took time

to return the cheers of greeting from the brave men in the fort. And in less than two hours from the time our cannon opened fire, and Captain Lewis made his first grand dash into the ranks of the enemy, he was flying before us like the wind, and our greatest danger then was from occasional shots from windows or from roofs of houses. I remember vividly the picture General Lane made as he rode by our regiment on the brow of the hill when we came in view of the city. Our regiment was his pride and was from his own State, and he was personally acquainted with nearly every man. He called us: "My boys, my boys!" said he, "remember your wives and sweethearts at home; there's the enemy ten to one (pointing toward the city), with us it is death or victory." He rode on and on soldier who heard him faltered, each felt that there was no quarter to be given, none asked for, and with a wild yell we charged.

More anon. Oliver Perry Mason.

Remember the Alamo.

The following was the war song of the Texas Rangers, during the war with Mexico, and by which they could always work their grit up to a fighting heat by singing it:

(Air: "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.")

When on the widespread battle plain,
The horseman's hand can scarce restrain
His pampered steed that spurns the rein,
Remember the Alamo!

When sounds the thrilling bugle-blast,
And "Charge!" from rank to rank is passed;

Then, as your sabre-strokes fall fast,
Remember the Alamo!

Heed not the Spanish battle-yell;
Let ev'ry stroke ye give them tell,
And let them fall as Crockett fell—
Remember the Alamo!

For ev'ry round and ev'ry thrust
On pris'ners dealt by hands accurst,
A Mexican shall bite the dust—
Remember the Alamo!

The cannon's peal shall ring their knell,
Each volley sound a passing bell,
Each cheer Columbia's vengeance tell—
Remember the Alamo!

For it, disdaining flight, we stand,
And by the issue hand in hand,
Woe to each Mexican brigand—
Remember the Alamo!

"Then "Boot and saddle!" draw the sword!
Unfurl your banners bright and broad!
And as you smite the murderous horde—
Remember the Alamo!

Abolition of Slavery.

A writer to the Vedette, in the January number of 1880, claims that the war with Mexico was the primal cause of the abolition of African slavery in the United States. In the article a representative of Vermont is justly censured for his opposition to the pension bill giving the Mexican war veterans a pension. Among other things the writer said:

Let us ask these sapient statesmen right here: What did the Southern States gain by the acquisition of the vast territory to the west of the Rocky Mountains that did not add vastly more to the wealth and political power of the North? When the Mexican war began, Texas was already a State in the Union. Hence every foot of the 960,000 square miles, 614,400,000 acres of land, nearly enough to give to every man, woman and child in the country a farm), was and still remains free territory, and we have since had six or eight Republican party senators, representing (or pretending to represent) States carved out of that very territory, and voting with the howling dervishes of Vermont against granting a pitiful stipend of eight dollars a month to the old veterans through whose valor this immense domain was acquired, notwithstanding the fact that the people whom these Western senators pretended to represent had earnestly besought them, through their State Legislatures, to vote and use their influence in favor of the measure.

Fortunately for the downtrodden classes of humanity, the hisses from Vermont during the first act of the grand drama still being performed by this generation did not amount to a "mess of beans," so to speak. The patriotic people of the country allowed the army and navy in Mexico to proceed in the glorious performance of their duty until they extended the boundaries of the nation to the shores of the Pacific, making it equal in magnitude to the continent of Europe, and acquired the inexhaustible resources in gold and silver then known to exist and since developed, which made the visionary dream of the unpractical Vermonters not only a possibility, but a reality. Had it not been for the enlargement of the field of human liberty under our form of government, directly resulting from the

Mexican war, the "slave power," as the Vermonters called it then, would have been stronger politically today than it ever was before the war with Mexico, and little Vermont would have been more insignificant in the sisterhood of States.

But in the very nature of things the consequent struggle to rid the country of its "inherited evil" of human slavery came in due time, and the brave men who, under the inscrutable guidance of Divine Providence, opened the road and paved the way for this grand historical consummation—fighting side by side, under the same flag, on the fields of Mexico—were to some extent divided in the second act of the drama, by influences they could not control, to lead the contending armies in the Civil war, which all wise men of the North and of the South foresaw would result in the abolition of negro slavery.

To bring about the grand results achieved by the war for the whole country and all mankind, it required two parties to make up the game, and the enfranchised slaves and their pretended sympathizers should learn to take a broad, magnanimous view of all the circumstances surrounding the situation at the time hostilities began. Jefferson Davis, Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Bragg, Beauregard, Early and and others were eminently qualified, it is true, by the lessons they learned in the Mexican war, to organize and lead the men of their section in the desperate and unequal contest in which an unrelenting destiny had precipitated their neighbors and friends. They conceived it to be their solemn religious duty to remain with their respective States in the unfortunate contest. Their motives were as holy, perhaps, in the abstract, as those which animated the winners.

Grant, McClellan, Sherman, Thomas, Hancock, Halleck, Heintzelman, Burnside, Morgan, Meade,

Hooker, McDowell, McReynolds, Pope, Logan, Denver and a long list of other generals, with hundreds of regimental commanders who led the Northern host, were also veterans of the Mexican war, and were filled with the same sense of duty as the others named to remain true to the section of the Union where their lot was cast.

But when the former laid down their arms, and accepted the results of the war, so far as developed, the entente cordiale was exchanged and persecution ceased, so far as the leading actors were concerned.

The curtain has rung down on the second act, and the chief actors mingle together, awaiting the call for the grand denouement yet to be performed.

The abolition of negro slavery, we contend, was not only a direct and inevitable result of the Mexican war, but the disenthralment of wage-laborers in the North from the iron heel of their despotic taskmasters is also within the range of human possibililty, if not absolutely impending. The labor problem, which in all history is the foundation of social disturbance, many thinking people believe is destined to be solved before this generation passes off the stage, and that the workingmen of the United States of America will inaugurate the grand struggle.

Honoring Our Dead Heroes.

By F. McNerhany.

Bright flowers, sweet flowers, we lovingly strew
Where dreamlessly slumber our heroic dead,
Alike, though they fought for the Stars in the blue
Or under the Bars that were blazoned with red!

The sunbeams that come from their homes in the sky

Linger over, illumine and beautify all,
While the starlight and dews from the azure on high
Crown each, as with diamonds, where brightly
they fall.

The same zephyrs sweetly sing over their graves,
The same gen'rous Earth clasps all to her breast,
For they were all soldiers, and they were all braves,
From North and from South, from East and from
West!

As nature around these dead heroes of ours
Her mantle of beauty thus tenderly throws—
In springtime her blossoms, in summer her flowers,
In autumn her leaves, and in winter her snows,

So with bright garlands, on this cherish'd day,
We decorate all the green mounds of the brave,
While thus the dark memories of war fade away
In the light that streams down on each rose-
covered grave!
Newport, Ky., May 28, 1881.

Adventure With Guerrillas.

By Captain E. M. Daggett.

At the battle of Sequaltesplan I was close by the side of General Lane. At the edge of the city we found a Mexican officer coming out of a house, and our Mexican guide seized the officer's arm and held it across the pommel of his saddle. We went into the town on a run, the officer dangling like a wet blanket, who directed us to Jarauta's headquarters, where we had the hottest part of the fight. Jarauta always contrived to go to bed in one place and during the night slip out and rise in the morning in some other place. On this occasion he had retired in an old church, but hearing the charge of troopers approaching, he broke out in his night-clothes, and (as I subsequently learned from another priest) took refuge in a thicket close by. Thus the fighting Jarauta became a fallen angel, or a fallen saint! Apropos, it is related of this chief of guerrillas that when he officiated in the Cathedral at Vera Cruz, during the celebration of mass one morning the bishop became fretful and annoyed at some awkward movement of his sub-deacon (Jarauta) and roughly pushed him aside, which so roused

the ire of the irascible Jarauta that he knocked the unsaintly bishop off his pins, creating a decided sensation among the devout catechumenists and neophytes constituting the audience. The sergeant-at-arms made a break to arrest him, but Jarauta broke out of a back door and ran like a frightened deer (his offense involving the penalty of death and damnation, or something worse) until he reached the western gate of the city, where he unhorsed the first man he met and skedaddled across the sand-hills to the thicket where a noted band of robbers were encamped, with whom he enrolled as member. Having the advantage of knowing how to read, write and cipher, his pals made him their chief, and subsequently combining other bands with his own, he dignified them by the comparatively respectable name of guerrillas, which was a better cloak for their transactions with their countrymen than the proper name of "robber."

These facts I gathered substantially from a good priest, when I forced my men inside of a cuartel which surrounded his church. This priest was very polite and kind to us when he found he could not help himself. I gave him assurance that we were not robbers and would not molest him, or anything that belonged to his quarters, but that I was determined to have shelter from the night's storm He made delicious chocolate and invited me to sup with him, which courtesy I accepted with thanks, and was well entertained with much that was interesting about the guerrilla chief. He showed me the pallet upon which Jarauta lay concealed after the San Carlos fight.

Hays, with eighty-four Rangers, had been prowling through the mountains and valleys, making terrible hard rides by day and heavy marches or runs by night, for several consecutive days, trying to overtake Jarauta. We got pretty near him

once, about four miles distant, while going past San Carlos to a town about ten miles further up the mountain, where our Mexican spies reported him to have been encamped at dark, and that the inhabitants were fixing up things to give his men a fandango that night. But it was his old trick over again—he left the place and went back to San Carlos. Arriving there, he learned that we were on the road going to the town he had just vacated. So his command immediately left San Carlos, scattering in all directions, but he had a rallying place some three miles off at a large hacienda, on reaching which he made prisoners of all the occupants and shut them up to prevent any outside knowledge of his whereabouts. The Rangers in the meantime, learning his tactics, returned to San Carlos nearly on a run. But our game was gone from that place, as before stated, and being greatly fatigued and our animals needing rest, we went into a large cuartel, leading our horses through the front door. We felt perfectly safe, having no fear of an attack. But Jarauta that morning had received a fresh batch of recruits from Senobia, which augmented his force to 350 men. He had spies in the garb of peons everywhere, and they reported to him the small number of the Rangers, comparatively, and that we had all gone to sleep, with no guards out. Upon this Jarauta gave his men a drink of aguardiente and made a speech in which he represented that we were all worn out with fatigue and all of us asleep, and succeeded in working up a considerable degree of enthusiasm. So they started for San Carlos, these 350 Lanceros, on a run, with his best horses and bravest men leading the way. I was lying on a bench near the ground and a noise caused me to wake up. I asked an old woman what caused the roaring sound that I heard, and she quickly replied that it was caused by our horses fighting in

the cuartel. But I felt uneasy and went out the door and saw the citizens looking down a street and running away in terror. I mounted a block which overlooked the high wall and saw the Lanceros coming down on us under a lively run, and I ran in among our men yelling like a panther or a Comanche Indian. But our men seemed to be dead asleep. So I quickly got my two revolvers, but did not have time to buckle the belt before in came the guerrilla chief. I shot him in the wrist and his sword fell. His lieutenant then shot into my face, which powder-burnt me, but I kept my six-shooter playing at random, and got a bullet into the chief's beefsteak and another ball into the lieutenant's right shoulder. By this time our men on the roof commenced firing, and Jarauta went out, bleeding before and behind. The guerrillas tried to rally, but had no leader.

This was my first time when I fought without hope. I did not expect to live but a few moments; and if the feelings I experienced at that time were the feelings of bravery, all brave men are to be pitied. I had made up my mind, however, never to surrender to a Mexican; I knew what that involved. And when that resolve came to my mind I determined to give them a "coon fight." A coon never surrenders when there is a chance to run, and there was no chance for me. The utter confusion of the rangers for the first few moments of surprise cannot be described. But they soon got to work with good natural grace, and the guerillas dispersed in every direction, and I was truly glad they did. Jarauta's horse came back with blood on his neck and rump and saddle. The horses of every man whom we lifted out of his saddle came to us as we were, for the time being, the occupants of his old stable and quarters. Well, we didn't hunt around much for the guerillas immediately

after this affair, and I, for one, was glad to get on the road back to the city of Mexico. The priest also told me we killed six and wounded fifteen of the guerillas. One thing that contributed to save our command in this affair was the holy awe and superstition entertained by the untutored greaser in regard to the "revolver." They understood the term to mean a turning around and about—a circulator; and were led to believe the ball would revolve in all directions after its victim, run around trees and turn corners, go into houses and climb up stairs, and hunt up folks generally. My old friend the priest, gave me more general information than all other Mexicans I ever came in contact with, and we became good and fast friends—at least we both pretended to be such. I presented to him two fine belt pistols and ammunition. He called on me frequently while I was with him to praise the honesty of my company, and declared that he did not believe a company of Mexicans could be found who could keep from taking something if they had as good chance as my men had.

Burial of a Volunteer.

By Park Benjamin.

'Tis eve! one brightly beaming star
Shines from the eastern heavens afar,
To light the footsteps of the brave,
Slow marching to a comrade's grave.

The northern wind has sunk to sleep,
The sweet south breathes, as, low and deep,
The martial clang is heard, the tread
Of those who bear the silent dead.

And whose the form, all stark and cold,
Thus ready for the loosened mold—
Thus stretched upon so rude a bier?
Thine, soldier, thine—the volunteer!

Poor volunteer! the shot, the blow,
Or fell disease hath laid him low—
And few his early loss deplore—
His battle done, his journey o'er.

Alas! no fond wife's arms caressed,
His cheeks no tender mother pressed,
No pitying soul was by his side,
As, lonely in his tent, he died.

He died—the volunteer—at noon;
At evening came the small platoon;
And soon they'll leave him to his rest,
With sods upon his manly breast.

Hark to their fire! his only knell,
More solemn than the passing bell;
For, ah! it tells a spirit flown
Without a prayer or sigh—alone!

His deeds and fate shall fade away,
Forgotten since his dying day;
And never on the roll of fame
Shall be inscribed his humble name.

Alas! like him, how many more
Lie cold on Rio Grande's shore;
How many green, unnoted graves
Are bordered by those turbid waves.

Sleep, soldier, sleep—from sorrow free,
And sin and strife—'tis well with thee—

'Tis well; though not a single tear
Laments the buried volunteer.
—New Orleans Delta, Feb. 13, 1848.

TRIBUTE TO COL. SCOTT.

The following tribute to a great and good man we take from a copy of the "Vedette." It gives us pleasure to be able to thus perpetuate the memory of one so worthy as was this great railroad magnate, whose kindness to the old veterans shows that his heart was in the right place. Although the incidents referred to happened some years ago, its memory is still green in the breasts of recipitants of his favor on the occasion mentioned:

Comrade Ernest C. C. Dreysse, formerly of the Mountain Howitzer Battery, writes from Liberty Hill, Texas, as follows:

"With much regret I learn the death of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, late president of the Texas Pacific and Pennsylvania railroad. His magnificent generosity and courtesy to the Texas veterans of Mexico in extending a free pass to the Centennial Exhibition and return in 1876, is still gratefully remembered, and by none more than the writer. May St. Peter grant our generous friend a free pass through the gates of heaven! God bless him! Who of the great railroad magnates will imitate his noble example, and give us poor old vets. a free ride to our anniversary of the 14th of September at Cincinnati and to the Yorktown Centennial, which takes place in October?"

We feel some pleasure in publishing the above. Through the intercession of Senator Maxey, vice-president of the National Association of Veterans of Mexico for the State of Texas, Colonel Scott granted a pass over the connections of the Pennsyl-

vania railroad from Austin, Texas, to Philadelphia and return, and through some miscalculation he had to pay out of his own pocket a large sum of money to some of the connecting lines. But he had previously given his word to the secretary of the National Association, and did not fail to keep his promise.

Colonel Thomas Alexander Scott died at his residence, near Philadelphia, on the 21st, ult., of paralysis, aged 57 years. A full history of his eventful career should be written for coming generations. He commenced life a poor, friendless boy—worked for himself at $1 a week, and died worth millions. He was endowed by nature with an extraordinary capacity and fitness for business and its rapid dispatch. He transacted an almost incrediable amount of work with perfect ease and elastic facility. He dictated to his stenographer with lightning rapidity. He fell a worker with harness on his back.

No railroad manager in the country has possessed the exact amount of knowledge of that great business in all its details as Colonel Scott did. His experience dates from from extreme youth, for he held a responsible position before he was of age. Last year he resigned the presidency of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in whose service he had labored for thirty years, and whose success is due to his tireless energy and superb business tact. When he retired from the high office of president of the railroad, the company owned about 8,000 miles of road, with a capital of over $350,000,000. Col. Scott was president of the road through a very trying financial period, but he commanded the situation and won general admiration by his indomitable pluck and energy. His last years were devoted to his favorite project of securing the construction of an-

other trans-continental railroad, and that road is approaching completion today.

During his intense active life Colonel Scott endeared himself to thousands by his numerous benefactions, and it was only a few months ago that he gave away several hundred thousand dollars to various benevolent and literary institutions.

A GENERAL'S POVERTY.

The following letter was received at a meeting of the Association of the Veterans of the Mexican War, held at Indianapolis, Jan. 8, 1880. The letter explains itself and needs no comment. Its from the pen of the gallant old chieftain, Major General Joseph Lane, of Oregon, who commanded a brigade chiefly composed of Indiana volunteers in the Mexican war:

Roseburg, Ore., December 16th, 1879.

Gentlemen: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your card, inviting me to attend a meeting of the Association of the Veterans of the Mexican War of the State of Indiana, to be held at the city of Indianapolis, on Thursday, January 8th, 1880, and to bring any veteran I may know. I thank you for the kind invitation you have been pleased to send me and other veterans of my acquaintance. There are but few of us in this State, and with one or two exceptions, they are old, infirm and very poor. I am unable to accept your invitation, and I deeply regret it, for I well know that there will not upon any other occasion be as many of the old veterans together as will meet on the forthcoming occasion, and yet I am compelled to forego this last opportunity I shall have of meeting my old campanions-in-arms, to whom I am strongly attached. I witnessed their good and soldier

like bearing under all circumstances, and especially their gallant conduct upon many a battle field, and the gratification it would afford me to meet them again in life would be greater and above any other earthly pleasure that could be conferred upon me, but I cannot meet you or them. I have not the money to bring me to Indianapolis and back to my home. I have little hope of congress allowing me a pension. We seem to be ignored, although our services secured our great country all of California, Nevada, Utah and New Mexico, an empire of itself, and, to our country, worth more than money. And yet the remaining few of can hardly expect a pension. Well, my friends, we will not very long need that little that is so justly due from our Government. We served her faithfully, honestly, intelligently, and gallantly, and under all circumstances did our duty, and if Congress will not recognize us we must do as best we can without its aid.

My dear sirs, you will please accept my kindest wishes and honest prayers for the health, prosperity and contentment of yourselves, the association, and all old veterans of the Mexican War. I am with much respect, your friend and obedient servant,

JOSEPH LANE.

GENERAL LANE'S MISTAKE

(By David Wooster, M. D.)

In January 1848, Col. Jack Hays was ordered by General Scott to pursue Santa Anna toward the cost of the Gulf of Mexico, by way of Peubla, and thence toward Oaxaca, and to capture him if possible. Col. Hays arriving at Peubla from the City of Mexico, invited Gen. Joseph Lane (afterward candidate for President, and nominee for the vice-

presidency), his particular friend, to accompany him on the expedition.

I am not certain whether the march to Tehuacan, the first object point, occupied two nights or three, but my impression is that we were three nights out as the distance was nearly one hundred miles by the route we took. The whole day of the 22nd of January was passed in an adobe hacienda. No one was allowed outside the gate of the surrounding walls during the daylight and all comers were admitted and detained until the last trooper left the gate—long after the head of the column was out of sight. When some miles from the hacienda on the night of the 22nd, while we were moving with as little noise as possible, we met a pretentious carriage drawn by four mules in fine harness, containing a Mexican gentleman and his attendants. Hays promptly arrested him; whereupon he called for interpreter and said he had a safe-conduct from Gen. Persifer F. Smith, commanding the district, permitting him to travel anywhere in the district with armed servants, a definite number understood, unmolested by American troops. A match was struck a candle lighted, and the safe-conduct scrutinized. It was all correct and the question arose, in a quite informal and friendly manner between Lane and Colonel Hays, whether the safe conduct should be respected.

Colonel Hays rather insisted on detaining his prisoner, saying that it could do no harm, and he would be released in a few hours at most, and if released he would find some means of warning Santa Anna of our approach in time for him to escape with his escort, as we had many miles yet to go.

The Mexican acknowledged he had just came from Santa Anna and that he was lying in security in Tehuacan, some fifteen miles or more further on.

All the gentlemen—several of us amateurs—near the general, composing his volunteer staff, murmured with the freedom of friendship among ourselves that the prisoner should be detained. Just then, some minutes having elapsed in a sort of a familiar conversation between Hays and Lane, the latter spoke quite seriously:

"Do you know, Colonel Hays, the penalty for violating a safe-conduct? It is death.

"That's all right," responded Hays; "I'll take the chances."

"I would rather you would set him at liberty," said Lane.

"If you order me to do so, General, of course I will obey."

"Well, then, if you prefer it in that form, Col. Hays, I order you to let the Mexican re-enter his carriage and go undisturbed on his way."

The column moved to the side of the road (pursuant to the orders passed down the line from Hays), as well as it could in the dim starlight.

This was the great mistake of General Lane's life. No sooner was the Mexican beyond our hearing than he detatched his fleetest mule and sent a servant with orders to ride for his life and inform Santa Anna that he was lost if he did not immediately escape to the mountains.

Had the prisoner been detained, Santa Anna, his staff, and a portion of General Valencia's cavalry and many officers of rank would have been captured, thus would have been achieved a splendid climax to the glorious epic of the second conquest of Mexico. But fortune would not permit this crowning triumph of the "Marion of the war." Lane was an upright man and the peer of the bravest. He had the honor of the army and the nation near and dear to his heart. He thought there was something discourteous, apparent lacking in courage, and insub-

ordination, in even temporarily violating a safe-conduct which might tend to bring the word or guarantee of an American officer into disrespect. He risked his last chance and lost. No one was hurt by it but Lane. The war was not thereby prolonged. The army suffered nothing in loss of prestige. Santa Anna never afterward appeared in public life.

The Man and the Mule.

(From the "Vedette," Nov. 5th, 1883.

The Mule.

"Lieut. W. A. Mobbe, of the 3rd artillery, who is stationed at Mt. Vernon barracks, Alabama, has reported to the War Department that he has at that post a white mule, 45 years of age, named Mexique, which had been for many years in the service of the United States, but which at last had been ordered to be sold. The officers of the post, and Lieut. Mobbe, said they desired permission to purchase the animal and keep and care for him at their own expense. Maj. F. L. Gunther, of the 2nd artillery, to whom the petition was referred, reported that the mule was originally left at Key West barricks in 1848 by a portion of the army returning from Mexico at the close of the war. 'During the time,' Maj. Guenther says, 'that I served at Key West, from 1875 to 1880, the mule did not miss a day's work from any cause. He is very old and has been worn out by his long service in the Quarter-

master's Department. If there is any way of providing for him, I shall be glad to have it done, as the expense to the Government would be little or nothing.'"

The petition went through the regular channels until it reached Quartermaster General Holabaird, who endorsed it as follows: "To promote the sentiment of kindness toward animals that are so intimately associated with man, it is recommended in this special case that this mule be kept in the department and left to the care of those whose kindly feelings are so deeply enlisted in its behalf." Gen. Sherman submitted the case to the Secretary of War with the following report:

"I have seen that mule; and whether true or false, the soldiers believe that it was left at the Big Spring, where Mt. Vernon barracks now are, at the time General Jackson's army camped there about 1819-'20.

"Tradition says it was once a sorrel, but is is white from age. The Quartermaster's Department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule is sold or the care or maintainance of it thrown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise that it be kept in the department, fed and maintained until death. I think the mule was at Fort Morgan, Mobile Point, when I was there in 1842."

The Secretary of War thereupon made the following order:

"Let this mule be kept and well cared for as long as he lives.

The Man.

John C. Spinning served in the 6th U. S. Infantry, during the Mexican war, and immediately after his discharge, in July, 1848, reinlisted in the

1st U. S. Dragoons, serving in that regiment almost continuously, until April 9, 1881. He had about 32 years of service on the frontiers, and through the late civil war. The life of a trooper is not "gay and festive," to any measurable extent, as the "Vedette" can certify to by personal experience, and we are not surprised that Spinning, after his long spun term of service, should tumble from his horse into the hospital. The Post Surgeon, doubtless with a view to economizing the appropriations for hospital expenses, discharged the old trooper and left him to the mercy of the Pension Bureau, in another department of the Government. Spinning filed his application for pension in May, 1881, where it has ever since hung fire, because of some petty informality in repairing replies to official inquiries. The other day we received a letter from Spinning, dated at Walla Walla, W. T., in which he says:

"Dear Sir: I have the honor to state for the last three months I have been dependent on my poor wife, (who is almost as feeble as myself), for support, anxiously waiting to hear from my pension case. I am wholly destitute of any means of support—and the winter coming on my condition demands immediate attention.

I am sir very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Late of Co. K, 1st Cav.

We would like to have the honorable the Secretary of War cut out this statement of facts and transmit it to Post Surgeon at Walla Walla, W. T., and endorse thereon, as he did in the case of the worn out mule: "Let this soldier be kept and well cared for as long as he lives;" and include

rations for his faithful spouse who has cared for him since he was turned out to die on the 9th of April, 1881. The Head of the War Department has no feather in his hat that would honor him more than this simple act of justice, and we charge him nothing for the suggestion.—*Vedette.*

STRONG DRINK A POISON.

(By Dr. S. Compton Smith.)

Dr. S. Compton Smith, of the Texas Rangers, proves by cases that come under his observation, that alcohol is a remedy for the bite of venomous serpents, on the principal of *"simila similibus curantur,"* which theory, also, proves strong drink to be a poison. The learned physician tells of a number of cases which he witnessed among which are the following:

I state this incident as illustrating a fact in medicine: that a drunken person will bear with impunity the bite and sting of most poisonous reptiles, which might prove immediately fatal to a sober man.

As a further corroboration of the above, I would cite the case of a drunken soldier in Florida, who, while on a debauch, had staggered off outside of the camp, and tumbled into a clump of bushes, and was soon fast asleep. Some of his comrades were sent out in search of him, as Indians were known to be prowling in the vicinity.

They found him lying in a drunken lethargy where he had fallen; the weather being excessively warm, the soldier was clothed only in cotton shirt and overalls. The shirt had become hitched up to his shoulders leaving the back down to his waist entirely naked.

When found, the man was lying flat on his back; and, on raising him from the ground, they discovered to their horror, that he had thrown himself upon the opening of a den of rattlesnakes. He had actually fallen on three of those venomous reptiles, which, struggling in vain to escape from the weight of the soldier's body, had literally covered his back with the punctures of their poison fangs.

Instead of taking the drunken man to the guard house, as was usual on an occasion of drunkeness, his comrades bore him to the hospital and reported his case to the surgeon: while they awaited his death, which no one doubted was inevitable.

The next morning, however, to the surprise of the surgeon, the man who had slept off the effect of his debauch, and was still ignorant of what had occurred, begged to be returned to duty. He experienced no more uneasiness from the bites of the serpents then would naturally result from so many simple punctures of needles.

The attention of the medical officers was called to this fact; and in a short time alcohol in large doses was resorted to in every case of poisoning from the bite or sting of the venomous reptiles and insects, so common in the swamps and everglades of Florida.

While on this subject, I will relate several cases that fell under my own immediate observation, where this remedy proved a complete antidote to the sting of that most disgusting and poisonous of all venomous reptiles of hot climates—the tarantula.

While stationed at Cerralvo, an infantry soldier, belonging to a fatigue party, gathering wood for fuel, was bitten in the wrist by one of these fearful looking and vicious creatures. He was brought immediately to the hospital—the time between re-

ceiving the bite and his arrival not exceeding fifteen minutes—yet the hand and arm to the elbow, had become black and livid with ecchymosis and having the appearance of gangrene. He described the agony he endured as being most excruciating.

I immediately directed my steward to get the man "dead drunk" as soon as possible, at the same time applying to the hand and arm a poultice of charcoal, bread and yeast, and to keep the man well wrapped up in blankets. He recovered without further pain, and without sloughing of the parts except in immediate contact with the bite.

On an other occasion, at the same post, an Ohioan received a bite from a tarantula, which had taken possession of his boots. The man on drawing it on was bitten in the great toe. I heard him cry out, and ran to his tent in time to kill the reptile.

I forthwith prescribed the usual remedy, and the foot fomented in hot alcohol. In about two hours the man was under the complete influence of the liquor, and being wrapped warmly in blankets, was allowed to sweat out the alcohol at the surface.

Again I tried the same remedy for the bite of the tarantula on a Texas ranger with the like good result.

In these cases there remained but little irritation of the nervous system, save what would naturally arise from the excessive overdosing of the liquor.

The *modus operandi* may probably be explained in this way: the alcohol is a diffusable stimulant, while the venom of the reptile is a powerful sedative. They enter directly into the circulation in their pure and uncombined state of absorption, or, is sometimes the case of venom, by direct injection or transfusion into the venous system and coming in contact, one poison neutralizes the other; perhaps

upon the homoepathic theory of *"simila similibus curantur."*

A Great Change.

(By Col. W. B. Lane, U. S. Army).

In 1887, Col. Lane, in speaking of his travels, said in part:

"I have been on the move almost constantly for some years, and last summer traveled over New Mexico and a small portion of Texas on the Rio Grande—Elpaso, &c. I took a look from my sleeping car window at some of my old stations of twenty-five or thirty years ago. I think I like the view from a railroad train much better than I did from a pack train. What a change in twenty-five years! Then we were about a thousand miles from the railroad and telegraph station, and now they have them everywhere, and the Indians are nowhere in particular."

"Old Burnsides."

From the Skowhegan (Me.) Review.

They tell a good story of Sergeant Poine, of the Eleventh Maine. He was a sergeant in the Mexican war under Burnside, then a lieutenant, and the two were great chums. They did not see each other from the close of one war to the opening of the next, but then they both went to the front, Burnside as a full-fleged brigadier-general. When Sergeant Paine learned that he was in his old friend's command, he marched right up to headquarters and right in the presence of a group of

staff officers, challenged the sentinel with, "Is old Burnside here?"

"What?" gasped the astounded sentinel.

"Is old Burnside here?"

By this time the general had heard his voice and came out to see what the excitement was.

"How are you, old Burnside? Don't you remember me?" said the sergeant, as he advanced his hand with all the familiarity imaginable. The general looked puzzled.

"Why, I'm old Paine."

And then General Burnside knew him, and they shook hands and cried like babies. And as "Old Burnside" and "Old Paine" talked over their campaign in Mexico, the officers stood around in horror-stricken amazement, for Paine called their commander "Old Burnside" all through the chat, "and I'll be shot if I ever called him anything else," he told the boys afterwards.

Faithful to Duty.

(By Gen. M. L. Bonham.)

General Bonham, in telling the following story, refers to the time when he was the colonel of the Twelth U. S. Infantry, in 1847:

"You will remember the large convent I occupied with my regiment, near the heart of the city of Mexico. The officers entered, usually, through a back door at the rear. One night I had gone out for the evening, forgetting to take the countersign. At 12 o'clock, (it was a brilliant moonlight,) as I approached the door, the sentinel challenged. I replied that I had forgotten to get the countersign.

He said, 'You can't, then pass.'

It nettled me, and I replied a little sharply,

'But you know who I am?'

'Yes, sir,' in a rather modified tone, 'I do; but your orders are that no one can pass in at this door without the countersign.'

I touched my hat to him and replied, 'You are right;' and am not sure but I added, 'and have done your duty.'

I walked around the square and went through the guard house. Next morning I sent directions to his captain: 'compliment the sentry for the performance of his duty."

STORMING CHAPULTEPEC.

(By Captain Mayne Reid.)

The famous novelest and brave, Irish soldier, writes of the storming of Chapultepec, on the morning of September 13, 1847, as follows:

On the day when Chapultepec was stormed (Sepetember 13th, 1847), I was in command of the grenadier company of the Second New York Volunteers—my own—and a detatchment of United States marines, acting with us as infantry, my orders being to stay by and guard a battery we built on the southern side of the castle during the night of the 11th, and which did good work on the 12th. It was about 1,000 yards from and directly in front of the castle's main gate, through which our shot went crashing all that day. The final assault had been fixed for the morning of the 13th, a storming party of 500 men, of "forlorn hope," as it was called, had volunteered for this dangerous duty. They were not exclusively regulars, as the letter-writer asserts, but of all arms of the service, a captain of regular infantry having charge of them, with a lieutenant of Pennsylvania volunteers as his second in command. At an early hour the three divisions of the army, Worth's, Pillow's and Quitman's, closed in upon

Chapultepec, our skirmishers driving the enemy's outposts before them—some of these retreating up the hill and into the castle, and others passing around it and on in the direction of the city. It was now expected that our storming party would do the work assigned to it, and for which it had volunteered. Standing by our battery, at this time necessarily silent, with the artillery and engineer officers in charge of it—Lieutenants Huger and Hagner—we three watched the advance of the attacking line, the puffs of smoke from musketry and rifles indicated the exact point to which it had reached. Anxiously we watched it, I need not say or add that our anxiety became apprehensive when we saw that about half way up the slope there was a halt—something impeding its forward movement.

Now, sir, for the motive that led me to act as I did, and which the newspaper correspondent has so misconstrued. I knew that if Chapultepec was not taken neither would the city be, and, failing in this, not a man of us might ever leave the Valley of Mexico alive. Worth's injudicious attempts upon the entrenchements of Molina del Rey—to give it no harsher name—our first retreat during the campaign—had greatly demoralized our men, while reversely affecting the Mexicans, inspiring the latter with a courage they had never felt before. And there were 30,000 soldiers of them to our 10,000—three to one, to say nothing of a host of rancheroes in the country around and leperos in the city, all exasperated against us, the invaders. We had become aware, moreover, that Alvarez, with his spotted Indians (Pintos), had swung around in our rear, and held the mountain passess behind us, so that retreat upon Puebla would have been impossible. This was not my belief alone, but of every intelligent officer in the army, the two who stood beside me feeling as sure of it as myself. And this certainty

it was, combined with the slow progress of the attacking force, which determined me to take part in the assault—that and nothing else. As the senior engineer officer outranked me, it was necessary to have his leave to forsake the battery, now needing no further defense. Leave was freely and instantly given with the words: "Go, and God be with you."

The Mexican flag was still waving triumphantly over the castle, and the line of smoke puffs had not got an inch nearer. Nor was there much change in the situation when, after a quick run across the intervening ground with my following of volunteers and marines, we came up with the storming party at halt and irregularly aligned along the base of the hill. For what reason they were staying there we knew not, though I afterwards heard that it was some trouble about scaling ladders. I did not stop to inquire, but, breaking through their line with my brave followers, pushed on up the slope. Near its summit we found a scattering of soldiers, some of them in the gray uniform of the Voltiguer regiment, others Ninth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Infantrymen. They were the skirmishers who had thus far cleared the way for us, and far ahead of the "forlorn hope." But beyond lay the real area of danger, a sloping ground some forty yards in width, between us and the castle's outward wall—in short the glacis. It was commanded by three pieces of cannon on the parapet, which swept it with grape and cannister as fast as they could be loaded and fired. There seemed no chance for us to advance further without meeting certain death; but it would be death all the same if we did not, such was my thought and conviction at that moment. Just as I reached this point there was a momentary lull, which made it possible to be heard, the words I then spoke, or rather shouted, are remembered by me as though it were but yesterday: "Men! if you

don't take Chapultepec the American Army is lost. Let us charge up to the walls!"

A voice answered, "We'll charge if anyone leads us!" another voice adding: "Yes, we're ready!"

At this moment the three guns on the parapet belched forth their deadly shower almost simultaneously. My heart bounded with joy at hearing them go off thus together. It was our opportunity, and, quickly comprehending it, I leaped over the scarp which sheltered us, calling out: "Come on! I'll lead you!"

It did not need looking back to know that I was followed. The men I had appealed to were not the sort to stay behind, else they would not have been there, and all come after. When half way across the open ground I saw the parapet crowded with Mexican artillerists, in uniform of dark blue with crimson facings, each musket in hand, and all aiming, as I believed at my own person. There was a reason for their so concentrating their fire which I need not here enter into. The volley was almost as one sound and I avoided it by throwing myself flat upon the earth, just in the nick of time, only getting touched on one of the fingers, of my sword-hand, another shot passing through the loose cloth of my overalls. Instantly on my feet again, I made on to the wall, there to get tumbled over by a bullet of an escopet, about an ounce in weight, that went tearing through my thigh. But only a few scattered shots were fired afterwards, the scaling ladders now came up; some score of men went swarming over the parapet, and Chapultepec was ours. My lieutenant, Hypolite Bardonville, a young Frenchman, modest as brave, dragged the Mexican flag down from its staff. He died some fourteen years ago in the city of New York, without any record of the deed or word said about it—save in an obituary

penned by my own hand in an obscure magazine of which I was the editor.

Capture of Santa Anna.

(As told by his captor.)

The Galveston News, commemorating the anniversity of of the natal day of Texas independance, April 21, 1836, published a number of historical statements, gathered from various sources, and not to be found in the ordinary records of Texas history. Among these is a personal narrative by Captain James A. Sylvester, who died in New Orleans, of the special incidents of the capture by him of Gen. Santa Anna, after the battle of San Jacinto. It is here presented:

On the morning of the 22nd of April, 1836, news came to camp that some of our cavalry had surrounded General Santa Anna and a portion of his officers in a motto of timber, and called for reinforcements in order to capture them. Col. Edw. Burleson, commanding the 1st Regiment, called for volunteers, when a number of soldiers forming the different commands immediately volunteered, and mounting such horses that were under their control, set out in search of the Mexican chief. After marching from the camp near Lynch's Ferry to

Vince's Bayou, where the bridge burnt recently by Deaf Smith impeded our further progress, and, besides, not knowing where our services were required, Col. Burleson called a halt. Some of the party were anxious to proceed by fording or swimming the bayou, while others thought it useless to proceed further after a ingis fatuus, when Col. B. ordered myself to take charge of such as were disposed to return to camp, and the others proceeded toward the Brazos in search of Mexican soldiers. The squad under my command, proceeding back to camp, left the main road and took down the bayou. We had not proceeded far before some of them proposed to skirt the timber in search of game. I took the straight direction promising to await their arrival at a certain point. Leaving the party, pursuing my course alone, I suddenly saw an object coming toward me near a ravine. I immediately turned and made an effort to attract their attention. When I looked for the object again it had vanished. Riding in the direction where it was seen I rode nearly on the figure of something covered with a Mexican blanket, which proved to be a Mexican. I ordered him to get up, which he did very reluctantly, and he immediately caught hold of my hand and kissed it several times, and asked for General Houston and inquired if he had been killed. I replied that he was only slightly wounded and was in camp. I then asked who he was and he replied that he was a common soldier. I remarked the fineness of his shirt, although he tried to conceal it, and told him he was no common soldier; if so he must be a thief. He then stated that he was an aid of General Don Antonio Lepoez de Santa Anna. To affirm his assertion, he drew from his pocket an official note from Gen. Urea, dated on the Brazos, informing Santa Anna that he would be able to form a junction at or near Galveston, and should immediately

take up line of march to Valasco. I was satisfied at the time that in his official capacity of aid such a paper might have been retained by him. At that time a portion of the squad came up, and as near as I can recollect, consisted of Messrs. Miles, Vermillon and Thompson. The general complaining very much of fatigue, asked to ride a part of the way. I think Mr. Miles proposed to dismount and walk to a point of timber, while we (with Santa Anna mounted on his horse) went around the head of the ravine. When we again formed a junction, Mr. Miles requested him to dismount, but Santa Anna refused to do so unless I required it. I told him I had no control over the horses and that he would have to dismount, which he did very reluctantly. I then took him behind me and we all proceeded to camp, where I left him with the camp guard. He was immediately recognized by his own soldiers, who were prisoners in the camp, and sent to General Houston's headquarters. When I returned to camp (being sent for by Gen. Houston) I was ordered to report to General Houston in person. I proceeded to the place—a wide spreading oak, and on presenting myself to the general (Houston), Gen. Santa Anna immediately arose and came forward and embraced me, and turning to General Houston and officers, returned me thanks for my kindness and told me I was his savior.

(The following is from a collection of poems by Major Theo. J. Eckerson, U. S. A.' formerly stationed at Fort Adams, Newport, R. I.:)

In the redoubt at Monterey,
Where many a shell had burst,
Our powder blackened fellows lay,
September twenty-first;

All day the battle fierce had raged
Till this earth-work we won,
And hundreds in the morn engaged
Lay dead ere set of sun.

Night had closed down, and now the rain,
In ceaseless torrents fell,
While from the Black Fort mortar train
Screeched now and then a shell,
Which, circling o'er the city's length
In meteoric sport,
Would plunge at last, and spend its strength
In the ditches of our fort.

Our war-worn boys were scattered round,
Some on the ramparts lay,
While 'neath the guns, on the wet ground,
Some tired ones snored away;
Others more wakeful than the rest,
Ope'd now and then an eye
To watch the shells, which from the west,
Trailed out across the sky.

My tour on post at two expired,
To be resumed at six,
And hungry, wet, and very tired
(A soldier's common fix,)
Under a caisson, on the ground
I found a muddy bed,
And there a sleeping comrade found
With blanket-covered head.

I nudged him, but he wakened not—
Then shared his blanket warm—
I lay awake, and wrapped in thought
I quite forgot the storm.
Poor boy! how soundly, silently,
He slept—how straight each limb!

Oh God! I thought how glad I'd be
If I could sleep like him!

Day broke—I heard th' unwelcome shout,
The warning word, "Relief!"
I siezed my musket and crawled out
At summons of my chief.
My comrade of the cold, wet bed.
No sign or token gave,
But stretched beneath the blanket laid
As quiet as the grave.

I pulled the blanket down, and lo!
A ghastly, bleeding head,
And rigid whitened features show
Too surely he is dead!
Upon his breast a paper shred
Torn from a note-book lay!
On which in pencil rough I read
These words, and turned away!

"W. G. Williams, Engineer,
Killed in the final charge!"

Thus had I lain with the dead alone
Four hours in rain and mud,
'Till startled by the corporal's tone
I left that pool of blood!

Long years have flown since with the dead
I spent that fearful night,
And I have marched, and fought, and bled
In many a stirring fight;
I've quailed before the leaden storm,
But with not half such dread
As when unblanketing the form
Of Captain Williams, dead!

COL. JACK HAY'S LOVE STORY.

(By Captain Frank Bishop.)

The following incident gave Texas one of the most famous rangers in history. It is written by a gentleman who was given the facts by Captain Bishop, who was the bosom friend of Hays. This incident occurred prior to 1836, at which time Hays first went to Texas. Hays was born near Hermitage, Old Hickory's place, in Tennessee, and Captain Bishop was born and raised on the adjoining farm. His father served under Gen. Coffee, for whom Jack Hays was partly named (John Coffee Hays was his full name), and Frank Bishop and Jack Hays were boys together, sharing in the same sport, attending the same school in winter, hunting squirrels, coons and 'possums together, and growing up to manhood in close companionship and entertaining for each other the warmest friendship, which was only broken by the death of Colonel Hays.

When Hays was about 22 years old he fell in love with Miss Bettie Donaldson, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and for a time the young lady seemed to return his ardent attachment. For a year or more she received his attention and plight-

ed her troth. Preparations for their marriage were being made when there appeared in the neighborhood a young man named Talbot, from Mount Vernon, Ky., who was reputed to be immensely wealthy, and who, besides being well educated, was a handsome and accomplished gentleman of pleasing address and polished manners, well schooled in all the arts which go so far in helping a man to win the good opinion of the fair sex.

Now, although Hays was a handsome young fellow, and was considered the best rider, the best dancer, the best shot, among the youth of the country, Miss Donaldson took great pleasure in showing him that the attentions of Mr. Talbot were not distasteful to her—in fact that she rather perferred them to those of young Hays. Now Jack Hays was not the man, even at that early age, to tamely submit to a slight or a wrong from either man or woman. He was a man of ardent temperament, and could not brook the idea in being second in anything. As was said of him a good many years later, "he never failed a friend or foe," and he quickly informed Miss Betty that he would have no double dealings; she must either remember her plighted word to him, and cease to receive attentions from Mr. Talbot, or she must recall her vows, and coquette and marry whom she pleased. Miss Donaldson was a young lady of spirit, and besides being piqued at being taken to task by her lover, was, after the manner of women, much taken with the handsome face, fine words, and pleasant manners of young Talbot, and so it only required a few moments and a few sharp words to give Mr. Jack Hays his conge and to announce her determination of marrying Mr. Talbot.

Hays recognized her right to do as she pleased in this matter, and there would have been no trouble about it had not Mr. Talbot, elated by his success

in winning the affection of Hay's sweatheart from him, boasted of his conquest on every occasion. At a party in the neighborhood shortly after the rupture of the engagement between Hay's and Miss Donaldson, Talbot taunted Hays with his defeat and the result was Talbot was knocked down and soundly whipped by the dissappointed lover, who, though much smaller than his successful rival, was more than a match for him in agility and grit—two characteristics which afterwards rendered him famous.

Smarting under his chastisement, Talbot sent a challenge to Hays, which was, of course, promptly accepted, and the preliminaries of the meeting were quickly arranged. Hays selected rifles as the weapons, and Captain Frank Bishop, my informant, acted as his second.

The duel took place at sunrise on a bright June morning, and about two miles from Hermitage, in a secluded spot. The distance was twenty paces, and Talbot was shot through the heart, never speaking after the crack of Hay's rifle, and dying almost instantly.

Hays and his second, Bishop, left the country immediately, and after a great deal of wandering finally landed in New Orleans, where they remained nearly a year, and, as Bishop says, "had lots of fun." They were well supplied with money, and they won a great deal while in the Crescent City, both at cards and at horse racing, a penchant for the latter sport being always a noted characteristic of Jack Hays, though he foreswore cards, and it is said he was never known to hazard a cent at any game of cards during his career in Texas.

After remaining nearly a year in New Orleans Hays and his companion went home. Hays remaining there a little over a year, was not indicted or arrested for the killing of Talbot. It seemed to

be the impression of the people of the community that he had done the fair thing in the matter, and he was not molested. Captain Bishop says Miss Donaldson and her family made overtures to Hays, but that the latter would not hear of it, saying Miss Betty had been the cause of his killing a fellow man, and that he could never be happy with her or make her happy. Captain Bishop says Hays suffered keenly from remorse for the killing of Talbot, a spirit of unrest seemed to take possession of him, and he finally decided to come to Texas and seek in this new country forgetfulness of his early troubles in the home of his youth. Whether he ever found "surcease of sorrow" is not known, but that he found adventure in plenty and that he went through enough to make any one almost "cease to remember," is a matter of history. Certain is is, that the unerring aim which enabled him to kill his first antagonist never failed him in his hour of need, and that he sent many an Indian to the happy hunting grounds; and many a Mexican went to the presence of his maker without the benefit of clergy, when Jack Hays drew a bead on him, and his finger pressed the trigger; though he never, so far as is known, slew a man save in fair and manly battle.

Captain Bishop, who furnished this scrap of history in the life of Jack Hays, came to Texas with him, but did not follow him through his adventurous career in Texas, though he served in Hay's regiment during the war, at the close of which he returned to his old home in Tennessee.

The Mexicans Dodge Bullets.

Comparisons are said to be odius, but in justice to the remaining veterans of the Mexican War, we

feel inclined to publish the following, which was made by M. C. Bandleman, who was a veteran of both the War With Mexico, and of the Civil War, losing a leg in the latter. Mr. Bandleman was much incensed at one of a series of resolutions passed by the Grand Army, at Rock Island, Ill., in 1887, when that body was censuring the President for vetoing a disability bill. The resolution to which the old veteran of both wars took offence, was as follows:

"1. Because it endeavors to institute a comparison between wars which were comparatively mere skirmishes and the bloodiest struggle the world has ever known. We will only instance the Mexican War, where the killed were five or six hundred, and the wounded ten of twelve hundred. In the war of the rebellion the killed and wounded were numbered by the hundred of thousands."

In reply to the above resolutions, I naturally wonder if the committee who framed said resolutions were not near relations of Tom Corwin, of congress notoriety. I am a soldier of the said skirmish war, and also of the late war, which, by the resolutions, lays all other wars of this nation in the shade for important results, the revolutionary war not excepted. My brothers G. A. R. seem to blame the Mexican war veterans, or rather make light of the number of the enemy killed in battle. As I tried both wars and know what it cost me to be a participant in each, with one leg now in the grave, I wish to offer an apology why we did so poorly in the killing business. First our guns were the flintlock, which gave the enemy good time to dodge. We had neither navy revolver nor Winchester rifles, no chaplains to the regiment to pray for straight shooting, no whisky ration to cheer us on the march or in the fray, no aspirants among officers

or men for military rank or future civil office. All stood shoulder to shoulder in support. No officer neglected his duty to his country to speculate in fiber lint. No base to fall back upon. Defeat meant the fate of Maximilian. In that war there was no retreat. No bandboxes were carried there. No kind mother or loving sister to soothe the dying. No delicacies ever reached the sick from loved ones at home. Password; "Remember the Alamo!" Being few in number, we had to stand together. No millionaires were made from that frolic, but many since from the empire acquired. It is painful for a father to hear the pouting son chide the old man with a big "I" and a little "u."

We did the best we could under all the circumstances, with those two grand old Generals to head our movements—Scott and Taylor—who were soldiers and gentlemen in every sense of the term, who had a heart and soul each as big as a white ox. We had no drafted men, no substitutes, no bounty jumpers in the way. We have done all we could for you in our weakness. We gave you an empire of untold wealth and resources; we made it possible to span the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean with the steel bar; we unlocked the door of prosperity to this nation and reversed the incoming trade of the world; we have now only left a few of us of that jingo war to answer roll-call a little longer.

But what is the matter with you Grand Army boys that you think we stand in your way? Why don't you like men, call on the Government to make good that depreciated currency it paid you? No. you don't dare do it, because you have a master in the wood-pile. Such a payment as that would bring good times. As a parting word to my comrades of the G. A. R., we will soon be out of your way, and the G. A. R. will soon become a thing of the past,

like the jingo war veterans. It's only a question of time.—M. C. Randelman, Carlisle, Iowa, Feb. 24, 1887.

STEALING A GRAVE.

(By Captain W. L. Craig.)

The experience of all nations in all ages has demonstrated that during war times the average soldier cannot be intrusted in the enemy's country with any article outside of his regular equipment of less weight than a red-hot stove. In fact it may be safely assumed that the love of appropriation increased in proportion to his thoroughness in comprehending his soldierly duties. Not that this unhappy trait is encouraged by the rules of war; on the contary, the most delicate sense of honor and respect for the rights and property of others is inculcated and enforced as rigidly as possible, but it is, nevertheless, a remarkable fact that just in proportion to the moral restraint brought to bear on the average soldier, the greater does his desire seem to be to take unto himself the goods and chattels of others. I have in mind a most remarkable instance which illustrates this singular propensity in a forceable manner. During one of my campaigns, the command to which I was attached had for several months been subjected to the most fatiguing marches. We were short of tents, clothing, and most of the things which make a winter campaign endurable. To cap the climax of our discomforts there came a heavy fall of snow. The poor fellows stood on picket duty with the snow above their shoe-tops and with insufficient clothing. Their tents were nothing more than rags and tatters, and when the snow melted

a vast sea of mud extended throughout the encampment, so that there was scarcely a dry spot upon which to rest their tired bodies. As a consequence, sickness became so prevalent that at surgeon's call almost the entire comand came crawling toward the hospital tent. Many, very, many of the poor fellows died, and the effect of the "Dead March" became so depressing on the sick that an order was issued doing away with the services of the band at burials. One morning I received an order from the colonel for a detail to dig a grave, as one of my company had died in the hospital. A sergeant and six men wer ordered to the burying ground near by to prepare a resting place for their departed comrade. Other regiments were encamped in the immediate neighborhood, and the death-rate with them was as great as it was with us, so there was a common burial ground for all. I saw the detail depart with spades and picks, and, with a sigh, turned to my tent brooding over the fate of those who died thus ingloriously. Presently I looked out, and the sergeant and his men were coming towards camp on a run. Straight they went to the hospital, and in a few moments they were seen escorting an ambulance containing a coffin toward the grave yard. There was a mystery about their proceedings as they had not been absent long enough to dig a grave. After reaching the burial place, the ambulance halted, the deceased was lowered into the earth and the cortege returned in unseeming haste. Just as they reached camp another procession was seen to move with solemn pace from our neighbor's camp toward the cemetery. They headed for the same spot where the burial had taken place a few moments before. Reaching it they halted, and there seemed to be something wrong. After a few minutes consultation a party returned to camp and was seen approaching with spades and picks. Then

the truth dawned upon me. My men had found a grave already dug, and true to their thievish instincts, they had stolen it and therein planted their man.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL SHIELDS.

Those who visit the capitol building at Washington City will note an admirable painting which adorns the western wall at the head of the stairs leading to the senate gallery. This picture represents the "storming of Chepultepec."

The central figure of the group of officers, to wit, the one dismounted in shirt sleeves, with a wounded arm slung in a handkerchief, apparently addressing the Division Commander, (General Quitman,) represents General Shields obtaining permission to storm the outer wall of the Castle, which his gallant volunteers subsequently accomplished, though with great slaughter.

The following is a synopsis of an address, made by General Shields, at the Sixth Annual Reunion of the National Association of Veterans of the Mexican War, held in Baltimore, Md., Feb. 22nd, 1879. The following account is written by one who heard the General on that occasion:

Gen. Shields was then introduced to the audience. His address was entirely extempore. He began to give a detailed account of the operations of the American army in Mexico, and spoke of the many deeds of valor from the commencement at Palo Alto until the capture of the City. He referred in eulogistic terms to his commander, General Winfield Scott, and said, with reference to the capture of Cero Gordo, that if the commander-in-chief

had not been a general of consummate skill, the bones of his little army would have whitened the hills of Cero Gordo. It was one of the most remarkable battles in one of the most remarkable wars on record. The Americans never suffered defeat, never experienced a reverse, or met with even an accidental disaster. The commander-in-chief had remarked in the hearing of the speaker that he preferred to win his battles by strategy rather than by making himself a butcher, and that the needless sacrifice of the life of one of his soldiers would cause him to regard himself as a murderer. Military men of today consider Cerro Gordo os one of the great battle fields of the world. On the 10th of August, of the year of which Cerro Gordo was captured, 10,000 soldiers entered the Valley of Mexico, leaving behind them their supplies, reinforcements and communications. Isolated and cut off from all reinforcements, the little army fought battle after battle, and on September 13th, with 6,000 men crossed the ramparts of Mexico and entered a city with 200,000 inhabitants defended by an army of 30,000 men. Why, an Englishman, a resident of Mexico, asked whether that was the advanced guard, and when told it was the army of occupation, replied that the Americans were not only the bravest, but the most impudent soldiers in the world. If the Americans had as great historians as other nations, this victory would have been heralded around the world as one of the greatest of modern times. Troy would have been conquered by an American army in six months. Enough territory had been acquired to make a new republic, and enough mineral wealth to enrich any country, and it has changed the monetary system of the world. A short time ago a cry was raised from Europe that the Bonanza mines would pour out a deluge of silver. Instead of complaining about it

he would wish that some of it would come in the way of Mexican veterans. The war gave the United States control of the Pacific, the finest ocean in the world, so that now this country is washed on the east by the broad Atlantic and on the west by the golden Pacific. All this has been acquired by the war, and here is a little wreck of those who helped to acquire it, lifting up their hands to see if they can get some little pittance for the great service they have rendered their country. He hoped that this country would not do as other countries have sometimes done—erect monuments to the very men whom they allowed to starve while on earth.

It is said that figures don't lie, but in Washington there are no greater liars than figures. There have been many attempts to obtain returns of the survivors of the Mexican war from every State in the Union, and the returns which have been obtained by the association concerned are as accurate as any returns can in all probability be in such cases, and what are these returns?

That in the whole Union at this day there are not eleven thousand Mexican veterans alive. I need no report from any Government Bureau to enlighten my mind on a point like this.

I cannot call the death-roll of the American army that served in Mexico, but I can call the death-roll of the general officers who served in that army: Scott, Taylor, Wool, Worth, Twiggs, Kearney, Quitman, Pillow, Pierce, Crushing, Cadwalader—all gone, all dead! I, the youngest of them all am left to make an appeal to Congress; to make it with heart and voice; to do something; to do it speedily; if it is deferred a few sessions longer it will come too late; for then the action of Congress will not come to cheer living men, but will fall on silent graves. They confront me with exaggerated estimates of the Pension Bureau. But I can give figures of my own.

One of the regiments of my brigade, "the Palmetto," of South Carolina, stood in Mexico 1,077 strong, all gallant boys. When the war was over, when the City of Mexico was taken, that regiment mustered what? Three hundred and sixty-nine men. That number was all who were left to carry back the Palmetto flag to the old State of South Carolina. And how many are now left? Just eight. A delegate has come here to attend this convention, and he tells me there are only eight men of that regiment left alive. And now comes a Congressional Bureau and says that 50,000 veterans are still alive. The estimate is no doubt swelled by adding to the number those who were mustered in to service, but never left further than to be in sight of their chimneys. He hoped the committee appointed by the Association would go to work at once, and he thought that even during this session of Congress, brief as is the time, the pension bill may be passed.

But if not, it will be certainly passed the next Congress. He said he had come to Baltimore entirely unprepared, but it does not require much preparation to speak on this subject, for, as Henry Clay once said, "I was thar.".

AT BENT'S OLD FORT.

(By Agustus Allen Hays.)

For more than 800 long, toilsome miles from the bustling town of Westport on the Missouri to the royal city of New Spain, stretched the old Santa Fe trail. At its initial point on the great muddy river there were usually a gathering of men, cattle and wagons, for the making up of the numerous trains soon to be dotted along its whole length, steadily marching westward, or resting at Council Grove, Pawnee Fork, the Cimarron Crossing or Las Vegas. Now, however, all ws strangely quiet at Westport and along the trail. No longer processions of white topped wagons lighted up the yellowish green buffalo grass; no crack of whip nor merry wagoner's song sounded along the banks of the river; no smoke of camp fires rose in the clear air. A great change had come over the old Santa Fe trail, for it was July, 1846, and war in Mexico had been declared, and waiting in New Spain were not eager buyers of merchandise, but war-like parties ready, as reported, to welcome the Gringoes "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." Not wholly deserted, however, by any means was the

great route along the tortuous course of the Arkansas, for on it was marching the finest "Army of the West," under General Stephen Kearney. Starting from Fort Leavenworth and making their way with much difficulty over the rough country between that point and the trail, they—the staff, the regulars (infantry, dragoons and two batteries,) and the famed First Regiment of Missouri Cavalry—had passed Pawnee Fork, and were concentrating on a point not for from the junction of the Tampas river with the Arkansas. Near this point, too, on the left bank, was the fort owned by, and named for, one of the family of Bent, those celebrated frontiersmen and trappers. It was a commodious structure of adobe, with large central enclosure and rude accommodations for man and beast.

It was near sunset on or near the 28th day of July when a detatchment of Doniphan's regiment, with the headquarter's staff, halted for the night beyond the "big timber," or grove of large cotton trees, where the valley opens out and the river banks slope gently down to it, a day's march east of the fort. A group of officers gathered around the camp fire, and sat waiting for their supper. Ere long one of the surgeons joined them, lighting his pipe as he took his seat.

"How are the sick men, doctor?" asked the major.

"The engineer officer is better, but still very weak," replied the surgeon; "the lieutenant of cavalry is worse and I fear he cannot last long."

"Poor fellow," ejaculated the major. "He is a good and a brave man. It is hard for him to die here, and of a miserable fever, before a shot has been fired. More than one heart will ache in St. Louis when they get the news of his ending. Can nothing be done for him?"

"Nothing," said the doctor. "He is quite unconscious, and will probably pass quietly away during the night, and without coming to himself."

So it was; and at sunset next day the Pawnees and Comanches lounging about the entrance of Bent's fort heard the volley of the firing party, then saw the little detatchment marching with a rapid pace back to the camp. Outside, and close under the walls of the fort at the northwest corner, and among the graves of not a few traders, trappers, and ruffians, who had died "with their boots on," was a simple headboard placed, on which was inscribed:

LEONARD HAMLIN,

Lieutenant First Missouri Cavalry,
Born in St. Louis, Aug. 10, 1821.
Died near Ben't Fort, July 29, 1846.

Then on went the Army of the West—on to Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Old Mexico, and California—to do famous deeds of valor; to bring new glory to the starry flag, and to wrest from the foemen a princely addition to the territory of the United States. Eastward again went no army with banners, no dragoons with lance and saber, no batteries with bright field pieces and heavy caissons. There went only one man—a courier, who rode like the wind, changing his horses at frequent intervals and dodging the Sioux and the Osages as he covered league after league of the long route. At last he galloped, safe and sound, into Westport, and the river being high, was not detained on the steamer. When he arrived at St. Louis the news he brought spread rapidly, and people stopped to discuss it at street corners, and the papers under flaming headlines, told how the gallant little Army of the West,

with so many of the sons of Missouri enrolled therein, had gone gallantly on to the border. Only in two houses were there stricken hearts and sore distress and weeping for him who would never return, but lay sleeping under the walls of Bent's Fort. A father appeared at his post of duty with the haggard look of one who had grown suddenly older by years; a mother sat speechless and with streaming eyes at a Western window, and pretty Ruth Chandreu, on whose finger shown the diamond of an engagement ring, forsook society, and, clad in somber garments of woe, gave herself wholly to works of charity and mercy.

The years rolled on, and Time, with healing touch, soothed the suffering and comforted the mourning.

Nearly forty years had passed: and what wondrous change had they wrought? Near the spot where the rough frontiersmen used to pack the great wagons and make up the trains for the route to Santa Fe stood the large, prosperous, busy, growing metropolis of western Missouri, Kansas City. From its commodious Union Depot went trains of a far different character from those of old times. To them were attached no patient oxen or refractory mules, but great engines; and on them were not the white canvas-topped "ships of the plains," but long cars, bright as to color and luxurious as to interior. Hour, after hour, forth went these trains bound, on schedule time, oved what had not long ago been a wild and Indian-haunted stretch of land, the snow range and the Spanish peaks; to the Wahsatch, the Sangre de Cristo and Sierra Nevada; to Denver, San Francisco, Paso del Norte and the city of the Montezumas.

It was a beautiful July morning, and there was a tremendous bustle at the station, but, above all the roar and rattle, the noise of the shouting, the

babel of tongues, one heard plainly the cry—

"Thunderbolt express for Pueblo and Denver, through without change. All aboard."

And then, with quick puffs of white steam and clanging of bell and gathering speed, the locomotive drew the long train out of the yard and whirled it away upon the prairie. The engineer, with quick hand on the throttle and quick eye ahead, settled himself sideways on his bench; the express messenger, girded with cartridge belt, began checking his weigh bill, and the Pullman porter, with practiced eye took account of the passengers in the new sleeping car, "Wohatoya." "Golly!" said he, under his breath, "if dere ain't ole Uncle Dick Ruxton goin' out agen. I'll strike him for a quarter to-morrow mornin,' an' no mistake. An' sakes alive, 'aint dat a pooty gal in the opposite section? She ain't one of dem consumptive kind dat goes out to de springs. Reckon she and her ma's agoin' for a cool summer in de mountains."

Pretty, indeed, was Daisy Robinot as she sat in her light traveling dress by her white haired mother. Her own glossy hair was as brown as the water in the mountain streams, and the big eyes under those long lashes shown as bright as the glow worm in the prairie twilight. Uncle Dick Ruxton stopped to speak to the pair before he went to the smoking compartment to enjoy a cigar with a friend, whom he discovered, as was his wont.

"Of course she's pretty," said he. "I don't know no likelier lookin' gal this side of the mountains, but I'll just tell you one thing, and that is that she can't hold a candle to what her mother was when I first knowed her. Blame me, ef she didn't jest lay over the whole crowd in St. Louis when I was a youngster and used to trap for her father, old Flandreau. Lots of the boys was mashed on her, but she didn't care for no one but a

young fellow named Hamlin. When the call came for troops fur the Mexican war, he got a commission in Doniphan's regiment, an' blame me, ef he didn't strike a streak of mighty bad luck, fur he took sick and died before ever they got to the Raton Mountains. She was jest everlastingly broke up, poor gal! She lived on for years not seeming to take no interest nor care for nobody; but after a while, when she was no longer young an' was kind o' lonesome, that fellow Robinot came along an' wouldn't take no for an answer, an' she married him. He passed in his checks five years ago, leavin' her this one little girl, an' mighty well fixed. I allow they can go where they like an' do what they please. The gal's a daisy, you bet! She was along with her uncle when the General took those English swells out on the plains. He had me for scout, an' I seen all that was agoin' on. There was a young captain in the escort that was mighty sweet on her, an' I allow she liked him, and would have been glad to see more of him, but his regiment's gone out to Fort Lewis, and I reckon he couldn' get no leave along of them Indian troubles."

The frontiersman stopped and scraped a match to relight his cigar. The train was running at full speed "on the iron trail" over nearly the same route as that taken by the wagons in old days, but consuming only hours in progress which cost them days. How changed was everything on the road! Where, only a few years before, the wagoner and the dragoon, the Sioux and Comanche, had found naught to break the view in the desolate region stretching to the horizon, where now were seen not only houses and barns, but school houses and churches. The young girl and her mother, the tourists, the emigrants—all the passengers making the journey for the first time—looked with interest and surprise at the wonders wrought by the hand

of man; and still the train sped on toward the setting sun, until that orb sank, in a blazing light, under the rim of the prairie, and the solemn, silent night threw its mantle o'er the near and distant scene. Through its long hours, as through those of day, the untiring iron horse, with inexorable strength, whirled the long train toward the mountains.

It was early in the morning that a sudden stop was made. Uncle Dick went to recconnoiter and soon came back to report. Miss Daisy and her mother were sitting in their section when he approached.

We've struck a streak of bad luck now," said he. "Something broke on the engine, an' they've got to telegraph ahead for another. She can't be here for three hours at least."

"Where are we?" asked Mrs. Robinot.

"Well, by this new fangled way of reckonin' they call this mile post 549, but I know every inch of the ground, and we're just across the river from a place I've had many a good time—Bent's old fort."

To the surprise of her daughter, Mrs. Robinot started sharply, rose almost to her feet, turned pale and then flushed to her eyes. Only with a great effort did she command herself sufficiently to speak.

"Can we not visit that fort?" she asked.

"Well, it aint fur away, and it's only a matter of crossing the river if we kin get some kind of a boat or raft. I'll go an' see," and he left the two women by themselves.

The mother took her daughter's hand and turned to her.

"My child," she said, in a low tone, "many years ago I lost a dear friend, who died far, far away as it then seemed; and the place where he was buried has been to me, through all the part of my life which has passed since then, as if in some other world. Now, what you may call chance has arres-

ted our progress near a spot of which I hear the name repeated for the first time since the courier brought the sad news to me, a young girl like you. It would make me happier to look for once at that lonely grave." She sat silent for a time, closely pressing the girl's hand, and then Uncle Dick returned.

"It warn't such a bad streak of luck arter all," said he, with a broad smile on his honest face. "Thar's a couple of officers and a squad o' men that's been camping near here takin' some photographs. They're over thar to the fort now, an' we'll hail 'em an' git 'em to send their raft for us."

They walked down the sloping bank, and when they pushed their way between the cottonwood trees, which obstructed their view, there was the ancient fort, ruined and dilapidated but preserving something of its old form and dimensions. A hail brought a raft, poled by two soldiers, and a few moments Mrs. Robinot, guided by Uncle Dick to the northwest corner, found the grave of him who had been laid there nearly forty years before. The wood of the headboard was as hard as iron; no vandal hand had invaded this humble imitation of God's acre, and the name could still be deciphered. Mrs. Robinot was overcome for a moment and she held her handkerchief to her eyes while Uncle Dick was speaking. "Yer hadn't orter to take on, now, really, ma'am," said he. "He was a good man and a brave man, and he went to glory nigh on forty years ago. I allow you ain't got no call to grieve for him now; an' here's the captain come to pay his respects."

Mrs. Robinot removed her handkerchief from her eyes only to start more violently than before, for facing her, cap in hand and smiling, was the living counterpart of him who had come, when they were both very young, to bid her good bye, and in uniform, too. And then, stranger still, it was her own

daughter who, coloring to her eys, introduced to this breathing remains of the past.

"Mamma," said she, "this is an old acquaintance of mine. I told you I met him on the plains, but perhaps I did not mention his name—Captain Leonard Hamlin——"

"Of the——th Cavalry, very much at your service," said the officer, "and namesake and nephew of one whom, if I mistake not, you knew well in the past years."

As a matter of course the rest of this little story is easily told. In a new generation the disappointment of a former one was redressed; the evening of the mother's days were cheered by the happiness—inaugurated with such poetic justice— of her daughter; and the curious traveler may see for himself what loving care has done for the lonely grave at Bent's old fort.

POEM BY GENERAL PIKE.

The following poem was read by General Albert Pike, before the first National convention of Mexican War Veterans, held in Washington city, on January 16th, 1874. The venerable philosopher, poet, gentleman and soldier, completed three-score years and ten on the 29th day of December, of that year. General Pike was an able lawyer, and practiced his profession before the Supreme Court in Washington city.

"When California was a foreign land!"
How many shadowy, ghost-like figures stand
Between that Then and Now!—forms of dead Years,
Old, meager, pale; and four all blood and tears,
With faces full of pain and agony,
And sitting bowed in speechless misery:
And three the farthest from us, laurel-crowned,
The Years for victories over foreign foes renowned.

Comrades and Friends, the glorious Past recall;
Live it again; in memory upon all
Your well-known fields of battle stand again,
Young, hopeful, eager, proud, as you were then—

Rebels, against the tyranny of time:
Ride through the hills, the mountain passes climb;
Camp on the streams through fertile vales that flow,
From the broad beds of everlasting snow;
Hear once again the Aztec eagle scream;
See once again Santana's lances gleam;
The toils and hardships of the march endure;
Win glory, and your country's thanks secure.

"When California was a foreign land!"—
If time's not measured by the dropping sand
That counts the silent moments as they flit,
But by the great deeds that are done in it,
Then, Comrades, 'tis a century or more
Since Yankee arms the flag of glory bore,
From PaloAlto, and from Vera Cruz,
Destined the day upon our field to lose,
To the Belen gate; and on its very fold
Have new glories added to the old;—
By Taylor's legions won at Monterey:
On Buena Vista's memorable day;
Where Kearny led to victory his command,
And Stockton's sailors learned to fight on land;
At Sacramento, where the brave troops, led
By Doniphan, the foe discomfited;
On Cherubusco's bloody causeway won;
By deeds of valor at Contreras done;
When Worth and Quitman stormed Chepultepec,
And Mexico lay stranded like a wreck.

After Resaca, when the Motherland,
With sword uplifted in her mighty hand,
Called on her sons to meet the braggart foe,
And bear her banners into Mexico,
Her trumpet-call, in every hamlet heard,
The North and South alike inspired and stirred,
Then from the icy hills of pine-clad Maine,
And the great lakes, rang out the same refrain,

To the Mexique Gulf and farthest Arkansas—
"Ready!" and "Forward to the seat of war!"
Then from the cities reigning by the sea,
And inland marts of earnest industry,
From the lone homes of hardy husbandmen,
Came forth the toilers with plow and pen.

Idler and artisans, to volunteer;
To all alike their country's honor dear.
Little they cared the cause of war to know;
Enough for them that in far Mexico,
Our little army, then the nation's pride,
Faced gallantly red war's advancing tide,
And if not shortly reinforced would be,
It and the Nations flag, in jeopardy:—
The flag that tyrrany abhors and hates.
Whose golden Stars the symbols were of States,
Each Star a sun, with its own light shoen,
Not planets, with reflected light alone,
And making with their stellar harmony
The Constellation's radiant unity.
Then, one by one, the days of glory came,
That neither North nor South alone could claim,
Nor wished to; whose immortal memories are
The common heritage of every star;
Until the conquest of nations crowned
Our arms, the golden California found
No tyrant, by the right of conquest Lord,
To rule her by the tenure of the sword:
But Freedom, ruling by her right divine,
Making her, too, a Star, with ours to shine.
Nor did we take her by the sword alone,
But by fair purchase made her all our own.

England remembers, with no lessening pride,
The old fields by her sons' blood sanctified;
Remembers Agincourt, and Crecy, too,
And Poitiers, as well as Waterloo.

Shall the old glories of our arms grow pale,
Eclipsed by the latter? Shall the names grow stale,
And dim, like stars veiled by an envious cloud,
Of which their country once was justly proud?
Let us, at least, in reverence hold their names,
And guard with jealousy their worthy fames;
Honoring, as then we honored, all the brave,
When Illinois strewed flowers on Butler's grave,
When Indiana mourned the fate of Yell,
And Mississippi wept when Hardin fell;
Remembering that we all were Yankees there,
And in the common glory had a share,
Consenting not that any one state should claim
Exclusive right to any hero's fame.

Enough! But I must try your patience still,
Or a reluctant promise not fulfill,
To read the story of one glorious day,
Writ when its echoes scarce had died away.

STORY OF TWO BATTLES.

(Official report of General James Shields.)

Headquarters First Brigade Volunteer Division, San Augustine, Mexico, August 24th, 1847.

Sir:On the 19th instant, about three o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to the orders of the general commanding this division, I marched from this place with the New York and South Carolina regiments of volunteers toward the battle-field of Contreras. On reporting to the commander-in-chief who occupied, on my arrival, a position which overlooked the field, he described to me, in a few words, the position of the contending forces, pointing out the route of my command, and briefly instructed me as to the dispositions which would render my force the most serviceable.

Directing my march upon the village near Contreras, the troops had to pass over ground covered with rocks and crags, and filled with chasms, which rugged ravine, along the bed of which rolled a rapid stream, was passed, after dark with great difficulty and exertion; and to rest the wearied troops after crossing, I directed them to lie upon their arms

until midnight. While occupying this position, two strong pickets thrown out by orders, discovered, fired upon, and drove back a body of Mexican infantry moving through the field in in a direction from their position towards the city. I have since learned that an attempt had in like manner been made by the enemy to pass the position on the main road occupied by the 1st regiment of artillery, and with a like want of success. About midnight I again resumed the march and joined Brigadier General P. F. Smith in the village already referred to.

General Smith, previous to my arrival, had made the most judicious arrangements for turning and surprising the Mexican position about daybreak, and with which I could not wish to interfere. This cast upon my command the necessity of holding the position to be evacuated by General S., and which was threatened by the enemy's artillery and infantry on the right, and a large force of his cavalry on the left. About daybreak the enemy opened a brisk fire of grape and round shot upon the church and village in which my brigade was posted, os also upon a part of our own troops displayed to divert him on his right and front—evidently unaware of the movement in progress to turn his position by the left and rear. This continued until Col. Bennett Riley's brigade opened its fire from the rear, which was delivered with such terrible effect that the whole Mexican force was thrown into the utmost consternation.

At this juncture I ordered the two regiments of my command to throw themselves on the main road, by which the enemy must retire, to intercept and cut off his retreat; and, although officers and men had suffered severely during the night, and from exposure without shelter or cover to the incessant rain until daybreak, this movement was executed in good order and with rapidity. The Pal-

metto regiment, crossing a deep ravine, deployed on both sides of the road, and opened a most destructive fire upon the mingled masses of infantry and cavalry; and the New York regiment, brought into line lower down, and on the road side, delivered its fire with a like effect. At this point many of the enemy were killed and wounded; some 365 captured, of which 25 were officers, and among the latter was General Nicholas Mendoza.

In the mean time the enemy's cavalry, about 8,000 strong, which had been threatening our position during the morning, moved down towards us in good order, and as if to attack. I immediately recalled the infantry to place themselves in position to meet the threatened movement; but soon the cavalry changed its direction and retreated towards the capital. I now received an order from General D. E. Twiggs to advance by the main road towards Mexico; and having posted Captain J. F. Marshall's company of South Carolina volunteers, and Captain J. P. Taylor's New York volunteers in charge of the prisoners and wounded, I moved off with the remainder of my force and joined the positions of the 2nd and 3rd divisions already enroute on the main road. On this march we were joined by the general-in-chief, who assumed command of the whole, and the march continued uninteruptedly until we arrived before Cherubusco. Here the enemy was found strongly fortified and posted with his main force, probably 25,000.

The engagement was commenced by the 2nd division under Twiggs, soon joined by the 1st under Worth, and was becoming general, when I was detatched by the commander-in-chief with my two regiments and Pierce's brigade—the 9th, 12th, and 15th—with the mountain howitzer battery and ordered to gain a position, if possible, to attack the enemy's rear, and intercept his retreat.

Leaving Coyoacan by a left-hand road, and advancing about a mile upon it, I moved thence with my command toward the right, through a heavy cornfield, and gained an open but swampy field, in which is situated the hacienda De los Portales. On the edge of this field beyond the hacienda, I discovered the road by which the enemy must retire from Cherubusco, and found his reserve of about 4,000 infantry already occupied it, just in rear of the town. As my command arrived, I established the right upon a point recommended by Captain R. E. Lee, engineer officer, in whose skill and judgment I had the utmost confidence, and I commenced a movement to the left, to flank the enemy on his right, and throw my troops between him and the city; but finding his right supported by a heavy body of cavalry of some 3,000 strong, and seeing too, with his infantry he answered to my movements by a corresponding one towards his right flank, gaining ground faster than I could, owing to the heavy mud and swamp through which I had to operate, I withdrew the men to the cover of the hacienda, and determined to attack him upon his front. I selected the Palmetto regiment as the base of my line, and gallant moved forward firmly and rapidly under a fire of musketry as terrible, perhaps, as any soldier ever faced; the New York, 12th and 15th, deployed gallantly on the right, and the 9th on the left, and the whole advanced, opening their fire as they come up, and moving steadily forward. The enemy began to waver, and when my order to charge was given the men rushed upon and scattered his broken ranks. As we reached the road the advance of Worth's command appeared, driving the enemy from his stronghold of Cherubusco. I took command of the front, and continued in pursuit until passed by Harney with his cavalry, who followed the routed foe into the very gates of the city.

In this terrible battle, in which a strongly fortified enemy fought behind his works under the walls of his capital, our loss is necessarily severe. This loss, I regret to say, has fallen most severely upon my command. In the two regiments of my own brigade, numbering about 600 in the fight, the loss is reported 240 in killed and wounded.

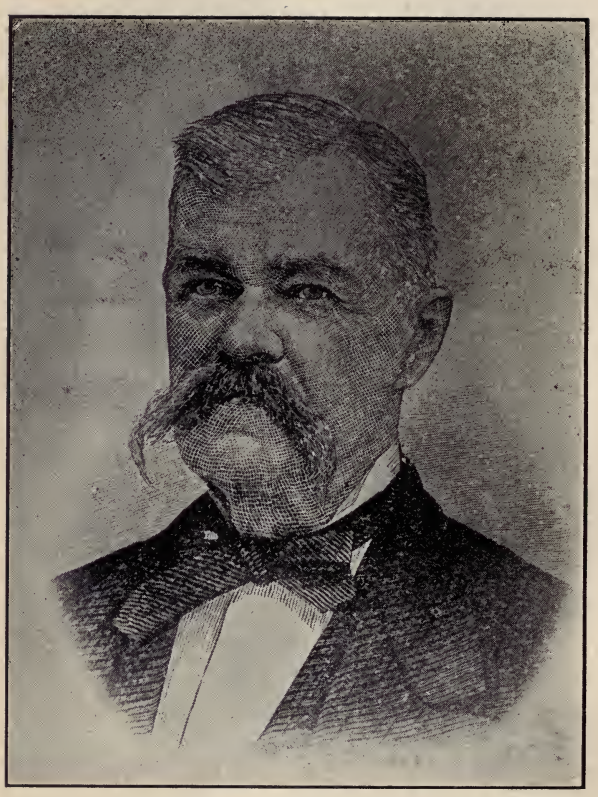
In this last engagement my command captured 380 prisoners including 6 officers. Of this number 42 had deserted from the American army during the war, and at their head was found the notorious Riely, who had fought against our troops at Monterey and elsewhere. A particular and detailed report of the loss, as also of the prisoners captured by the command, accompanies this report.

Pierce's brigade, under my command in this action, lost a considerable number in killed and wounded. Amongst the latter the gallant Col. G. W. Morgan, of the 15th. This command having immediately joined its division immediately after the action, I have, as yet, received no official report of its loss.

In closing this report, I beg to offer my thanks to the many gallant officers of my command for their zealous and fearless support during the conflict. To Colonel Ward B. Burnett and Lieutenant Colonel Baxter, of the New York volunteers; to Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Dickinson and Major A. H. Gladden, South Carolina volunteers; as also to many of their gallant subordinates every praise is due. Colonel Burnett was severely wounded at the head of his regiment; and Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson also severely wounded whilst in command of his regiment, and while bearing gallantly forward the colors of his corps. My thanks are due to the medical staff of the command—Doctors J. C. Halstead and C. J. McKibbin, of the New York, and Doctors Clark and Bland, of the South Carolina

regiments; as also to Doctor Ebenezer Swift, U. S. A., for their devoted attention to the wounded.

It affords me pleasure, and I but perform my duty, too, in acknowledging my great obligations to Captain R. E. Lee, engineer corps; as also to my particular staff, Captain F. N. Page, A. A. G.; Lieutenant R. P. Hammond, 3rd artillery, aid-de-camp; and Lieutenant G. T. M. Davis, of Illinois, acting as aid, for their gallant services and fearless exposure in encouraging the troops, and conveying my orders during the different engagements. Lieutenant J. L. Reno, commanding howitzer battery, deserves great creadit for the handsome manner in which he brought his guns into action, and continued to serve them.—From Official Records.



COLONEL JOHNSTON.

COL. JOHN WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

John W. Johnston, the ninth son of Alexander Johnston, Esq., deceased, of Kingston House, on the Loyalhanna, in Unity Township, was born at the homestead of his father, on the 22nd of May, 1820. His father removing to Greensburg in a few years thereafter, the first schooling he received was in the county town, which at that time offered superior advantages for a good and substantial education. About the time he attained his majority he entered into the mercantile business in Clarion county, Pa., in which he continued about one year, when he came back to Kingston. He remained there on the farm a short time, when being appointed deputy sheriff under Michael Hays, he removed again to Greensburg. He continued in this capacity from 1843 to 1846. In 1846, the war with Mexico occurring, he volunteered in the company raised in the county for service, called the "Westmoreland Guards," and was unanimously elected its captain. As its commanding officer, his public service in that campaign, are so identified with the services of the company, that to give one, would be to give the other from necessity.

After the close of the war Capt. Johnston enga-

ged in the wholesale grocery business in Pittsburg, but not continuing any length of time in this calling, he left it, when he become a contractor in the construction of the Allegheny Valley railroad. On this road he continued some two years, when he took a more extensive contract in the construction of the Iron Mountain railroad, in Missouri. On this road he was engaged for five years.

Returning to Pennsylvania in 1858, he remained at Kingston House, until the breaking out of the civil war. On the first call for volunteers he enlisted with his neighbors in the company raised about Youngstown, for three months' service. He asked for no office, but the out-spoken choice of his comrades, with whom he was personally acquainted, for their captain, was for him. As captain of Company G, Fourteenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, he took the command to Harrisburg, where they were sworn into service, and where the regimental officers were elected.

On the organization of his regiment, he was made its colonel. This regiment was attached to Gen. Patterson's command, which had control of the Shenandoah Valley. The only place in which the army was engaged in the campaign was at Falling Water, and here the Fourteenth first manifested that soldierly bearing, which they afterwards sustained on many hard-fought fields, in various commands.

At the expiration of the three months' service, Col. Johnston entered the ninety-third Pennsylvania Volunteers (raised chiefly in Lebanon county) as its Lieutenant-colonel. He was offered its colonelcy but this he declined in favor of Col. McCarter, under motives of personal considerations. He served under the last enlistment over two years, and then resigned. The service of this regiment, during the time Col. Johnston was connected with it, part

of the time of which it was under his personal command, are traceable through the services of Gen. Couch's and Gen. Casey's divisions in the Army of the Potomac.

Since his services in the army he has resided at the old homestead, Kingston House, and has settled down to the quieter and more peaceable occupation of the farmer.

The wife of Col. J. W. Johnston, was Miss Rebecca Byerly. They were married in 1867, and have a living family of two children, a son, and a daughter.

The above account was taken from the History of Westmoreland County, written by G. Dallas Albert, Esq., since which time Col. Johnston passed the line which separates Time from Eternity, having died at his home at Kingston, on December 17, 1902, and was laid to rest in the new St. Clair cemetery, near Greensburg.

Having been on friendly terms of acquaintanceship with Colonel Johnston for over fifty years, we can bear witness to his honesty, integrity and and good citizenship, as well as to his courage and gallantry upon the field of battle. Col. Johnston was a good man, and the world was better that he lived.

(By the Author.)

BACK IN MEXICO.

In February, 1901, the author accompanied by his grandson, Mr. Homer George, a Pittsburg business man, left the Smoky City for a trip through Mexico, with the intention of visiting the battle fields where he had fought some fifty-four years before. The trip was taken by the way of New Orleans, which place was reached without accident worthy of note. While at this famous city we had the pleasure of witnessing the celebration of the Mardi Gras.

We spent several days in New Orleans viewing sights of interest, among which was the old Spanish prison and Spanish court, where we saw the old wooden stocks that are still used at times. The old buildings are wonderful specimens of architecture, and are well preserved, although the date of the laying of their corner stones is lost in the dim obscurity of the distant past. We, also, visited the barracks, which are situated a short distance from the city, along the Mississippi river. These barracks are quite different to those I had seen some fifty-four years before, being more modern and better suited for the purpose intended.

We left New Orleans by the way of the "Sunset Route," through Texas, finally arriving at San Antonio. Leaving the main line there, and taking a southern course, we entered Mexico by the way of the Eagle Pass. This being our first entrance into a foreign country, the first thing in order was to submit to an examination of both ourselves, and our baggage, by Mexican custom house officers, who attended to this duty in old time style.

After the officials were satisfied that we had nothing contraband or dutiable with us, we were permitted to continue on our way, but before going farther we exchanged some of Uncle Sam's good, sound dollars for Mexican money, which we used while in that country. We might say here, that in making this exchange of currency we were given nearly two dollars of Mexican money for one dollar of United States money, and we might farther, state that when we returned to our own country, we had to make another exchange, giving nearly two dollars for one.

After having supplied ourselves with the coin of the realm we continued on toward Monterey, reaching that city nine days after leaving Pittsburg. Monterey is a city of some 75,000 inhabitants, and has many points of interest, but as we wished to reach Saltillo that night, we made but a brief stop there.

When we reached Saltillo, we felt that we were, indeed, "strangers in a strange land," and after considerable trouble we found a place to lodge, and where we enjoyed a goods night's rest, which refreshed us for enjoying sight-seeing the next morning. The first place to engage our attention was the battle field of Buena Vista, which is located some three miles from Saltillo. The only manner of reaching this point from the city was to drive or walk, and we chose the former, riding there in an

old time coach, drawn by a pair of burros not much larger, seemingly, than good-sized goats.

Arriving at the battle ground we found that it is owned and occupied by a Mexican ranchman, who received us with the utmost cordiality, and who kindly escorted us over the once bloody fields. One of the most important points of this interesting territory, is embraced in the ranchman's garden, and it was at this point that the hardest contested fight occurred. In the center of the garden there is a spring which furnished water for General Wool's command. We enjoyed a draught of the cool, refreshing waters, the same as I had enjoyed 54 years before, when the surroundings were stained with the blood of friend and foe.

This garden had been freshly plowed for what we at home would call our "spring crop," and in looking over the ground we could see here and there, the remaining bones of some of the fallen participants of the battle, which had occurred over a half-century before. After fully satisfying our curiosity by all that is to be seen on the battle field, and as we were about ready to return, we met a woman who, as we were told, had already passed her one-hundred and eighth year, and who looked to be able to pass fifty more. This aged lady makes a business of hunting relics on the battle field, which she sells to visitors.

After partaking of a dinner served in Mexican style, we left our host and returned to Saltillo, where we remained over Sunday. One of the principal Sunday amusements in Saltillo, is the bull fight. On this occasion it was something beyond the ordinary, as it was for the championship. We will not enter into the disgusting details, but the reader can infer that it was a warm affair, when we state that one gladiator was killed outright, several injured, while six bulls and ten horses were sacrificed.

These brutal displays are attended by all classes of the people, the lovely senoras displaying their fine feathers, as they are, usually, clothed in bright colored silks.

Leaving Saltillo, we passed back through Monterey, arriving the next morning at Terreon, where we met the Rev. Mr. Wallace, a missionary who was born and raised in New Alexandria, Pa. Mr. Wallace was the first American we had met, and we began to be comforted with the thought we were not altogether lost. We enjoyed our stay at Terreon very much, as our host, Rev. Mr. Wallace, and his friend Linn, a Chinese M. D., who could speak the English language, took much interest in showing us the country, and making life pleasant for us.

Leaving Terreon in the evening we took a night train for Chihuahua. Our way lay through the sand-hills, which proved to be a most unpleasant portion of our trip. The sand is so fine that it can penetrate the smallest crevice of the car windows, and proves very annoying. It has one peculiarity, however, which makes it different from the sands of many other places, it will not stick to clothing, but is readily brushed off.

We arrived in Chihuahua in the morning, which was bright with clear sunshine, the thermometer registering at 125 degrees. After enjoying a rest until noon, and partaking of some food, we prepared to make an excursion to the battle field of Sacramento. This was the point we desired to reach the next day, which was the fifty-fourth anniversary of that battle.

In the city of Chihuahua, we met Rev. James D. Eaton, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who, together with members of his family accompanied us to the territory made famous by the struggle of a band of heroes, pitted against many

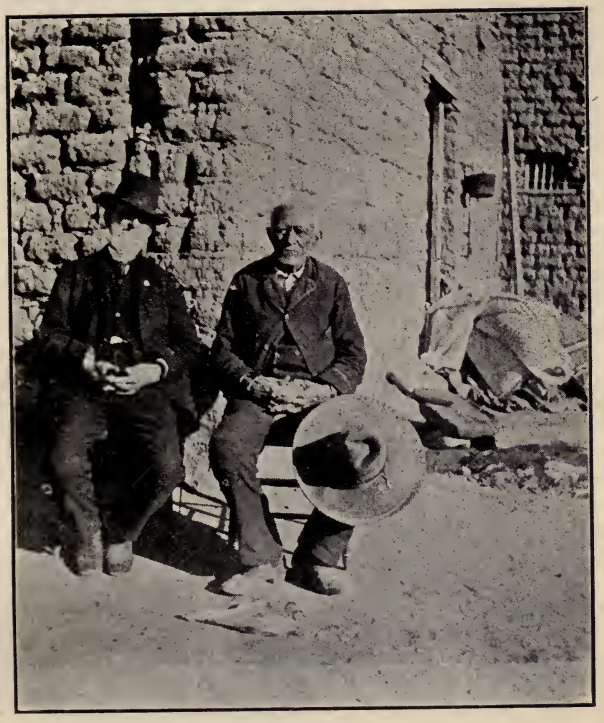
times their number. The next morning we rode out on a train to our destination. The hills have not changed, and I could readily locate the route of the march myself and comrades, under Colonel Doniphan, had taken fifty-four years before. The redoubts were still there, thirteen in number, and almost as perfect as when Colonel Doniphan and his brave men came marching down the valley, bearing the Stars and Stripes.

Meeting a Former Foe.

After finishing our sight-seeing on the battle ground, we went to the nearby town of Sacramento, where we met an old Mexican soldier, who owns the ground of the battle field. We found him a pleasant and agreeable gentleman and through Rev. Mr. Eaton, who acted as an interpreter, I had quite a social chat with my old time foe. This man's name is Lerandro Talvera. He was born on March 13, 1822, which makes him my senior by a few months. After a pleasant talk together, we sat down upon chairs, on the same ground where a half-century before we had striven to take each other's life, and had our portraits taken, a copy of which appears in connection with this article.

This incident was one of extremely rare occurrence. Two men, representatives of two nations, and of two armies, who had met as deadly foes, in the battle of Sacramento, on February 28, 1847, now meet after fifty-four years had sped their way into the eternity of the past, as friends, to talk over the incidents of that conflict, and not only to meet, but to meet on the very ground which was the arena of the struggle.

My old foe and myself had long since buried every feeling of resentment and met as friends, and while in the Mexican's heart he may have re-



Old Foes Meet as Friends.



gretted that the Mexican army had not been victorious, he showed his good will, by making our brief stay as comfortable as possible, and when we were ready, had us conveyed to the station, some three miles away, in his carriage. When we had arrived at the station, which is named, "Coroll," Rev. Mr. Eaton ordered a Mexican lunch, which consisted of torqueoious freols, haut tamalies, which were served on a wood pile, and which did not look very clean or inviting, but which tasted quite sweetly to hungry men. We then returned to Chihuahua, where we spent several days sight-seeing. Among other things of interest we found the old bull-pen which we had used as headquarters at the time of the war, and I could readily point out the spot where I had slept many nights during that time. This bull-pen is still used for the amusement of the people of the city, and as there was to be a bull fight on the coming Sunday we received a pressing invitation to be present, but as we had seen one of these brutal encounters between man and beast, we did not care to witness another, and respectfully declined. We also visited the old acqueduct which was used for the purpose of furnishing the city with water at the time of the war, and for which purpose it is still used. It is well preserved and is a quite ancient specimen of architecture. Chihuahua is a progressive city, having ice plants, electric light plants, and everything which characterizes an up-to-date people.

While there we visited Hidalgo's monument, which is an imposing shaft, and which was erected on the very spot where he was executed. We found the Mexicans warm hearted and impulsive. If they take a liking to an American, they will do all possible for him, but if, on the contrary, they take a dislike, they will act in a manner directly opposite, and do all possible to injure him. The senoras,

the ladies, of Mexico are of small stature, dark complected with rosy cheeks and dark eyes. They possess deep passions, and when they love they are devoted, but when they hate, they do so with all the intensity of their natures.

While visiting Rev. Mr. Eaton, who is a master of the Spanish and Mexican languages, and who possesses a well filled library in these tongues, he read us an account of the battle of Sacramento, from a Mexican stand point. This he read from a Mexican history and which he translated into English for our benefit. The historical writer tells of the preparation that had been made to capture the Americans, and how absolutely certain they were of an easy conquest, and then goes on in lamentation of their utter route and defeat. Among other preparations, the Mexicans had provided two wagons, loaded with ropes, cut into suitable lengths, for the purpose of tying the Americans, so that in that condition they could be driven into the city of Mexico as prisoners. He, also, told of the number of men in the Mexican ranks, and seemed to think it a matter of deep regret, that they had been conquered by so few Americans.

We left Chihuahua and began our homeward journey, leaving Mexico by the way of El Paso, where we had to run the gauntlet of Uncle Sam's Custom House officials, who carefully searched us in the most scientific style. We came home by the way of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe route, stopping at various points of interest along the road, and finally arriving at Pittsburg after a very pleasant trip.

A FEW BRIEF YEARS.

A few brief years and I shall lie
Beneath yon calm and peaceful sky,

Whose breast is bright with notes and bars,
And laughing music of the stars—
Whose bosom, spread from pole to pole,
In silence will my grave console.

With straightened limbs my shade will rest,
My head against my coffin pressed;
And hour by hour, and day by day,
My wasted bones will pass away.

This hand that writes will then be cold.
And shrunk and eaten with the mold
Of time and death and dark decay,
Till joint by joint returns to clay.

The dread, the fear, the torment sore,
Will rend my heart-strings never more;
No human wiles nor worldly strife,
To barely win the bread of life,
Will ne'er within my narrow bed,
Disturb or wake my wearied head.

A thousand years will pass me by,
Without a change in land or sky;
Nor winter's snow, nor summer's heat,
Will e'er disturb my winding sheet.

At evening's close I'll meet no more
The smiles that waits me at the door;
The hills and dales and streams will be
All mute for evermore to me.

No morn will wake me at its dawn;
No more on mead or field or lawn,
When landscapes smile beneath the sun,
Will romping childhood to me run.

My span of life, my humble lot,
Like friendship's vows will be forgot;
And all the world will live the same
As if I never had a name.

—Hugh F. McDermott.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"The sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

The above language of the poet may be quoted in this connection, as it is my wish to here make a prediction, that before many cycles of years have rolled around, the United States will have extended her borders sufficiently to embrace the country of Mexico.

The causes that will operate to this end are now in full force: Many Americans are settling in that territory, while many have their capital invested in Mexican railroads and other improvements. These Americans will always feel a sympathy for their native land, and realize the great advantage of being part and parcel of the "greatest nation on earth," when they have gained sufficient power and numbers, they will naturally influence others, and the result will be annexation, and when that time shall have come and not until then, when the American Eagle shall scream the notes of liberty from the mountain tops, and the Starry Banner shall wave through the length and breadth of the land, guaranteeing to all the blessings of freedom and equality,

we repeat, not until then shall Mexico enter upon an upward career that will make her one of the most beautiful lands under the sun.

This is inevitable, as we view it, and it is our earnest belief that there are persons now living who will see this prediction verified.

Several Recollections.

That the Mexicans are not ungrateful for kindness shown, was evidenced by the actions of a couple to whom the author had been able to extend the courtesy of charity. We had captured the city of Santa Fe, and had a number of prisoners over whom I was stationed as a guard, with orders to permit no one to hold communication with the men in the guard-house. While standing there, a fair senora came up and asked the privilege of speaking a few words with her husband. At first I sternly refused, but when she wept, and plead with me through her tears, my heart overcome the discipline of the soldier, and I told her to pass in. After a few moments conversation with her husband, she left, after giving me her warmest thanks.

A few days later, after I had forgotten the occurrence, I was walking along the street, when I met the same woman and her husband, who had been discharged from prison. They came to me and made the utmost protestations of their gratitude, and seizing me by the arms, insisted that I should accompany them. I yielded, and our way led us to the outskirts of the city, and as I went along I began to wonder if it were wise on my part, to thus place myself in their power. However, upon reaching their home, my mind was soon relieved, as the kind hearted creatures gave me the best possible meal

in their power, and assured me of their undying friendship.

While in Monterey, on our journey homeward, an incident occurred which shows how deplorable the men under Col. Doniphan looked in their ragged costumes, with long, flowing hair and beards.

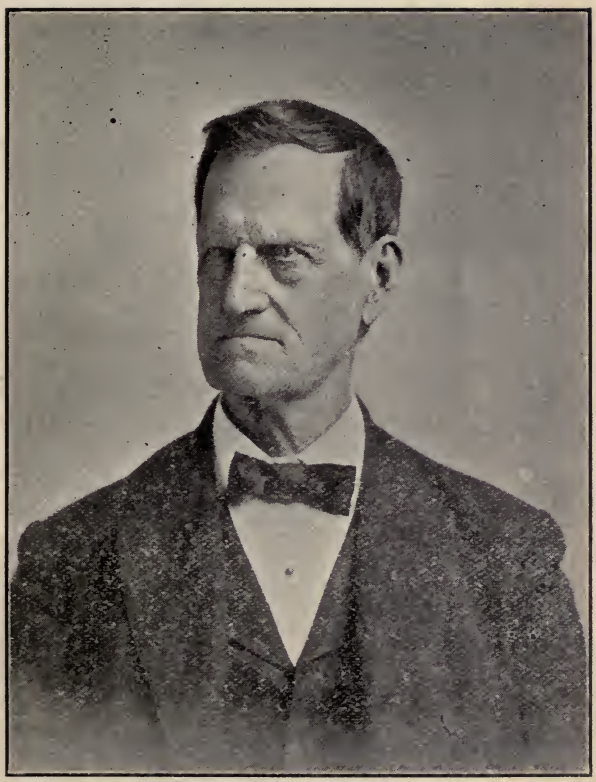
A squad of us were passing along the street, when we were halted by a guard, who inquired who we were. When he was told that we belonged to Doniphan's command, he refused to believe it, and charged us with being Arabs and scalawags, attempting to pass ourselves as Americans.

We certainly presented a sorry looking spectacle after our long march, without money or clothing, and the guard's mistake was but natural.

HENRY T. OGDEN.

Henry T. Ogden of Company C, First Missouri Cavalry, was born in Bracken county, Kentucky, March 13, 1823. At an early age he learned the art of printing, at Lexington, Kentucky. In 1844 he was connected with Basil D. Crookshank, in publishing "The Spirit of '44," a Democratic campaign paper, at Maysville, Ky. From there he went to Liberty, Clay county, Misssouri, where he established the "Liberty Tribune." In the spring of 1846, volunteers were called for, when he enlisted in the First Missouri Cavalry, under Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan.

He was promoted from a Second Sergeant to a Lieutenancy, the following September, and participated in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged. He was mustered out of service at New Orleans, in 1847. He did not return to Missouri, but went to Cincinnatti, where he engaged in the printing business. He was married in Cincinnatti in 1850, at which city he is now located. He was among the pioneers in the formation of the Typographical Union, having been the president of the old Franklin Society, and was also president of No. 3 of the new order. For some forty years he



PRESIDENT J. T. OGDEN.

was manager of the printing business of the well known Robert Clarke Company, the chief book publishing house of Cincinnatti.

Mr. Ogden has retired from active business and resides in Norwood, the chief suburb of Cincinnatti. In 1903 he served very acceptably, as president of the National Association of Mexican War Veterans.

BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

The battle of San Jacinto, and the capture of Santa Anna, which secured the independence of Texas, was a remarkable conflict in which a small body of men met and defeated many times their number. The following brief account of this battle we glean from the biography of General Sam Houston, who commanded the Texans.:

Houston was in Arkansas in 1832, when the movement for independence by Texas attracted him, and he joined the revolutionists, and was made General of a military district and later Commanded-in-chief of the Texas army. March 10, 1836, found him Commander of an army of 347 men, unorganized, poorly armed and without supplies. The Mexicans had just taken the Alamo and massacred its garrison of 170 men, and 5,000 were approaching under Santa Anna. At first there was a panic, but it ended by Houston's masterful influence. He retired to the Colorado, and ordered Col. Fannin, stationed at Goliad, with 500 men, to join him. Fannin attempted to do so, but was intercepted and 357 of his men massacred. Santa Anna marched on, burning as he moved. At last Houston was able to meet him on the San Jacinto

with 783 men and two little six-pounders. The Americans attacked with fury and utterly routed the Mexicans, of whom they killed 630 and captured about 800, with a loss of only 8 killed and 25 wounded. Santa Anna, himself, was captured in the disguise of a common soldier, and brought before Houston, who protected him from the wrath of the Texans, but compelled him to sign a treaty which secured the independence of Texas. Houston became President of Texas, and held that office during the stormy and turbulent years of the new Republic's beginning. His arministration was remarkably firm and successful, and it was through his influence that Texas became one of the United States.

RESULTS OF THE WAR.

The author has about completed the work he has undertaken, and the word "finis" will soon be written as a close to "Incidents of the Mexican War," but before laying his pen asside he desires to briefly notice the results of that struggle.

President Polk, in his message of December 5, 1848, said: "Within less than four years the annexation of Texas to the Union has been consummated; all conflicting titles to the Oregon territory south of 49th deg. of the North latitude have been adjusted, and New Mexico and California have been acquired by treaty. The area of these several territories, according to a report carefully prepared by the Commissioners of the General Land Office from the most authenticated information in his possession, contains 1,193,061 square miles, or 763,359,040 acres; while the area of the twenty-nine States and the Unorganized territories east of the Rocky Mountains contains 2,050,513 square miles or, 1,318,126,058 acres * * with the addition of the last acquisitions, the United States are now (in 1848) estimated to be nearly as large as the whole of Europe." (Doc. No. 1. 30th Congress.)

Soon after their annexation, however, the value of his acquisition was revealed to the conqueror. Rich mines were exploited and their wealth was directed in all the channels of enterprise and labor. Their valleys were soon teeming with harvests; flocks grazed upon their mountains, cities sprung up with manufactures and with commerce spreading out among the nations on the Pacific; and railroads stretched their long lines across the continent and brought the vast gold productions of the West to nourish and enlarge the multiplied industries of the East. New paths and highways were opened around the world for commerce and the traveler, and vast populations grew up with the variety of enterprise and labor and all conveniences of social life. Besides these other productions, more than $4,000,000,000 of the precious metals, have been poured from their mines into channels of industry—extending and ramifying through all the correspondences of the world; nor has this been done after the tedious toil of ages, nor by oppressed generations; but before our very eyes this pleasing transformation has been going on. Unlike ancient conquerors who found gardens before and left desolation behind, our armies conquered a wilderness, and behold it is transformed, as if by enchantment, into an outstretched empire, with cities and fields and gardens and all the arts of civilized life. The wisdom of the policy of President Polk that inspired the annexation of Texas has been verified and sanctioned by the wonderful results that have grown out of it.

The Mexican veterans, men with scars of honor, and their dead comrades, were the chief factors in that war, so bloody in action, and so fruitful of grand results. Their achievements are as pearls set in the casket of history. Its pages are brightened by the gallantry and glory associated with the names of Palo Alto, Reasaca de la Palma, Gordo,

Cherubusco, Contreras, Molino del Rey, Chapultpec, Sacramento, and the gates around the city of the Montezumas.

The results of this policy of Mr. Polk's administration, coupled with the achievements of our soldiers in Mexico, and subsequent developements, have made prophetic the remarks of the gifted statesman, Thomas H. Benton, who, standing on the banks of the Mississippi, and pointing toward the setting sun, said: "Yonder is the road to the East!" Truly, the Pacific, and not the Atlantic, is now the highway of the East. In length and breadth, almost half of a continent, their strong arms and brave hearts secured to our Government. In height of mountain and depth of valley; in the variety of soil and climate and in beauty and grandeur of scenery, it is unsurpassed. This policy and grand achievements unlocked the coffers of Nature's richest and grandest bank—a bank that has always paid in coin the reward of labor, at its honest counter, and never suspends. Yes, a policy and achievement that opened the golden lips of California, and unloosed the silvery tongue of Nevada, that they might clink their praises to the echo, as music for future history. Such grand material results have not been surpassed by the prowess of men and the policy of government in ancient or modern times.

Although Alexander, with his flaming sword of conquest, swept, comet like, to Indus through the gorgeous East, gathering coin in untold millions, capturing countless prisoners, and subduing vast empires, yet his coin was squandered in bacchanalian revels, his captives became slaves, and conquered empires, though desolated, soon passed from under his dominant scepter, and although by this daring enterprise Asia and the East were interwoven with Europe and Greece, yet the rebound crushed the free Greek communities and entombed Demo-

cratic progress and liberty; and without universally diffusing Hellenic culture in the East, Macedonia and Hellas became Asiaticised.

This conquest, vast as it was, is not comparable in extent of territory or boundless wealth with that conquest upon the toil and suffering of the American soldiers in the Mexican War. Instead of oppression, it extended protection and peace to the conquered, while the uncultivated territory it subdued sprung like magic into an Hesperides, with its golden fruit. Napoleon, too, crushed empires and made toys of kings, and his genius and ambition, riding upon the waves of conquest, brought into France power and extended domain—yet they vanished with the man; and while Marengo, and Lodi, and Austerlitz shine in the galaxy of military achievements, their fruits were evanescent. But Monterey, Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, and battles around the city, brought with them an empire in territory, and with it prosperity and permanent peace. Hannibal, in all his grand campaigns and brilliant strategy, even with the aid of Punic faith, never so enriched Carthage as did the scarred veterans of the Mexican war, and their dead comrades enrich this favored land.

The war with Mexico, with its privations and hardships, is but little understood, and too frequently misrepresented. An instance of this kind occurred in the publication of the following, under the head of "A Picnic War," in the "Ohio State Journal:"

"The Mexican war was looked upon by those who took part in it as rather a pleasant sort of a picnic. The service was not severe. The climate was mild, and there was no exhaustive marches, and comparatively few suffered from the casualties of the war."

To which the Cleveland Voice, the best and most influential Sunday journal in Ohio, responded as follows:

The editor of the Journal must have a very forgetful memory of history to call the war with Mexico "a pleasant sort of a picnic." The war lasted from 1846 to 1848, including about two years of time, during which period more than fifty bloody battles were fought, in every instance, with superior forces, and often with an enemy strongly entrenched behind heavy fortifications. Many of our troops marched several thousand miles over hot sand and lava beds, and this, too, in a foreign country, in a hot climate, where often there was little or no water to quench the thirst of man or beast; yes, where fleas were constant terror to sleep; the tarantula, the rattlesnake and the scorpion were a daily and nightly menace, where yellow fever and black vomit were an epidemic and constantly depleted the population; where diseases were contracted that in a few years after the war had taken from their homes more than half of those who returned. Indeed, a fine "pic-nic" it was! Whether or not a pension is to be given the men, who, in this war, faced death in a hundred ways, does not belittle the hardships, the privations and the service they endured.

The War between our Government and Mexico established the boundry of Texas and gave to us California, Nevada, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico. It gives us a direct road to China and the East Indies. It rounded out the symmetrical proportions of our country. It gaves us territory from the mines of which we acquired more than $3,000,000,000 in gold and the precious metals. It gave us the finest harbor in the world. Such was the work of the "Mexican war veterans."

The Journal should read history to a better purpose, or not read it at all.

In the matter of pensions we honor our country for her liberality to the soldiers of her wars. She has bestowed pensions on the soldiers of the Revolution, on those of the war of 1812, and on those of the Civil War. And she is now yearly bestowing many millions on the survivors or the families of the soldiers who served in these wars. Yet the soldiers of the Mexican war have received but a crumb of the country's bounty, though time has reduced their number to a few thousand, and age is weakening the energies of the needy for exercising the means for comfortable subsistence.

Whilst we honor and love our country and rejoice at the liberality that rewards the soldiers, who have exposed their lives in her service, we would respectfully inquire of those who dispense her charity, what has been done in the Mexican war, to cause her discriminating neglect of its soldiers?

Those who direct the destinies of our country may see a broad and enlarged patriotism in the brotherhood of the surviving soldiers of the Mexican war. This brotherhood has no partisan feeling, no sectional hate. Its spirit is abroad with healing and binding sentiments in all the correspondences, that strengthen the unity and enlarge the greatness, glory, and happiness of our people. It points to deeds that are the glory of all; and to conquests that have opened the Western gates of our commerce, and is greeting the old civilization of the East, and transferring them in the unity of the peacefully conquering Christian civilization from the West, and is constantly pouring millions in its channels of distribution to nourish, instruct, and bless mankind.

The author, while realizing that the shadows of his life are rapidly lengthening, hopes to live to see the services of himself and surviving comrades of the Mexican War, appreciated sufficiently by his country, to insure them a pension of one dollar per day. This amount, considering the few who yet survive, would be but a trifle compared to the wealth to the nation won by that war, and it would prove a God-send and blessing to many a bent and feeble frame, whose sands of life are well nigh run out.